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STATES OF OUR UNION SETTLED BY CATHOLICS.

THE history of the Catholic Church in America dates back to the first attempts at exploration of our coast and to the first steps towards the settlement of our continent. The first act of worship, the first religious ceremonies ever performed on the Western Continent were performed by Catholics, and fifteen of our States owe their origin to Catholic enterprise. We have, then, the oldest history, and no Christian organization can compare with us in this respect. The labors of the Catholic explorer, the Catholic pioneer and the Catholic colonist are full of thrilling incident. We say this on the evidence of non-Catholic authorities. "In their toils, their sufferings, their conflicts," says Parkman, "momentous questions were at stake and issues vital to the future world."

Bancroft (U. S., Vol. III., p. 119) says: "Religious zeal, not less than commercial ambition, had influenced France to recover Canada, and Champlain, its Governor, whose imperishable name will rival with posterity, the fame of Smith and Hudson, ever disinterested and compassionate, full of honor and probity, of ardent devotion and burning zeal, esteemed 'the salvation of a single soul worth more than the conquest of an empire.'"

In the same volume (p. 121) he adds: "It was neither commercial enterprise nor royal ambition which carried the power of France into the heart of our continent; the motive was religion. Religious enthusiasm colonized New England, and religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the

upper lakes and explored the Mississippi. Puritanism gave New England its worship and its schools, but the Roman (Catholic) Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals and its seminaries."

It is well known and Mr. Bancroft adds his testimony to the fact that "the first permanent effort of French enterprise in colonizing America preceded any permanent English settlement north of the Potomac. Years before the Pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, the Roman (Catholic) Church had been planted by missionaries from France, in the eastern moiety of Maine, and Le Caron, an unambitious Franciscan, had penetrated the land of the Mohawks and passed to the north into the hunting grounds of the Wyandottes and, bound by his vows to the life of a mendicant, had, on foot or paddling a bark canoe, gone onward and still onward, taking alms of the savages, till he reached the rivers of Lake Huron. While Quebec contained scarcely fifty inhabitants, priests of the Franciscan Order—Le Caron, Vial, Sagord—had labored for years as missionaries in Upper Canada or made their way to the neutral Huron tribe that dwelt in the wilds of Niagara." The glory of having discovered America, of having established the first colonies, the first missions, the first colleges and the first charitable institutions in North America belongs entirely to Catholic effort. And when the work of exploration was accomplished and the settlement of the new lands became a necessity, Catholic effort was not wanting, as no less than fifteen States of our great American Union were settled by Catholics.

Very few of our readers apparently know how many of our States were first settled by Catholics or who were the founders, and we might say, *en passant,* that it is a matter of reproach to us that so few Catholics seem to feel an interest in the early history of our country. It is a fact that we can claim at least seventeen, and it will certainly be some service to present the names of their founders in a series and help to make their names and their fame illustrious. As we have endeavored to show in this and in former articles, Catholics have had so much to do in the discovery, exploration and settlement of this land that the Catholics of to-day should cherish their memory as household names. It is our purpose in this paper to give a series of brief sketches of those who established permanent settlements, omitting those whose attempts at colonization were not successfully followed up.

Pedro Menendez, the founder of Florida (1565), was a native of Avilés, Spain, and a descendant from one of the most ancient of the noble families of Asturias. His father, Don Juan Alonzo de Avilés, a brave soldier in the wars against the Moors of Granada,

died while his son, Pedro, was a child, and his widow, burdened with a family of nineteen children, placed Pedro with a relative. The boy was not only bright, but daring, and when only eight years of age ran away from his relative's home, and it was six months before he was discovered at Valladolid. He manifested such a roving disposition that at a very early age a marriage was arranged for him. But this did not have the desired effect, for, hearing that a vessel was being fitted out to chastise the French pirates who were preying upon Spanish commerce, he volunteered, and in a two-years' cruise became so expert in navigation that he resolved to sail a vessel of his own. He sold part of his inheritance and, heedless to the appeals of wife and kindred, fitted out a ship. It was no ordinary peril that he resolved to face, for the French cruisers gave no quarter to Spaniards, and put all prisoners to death except such men of rank whose ransom tempted them. Menendez showed great skill and courage, and on one occasion, alone, attacked three French vessels, captured two of them and rescued some Spanish ships that were threatened by the pirates. His fame was increased by similar acts of daring, so that the Spanish Government sent him against the famous Jean Alphonse, who had captured some ten or more Spanish vessels. He recaptured five of their vessels and in a severe engagement wounded Alphonse mortally. Successes like these merited great honors for Menendez, and Charles V. rewarded him with a general commission to cruise against all piratical craft, and he made his campaign so effective that Philip II. appointed him Captain General of the Indian fleets and a member of his Council.

Menendez commanded the fleet which took Philip to England on the occasion of his marriage to Queen Mary Tudor. Upon orders to return to Spain to take command of the fleet at Seville, he embarked on the first vessel ready to sail, was attacked by pirates, whom he defeated, and sailed from Sevilla with a convoy of seventy merchant vessels, which he guided safely to their destination, and returned with a fleet of rich galleons. He patrolled the Spanish coast, and while convoying a wool fleet to the Low Countries, engaged a famous French corsair called by the Spanish "Pie de Palo," and supposed by many to be no other than Giovanni da Verazzano. His services were in almost constant demand, and he displayed admirable seamanship, daring courage and infinite resource in the hour of danger.

In 1559 the King, then at Brussels, appointed him admiral of the fleet and sent him to Spain. Menendez crossed France by land, collected and equipped a fleet and set out to bring the King back to Spain. In this he was successful in spite of the storms he encountered on the way. On reaching Laredo, he accompanied the King

to the church, where a Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated for their safe arrival. Philip II. wished to reward Menendez for his valuable services, but in those days, as in our own, envy and jealousy existed among counsellors and the King's desires were delayed. The brave navigator only asked leave to return to his own estates, but this was denied him. Though ill, he was ordered to take command of a fleet bound for America. On his return voyage to Spain, in 1561, he offended some of the grandees on his vessel—who were only too anxious to be offended that they might find the means of bringing disgrace upon a brave man. Menendez, on their complaint, was thrown into prison and condemned to pay a heavy fine. After some months of imprisonment the King released him and remitted half his fine. Menendez was also ordered to resume the command of his fleet. The old seaman, however, informed his sovereign that his only son had been lost in a vessel wrecked on the coast of Florida, and that during the two long years of his incarceration he had not lost all hope of rescuing him if he were still alive. He therefore besought the King to permit him to return to Florida in search of his son and then to return to Spain and retire from active service. King Philip was full of sympathy and gave the solicited permission, but required Menendez to make a thorough survey of the coast. This led to his appointment as Adelantado and the obligation to reduce and settle Florida within three years.

Menendez appealed to his kindred and friends to take part in his new enterprise. In spite of the failures of Garay, Narvaez, De Soto and Tristan de Luna, men rallied to the standard of the old commander who never knew defeat. But while the ports of Northern Spain were busy with preparation the news came that French corsairs who had so long plundered Spanish vessels and butchered their crews were actually settled in Florida, and that vessels were fitting out with men and supplies to hold that port against all opposition. This intelligence caused an entire change in all plans arranged up to this point. Vessels, soldiers, arms and ammunition were placed at the command of Menendez, and he received orders to sail at once and rout out the French post, which was a perpetual menace to Spanish commerce. It was now a summons to arms, and men enlisted to fight under the veteran commander against the old and relentless foe. Many a friend of his youth had fallen in battle against the French corsairs or been put to the sword when the battle was ended. When all was ready Menendez sailed from the port of Cadiz with a fleet of thirty-four vessels and some 2,646 men in all, but they were hardly out of port when a storm overtook them and they were obliged to put back. Off the Canary Islands a hurricane broke over the fleet and scattered it; some of the ships were too

much disabled to proceed and others put back to Spain. Barely one-third of the forces reached St. Domingo and Puerto Rico, when Menendez learned that Ribault with a French fleet had outsailed him and had already captured a Spanish ship in West Indian waters, putting all to the sword. Menendez called a council of war and advocated pushing on to Florida before his real condition was known. Some of his officers objected, but he was finally sustained, and his little fleet, avoiding the usual course, headed for Florida. On August 28 they discovered land and chanted the *Te Deum* as an act of thanksgiving. Menendez soon discovered a fine harbor, to which he gave the name of St. Augustine, because he reached the coast on the feast of the great Bishop of Hippo.

The great object of the explorers now was to ascertain the position and strength of the French. Cautiously following the coast, Menendez soon sighted four large vessels at the mouth of the St. John's River. On his side Ribault recognized the Spaniards, and, sending three vessels up the river, prepared for an attack. Again did Menendez convene his officers, the majority of whom were in favor of returning to the West Indies and await the arrival of the rest of their fleet before venturing to attack the enemy, who far outnumbered his forces. Menendez with his few vessels, only one of them of any use, found that, if pursued by Ribault, he could not escape. He resolved upon a bold attack, and he at once pushed on upon the enemy, who soon opened fire upon him. When hailed by the French, Menendez informed them that he was sent by the King of Spain to hang and put to the sword every Lutheran he found on land or sea, and that his orders were peremptory. The French immediately slipped their cables and put to sea, pursued by the Spaniards until they saw the chase was useless. Menendez now sailed back to St. Augustine harbor, and late on September 7 landed a detachment of men to select a site for a fort on the next morning. Menendez landed towards noon and on that morning, September 8, 1565, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, an altar was erected in the open, upon which were placed a tabernacle, Crucifix, candles and wild flowers gathered from the virgin soil. One of the fathers accompanying the explorers. Father Lopez de Mendoza, celebrated the Mass, the first celebrated in the Land of Flowers—while grouped about the foot of the altar were the soldiers of the expedition in armor and on bended knees. At one side knelt Menendez with the standard of Spain raised aloft and behind him others of the Castilian chivalry. In the bay the ships of the Spaniards, gorgeously decorated with bunting for the occasion, lay at anchor.

After the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, the official act of taking possession in the name of the King was solemnly read, and

the Adelantado received the oath of his officers to serve him faithfully. Food was now distributed to all on shore, including the Indians who had looked upon the proceedings of that morning with no little amazement. Menendez's next care was to land provisions, implements, arms and ammunition, and to get his vessels in proper condition to meet a contest which was inevitable.

Ribault, on his side, acted rashly and against the advice of his associates. Instead of strengthening his fort and awaiting an attack, he divided his force leaving Laudonnère with part of his men at Fort Caroline and sailing with his four vessels to engage Menendez, who had sent off by night his two larger vessels. On the 10th Ribault appeared and nearly ran into Menendez, who with his ships was at the mouth of the river. The French, unable to enter until the tide rose, stood off. Menendez, who knew the coast and its dangers, scanned the sky, and his practiced eye saw the approach of a storm that he knew would test all Ribault's seamanship and give the Spaniards some days of respite. He was prompt to plan and to act, and he resolved to attack Charlesfort by land and crush it before Ribault could ride out the storm and regain the roadstead there. It was a desperate resolve, and many a protest arose from his officers, but Menendez, selecting his bravest men, prepared for the work he had resolved upon. After a march through swamps and in a pouring rain he came in sight of Charlesfort. The only sentinel that appeared was overpowered. The gates of the fort being open, the Spaniards dashed in, cutting down all who came in their way. About sixty escaped to the small craft in the harbor and to the woods; women and children under fifteen were spared, the rest were put to the sword, the same fate that would have been meted out to the Spaniards had they been surprised by the French. Charlesfort became San Mateo.

Leaving a garrison here, Menendez hastened back to St. Augustine to Resist Ribault. That commander had been wrecked on the coast, and with the survivors of his fleet was making every effort to reach Charlesfort. Two parties successively surrendered to Menendez and were all put to the sword. It was a terrible work of blood, but, revolting as it is to us of to-day, it was the usual system adopted by both sides, and had the fates of war been reversed Menendez and his men would have met the same fate as did their countrymen at Havana a few years before.

Relieved of all fear from French attack, Menendez organized the government of Florida, and as his vessels arrived houses were built and churches soon erected, both at St. Augustine and at San Mateo. Menendez now visited different parts of the country from the capes of Florida and made treaties with the Indians, but to his great

sorrow, could get no tidings of his son. He surveyed the coast as far as the Chesapeake Bay, erected a fort at St. Helena, on Port Royal Sound, and sent some Jesuit missionaries to found a mission on the Rappahannock.

Dominic Gourgues, a French cruiser who carried a large body of slaves to San Domingo, heard of the fate of his countrymen in Florida, and to avenge it he attacked and captured Fort San Marco and put all to the sword. Indian hostilities now broke out against the Spanish settlers, but San Marco was restored and retained. Menendez was constantly in motion, visiting different posts and tribes or going to the West Indies for supplies. In 1567 he sailed for Spain and presented some Florida Indians to the King. On his return to Florida, finding that the Jesuit Fathers on the Rappahannock had been put to death by the treachery of a converted Indian who had accompanied them as their guide and interpreter, he sailed to the Chesapeake, captured several of the murderers and hung them at the yardarm of his vessel as she lay on the Potomac.

In 1574 Menendez was summoned to Spain by the King. He obeyed the call, leaving his nephew, Pedro Menendez Marques, as Governor of Florida. The King appointed him to the command of a large fleet then fitting out for England and the Low Countries. Menendez assumed the command with his old energy and power, but his long and hard years of service began to tell upon his sinewy frame; he was now broken down by disease and feeling that his end was near prepared to meet it in a Christian manner, and died at Santander on September 17, 1774, at the age of fifty-five, and was buried in the Church of San Nicolas de Avilés.

The character of Menendez has been described by different historians from their various points of view. John Fiske admits that he was "an admirable soldier," but at the same time calls him "a matchless liar." The Catholic Encyclopedia styles the massacre of Ribault and his companions by Menendez as "an indelible stain on a singularly noble record," while Lowery in his "Spanish Settlements" (II., 178) describes the story of the inscriptions placed by Menendez over the heads of the men he hanged, saying that they had been executed not as Frenchmen, but as pirates and heretics—as apocryphal. The Spanish settlers of Florida are entitled to the credit of having brought to our shores useful and necessary domestic animals. The bronchos, the mustangs of the Western plains, are descended from runaway domestic animals. Cattle also ran wild after being brought across the sea, and we are indebted to De Soto for bringing over the useful pig. The Cathedral of St. Augustine, Florida, with its Spanish architecture, remains to this day to tell us that Florida was settled by Catholics.

California, the Golden State, owes its foundation to Gaspar de Portola, a Spanish captain of dragoons, who in 1768 was appointed Governor of Upper California and sent to occupy that province. He was to establish presidios or military posts, and the missionaries to begin the work of converting the native population and pave the way for the future colonization of the country. The first detachment of the expedition under his command reached the port of San Diego on May 14, 1769, and was soon followed by a second detachment bringing horses and cattle with which to stock the new settlement. On May 14 formal possession of the provinces was taken by the Governor, and on that memorable Whitsunday San Diego was founded. This was the beginning of the wonderful Franciscan missions of Upper California, founded and guided for many years by the saintly and heroic Father Junipero de Serra. San Carlos de Monterey, San Antonio, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara and San Francisco were all begun within the ten years of the occupation. Other missions followed, so that before the close of the century there were no less than eighteen. In these missions the Indians were gathered together, instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, trained to agriculture and the various trades, and in time each mission became a thriving community, with cultivated fields, herds of cattle, vineyards and shipping annually its products to commercial centres and to receive in return the manufactured articles needed by the Indians.

New England compilers of American history give the "friars" credit for this great work, but intimate—with characteristic charity—that the Indians did the work and the missionaries pocketed the profits. These writers find it convenient to forget that the main thing the English-speaking settlers and missionaries did was to settle the land and show the natives the shortest way to to the happy hunting grounds and help them to get there with the least possible delay. Near each mission was a presidio, or military post, with a small military force, for the protection of the settlements against hostile Indians. As the soldiers of the presidios were discharged from time to time as their period of service expired they married and settled down in the region and became the first settlers in the country, and thus the little villages grew up—Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles, near San Gabriel, San José being among the most prominent. Los Angeles prospered most and rose under Spanish and Mexican rule to be a place of fifteen hundred inhabitants, so that apart from missions and presidios it may be regarded as the cradle of California civilization. The foundation of the San Gabriel mission dates from the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September, 8, 1771.

The town of Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles (Our Lady Queen of Angels) was itself founded in a formal manner on August 26, 1781, by Lara, Navarro, Rosas and nine other discharged soldiers, and began with a population of forty-six souls, twenty being children. It was founded by authority of Philip de Nove, then Governor of California. The little town grew and progressed and had become an important place at the time that California was acquired by the United States. It is now an episcopal city. We might add that at the time when the Society of Jesus was suppressed in the Spanish dominions by Charles III., the royal mandate did not reach America until the latter part of the year 1767. It was brought to California by the new Governor, Don Gaspar Portolá, mentioned above, and by him firmly though courteously executed. Summoning before him, at Loretto, the Father Superior, Portolá read to him the contents of the decree and directed that all the Jesuit establishments in the province, with the property and lands, should be delivered over to the Franciscans immediately on their arrival. In the meantime the Jesuit Fathers were prohibited from the exercise of their ordinary functions. On February 3, 1768, after taking a solemn farewell of the people they had done so much to evangelize, the good fathers departed from the port of Loretto, virtually prisoners, followed by the tears and lamentations of their devoted neophytes. They had spent seventy years on the peninsula of California and had converted and civilized its inhabitants from Cape San Lucas to the mouth of the Colorado, and they left behind them fourteen flourishing missions. The story of the California missions has been told so often, so fully and so touchingly that a mere reference to them here will answer the purpose of this article.

Arkansas—Among the Catholic founders of States we find Spanish, English and French names, and we rarely find an Italian, but in this case we are enabled to give a few notes of a native of Italy. Henri de Tonti was the son of Lorenzo Tonti, Governor of Gaela, and a friend of the French, and on the fall of that city into the hands of the invader he was forced into exile. He possessed financial skill and was the first to propose the system of insurance called after him, the Tontine, and in which the last survivor of a group insured receives the whole amount. His son Henri served in the army of Italy and lost a hand, which was carried off by a grenade. In the French army he served under the Prince de Conté, and rising to the rank of captain took part in the capture of Fort Crevecœur. He was introduced to Robert Cavalier, commonly known as La Salle, in 1678, and from that time adhered to La Salle's fortune with unswerving fidelity. He accompanied him to Canada and proceeded to Fort Frontenac. At Niagara he completed the

Griffon, a little vessel which La Salle began. La Salle sent him in a canoe to Mackinac to look after some of his men dispatched to the West to trade, and he subsequently proceeded to Sault Ste. Marie. He joined La Salle with a small party at the mouth of St. Joseph's River. La Salle then crossed to the Illinois River and began a stockade called Fort Crevecœur. Hearing no tidings of the Griffon, La Salle resolved to return to Canada to ascertain its fate. He left Tonti at this fort with fifteen men, who were to finish the construction of a smaller vessel for descending the Mississippi. Two Franciscan priests, the aged Gabriel de la Ribourde and Zenobius Membré, remained with Tonti. It was not long, however, before the Illinois were attacked by a force of Iroquois from the colony of New York, and Tonti going to meet them with a wampum belt was stabbed by a young brave and seriously wounded. The Illinois fled and Tonti found it impossible to hold on at Crevecœur until the return of La Salle. Then, too, some of the few men of his command had deserted. Tonti and his missionaries escaped narrowly, and seeing nothing else to do, set out to reach Green Bay in a wretched bark canoe and with no provisions. After untold hardships the party reached Green Bay.

In 1685 Fathers Joliet de Montigny, Davion and de Saint Cosme were sent out to found new missions. On the 5th of December they entered the Mississippi River, and guarded by Tonti they sailed down the great river to the villages of the Arkansas, planting the cross at several points. In 1706 Father Nicholas Foucoult took up his residence among the Arkansas Indians and began his missionary labors. His advanced age interfered with his work and he was succeeded by Father Jean Dumas. The chaplain sent out by Spain to minister to the settlers he had planted on his grant upon the Arkansas died just as the vessel reached the mouth of the Mississippi, and Father du Poison found not only Indians, but French settlers who required his services. These French settlers were of French Canadian origin, among them the descendants of the settlers who came with the Chevalier de Tonti, when, in 1685, he proceeded up to the villages of the Arkansas. We might add that the name Arkansas was that of a tribe of Indians also known as the Quapaws or Ozarks. Tradition has many fantastic tales to tell about poor Tonti. We are told that crosses, beads, old iron implements and countless remains of La Salle's time turn up everywhere in the valley soil that stretches out from the Rock of St. Louis now known as Starred Rock. Pits are dug down to the rock by men seeking for Tonti's money, and yet local tradition tells us positively that he died poor and that he came back to the Rock to die in 1718.

Iowa—The chief city in Iowa is named in honor of the founder

of the State of Iowa, Julien Dubuque. He was born at Pierre-les-Buquets, in Canada, on January 10, 1762. He was a descendant of Jean Dubuque, who had settled in the colony in 1788. Like many of his young countrymen he "struck West," and in 1788 was a trader at Prairie-du-Chien. He was a man of character and soon acquired great influence over the Indians, who imagined that he possessed a charm against the bite of the rattlesnake. Frequently called upon to act as umpire in the Indian quarrels, the shrewdness of "Little Night," as he was called, enabled him to increase his fame and influence. At a great Indian council, held in 1788, Dubuque induced the Indians to cede to him a tract of land in which a rich lead mine had been discovered. This grant was confirmed to Dubuque in 1796 by Baron de Carondelet, the Spanish Governor of the Province of Louisiana, and the strip of land became known as the Mines of Spain. It was, later on, sold by him to Augustus Chouteau, of St. Louis. For a time Dubuque carried on his trade and worked his mine successfully. He died suddenly in the spring of 1810. His devoted Indian friends buried him on a beautiful bluff jutting out into the river and just below the present limits of the city. A large stone, surmounted by a wooden structure with a cross and inscription, was added later on. The Indians jealously guarded his tomb and his mine, permitting no other white man to work it until the United States Government acquired all the Indian lands. Then the settlement revived, and Dubuque became, in 1833, a thriving town.

In 1837 Dubuque became an episcopal see, with the Right Rev. Mathias Loras, D. D., as its first Bishop. In 1893 it became a metropolitan see, with the Most Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., as its first Archbishop. The suffragan sees forming the province of Dubuque are Cheyenne, Davenport, Des Moines, Kearney, Lincoln, Omaha and Sioux City, Iowa, with an estimated Catholic population (exclusive of Dubuque) of 273,244. The city of Dubuque has to-day some ten or twelve Catholic churches, each with its Catholic school, with numerous colleges, academies and private schools, with a Catholic population in the diocese of about 133,000. Many interesting anecdotes are told about old Julien Dubuque, among others the following: On one occasion two Indians, who had been indulging too freely in "fire-water," mounted a stray horse and rode headlong over the prairie until the horse fell, crushing one of the luckless riders. The family of the dead man endeavored to kill the survivor, but the case, like many others, was referred to Dubuque. His decision was characteristic. It was to the effect that the survivor and one of the opposite party should mount the same horse and ride over the prairie till one of them died. This threw the re-

sponsibility for the accident on the horse and put an end to the litigation. An Englishman visiting Dubuque, and mindful of the manner in which many of his people had treated the Indians, said to him: "I hope you trade fairly and do not cheat the Indians." "Cheat the Indians," said Dubuque; "I have been trying it all my life and never succeeded." In conclusion we may say that Dubuque was one of the few who in early times succeeded in getting the Indians to do manual labor, and he made many of them miners and farmers. His little settlement was a scene of prosperous industry, and, as we have shown above, developed into a great industrial centre.

Oregon is said to derive its name from the Spanish *Oregano* (Origanum vulgare), wild marjoram, abundant on its coast, and Dr. John McLaughlin if not the first actual settler is regarded by common consent as the "Father of Oregon." The valley of the Columbia River made known by the expedition of Lewis and Clarke attracted the attention of the great fur companies. John Jacob Astor planted a trading house in Oregon, but the threatening war with England induced him to transfer his establishment to the British Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies. No one seemed inclined to plant settlements; the chief desire was to induce the Indians to slaughter the great food supply which nature had provided to the native tribes, so as to sell the skins to the trading companies. The associations employed many French Canadians, lighthearted, cheerful, enduring men, who have left their impress on all our western country. When Dr. McLaughlin became a superintendent he took a quiet interest in these people, and about the year 1826 induced several, whose services were only occasionally required, to settle down in the lovely valley of the Willamette.

Doctor John McLaughlin was born in the parish of La Reviére du Loup, Canada, on October 19, 1784. His father's people were originally from Ireland. His father came to Canada and married a lady of that country, and here was born their son John, who was trained for the medical profession, which he followed only for a short time. He associated himself first with the Northwest Company, and when that company merged with the Hudson Bay Company, in 1821, as stated above, he took the management of the chief depot and factory at Fort William, and in a short time moved the headquarters of the company to Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River. While here his strong character and uprightness of purpose were felt throughout the whole region then known as the Oregon country. He became practically the supreme ruler of that region, but he ruled with kindness and consideration. So great was his influence for good that in a short time it became possible for parties

to travel through the country without fear of Indian attacks, until after he had resigned from the Hudson Bay Company.

During Dr. McLaughlin's administration of affairs in the Oregon country lands were laid off and cultivated; the industry of the settlers was well repaid, and in peace and comfort the first white settlements were begun. Among the settlers the names of Joseph Gervais, Stephen Lucier and Pierre Beleque have come down to us. Their settlement was firmly established and prosperous when the Methodist mission from the United States arrived in 1834 and began their labors, out of which American settlements grew some years later, at least ten years after the French Canadian foundation on the Willamette. Here the first chapel for Christian worship was built, in anticipation of the arrival of a priest for whom they had appealed to the Right Rev. Dr. Provencher, Bishop of Juliopolis and Coadjutor-Bishop of Quebec (and first Bishop of St. Boniface). It was not, indeed, till 1839 that the Rev. François Norbert Blanchet, from Canada—the future Archbishop of Oregon City—began to offer up the Holy Sacrifice in the rustic chapel of St. Paul, in the valley of the Willamette. These humble pioneer settlers have been almost ignored in the annals of Oregon, but to them belongs the honor of establishing the first white settlement in Oregon. Dr. McLaughlin, if not the first actual settler, must be regarded as the father of the settlement of Oregon. In the early days of his career he manifested the most liberal feeling to all religious denominations. Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic missionaries received equal aid and protection at his hands, although he did not become a Catholic until 1842. So great was his devotion to the Catholic Church after his conversion that in 1846 Pope Pius IX. made him a Knight of St. Gregory. Notwithstanding the good doctor's charity and liberality his last days were embittered by the ingratitude of those he had befriended in their day of need. It was forgotten that when, in 1843, the first of the Oregon home-building immigrants arrived in the country, it was through Dr. McLaughlin's sympathy and generosity that they were fed and clothed and their sick cared for; it was forgotten that he supplied them with seed and farming implements and domestic animals, and he did the same for the immigrants of 1844-45. But all this did not prevent a movement to question his right to the title of certain lands he had taken up, in the early days, on the ground that he was at that time a British subject. Some of the Methodist missionaries and their adherents, who had been probated and encouraged when they came to Oregon, started the action against him. The case hung on for some time, and the property was finally restored to his heirs five years after the doctor's death. By the action of his enemies Dr.

McLaughlin lost nearly all of the fortune he had acquired by honest toil, and he died a broken-hearted and disappointed man, the victim of ingratitude and misrepresentation. His remains were deposited with pious care in the burial ground attached to St. John's Church, Oregon City.

Washington—The history of the early Catholic settlements in the State of Washington has been told, in part, in the account given of the Oregon settlements. On March 2, 1853, Washington Territory was formed out of the northern half of Oregon. There appears to be no question about the Spaniards having been the first white people to visit the Oregon country, notwithstanding the doubts expressed on this subject by certain (or rather uncertain writers). The evidence in favor of the Spanish explorers is to be found not only in official documents, but the traditions of the aborigines concur in making this opinion incontestable. We learn from these that a Spanish vessel appeared south of the Columbia River before 1792. We may add that our early American missionaries found crucifixes among the Kalamuks which had come down to them from their ancestors. We learn, further, that on the Island of Vancouver there may still be seen the ruins of colonial habitations; that the strait which separates it from the mainland bears the name of *Juan de Fuca,*[1] and that the country itself is contiguous to California, where the Spanish missionaries had labored two hundred years before. These facts would seem to justify the opinion that the Spaniards were the first discoverers of Oregon.

A peculiar interest attaches itself to the birth and growth of Catholicity in the State of Washington. As in Oregon, French Canadians, trappers and *coureurs des bois* were among the first white people to inhabit the country, and, unlike other places, the first missionaries were seculars and not members of religious orders. Simon Plamondon, of Coblitz, and his fellow-Catholics longed for the presence of a priest in their settlement, and in 1833 and again in 1835 they drew up a petition to the Bishop of Quebec, asking for missionaries. This may be regarded as one of the first steps taken in the northwest for the establishment of Catholicity. We have already referred to the work done in the Oregon country by Dr. McLaughlin to maintain a religious spirit even before he became a Catholic. We have seen how he welcomed all denominations, and we have seen, too, how the leaders of some of them repaid him with ingratitude. We have seen, too, how he appeals to Monseigneur Joseph Norbert Provencher, D. D., Coadjutor of Quebec.

[1] Juan de Fuca was a Greek navigator, born at Cephalonia. His real name was Apostolos Valerianos. He served for more than thirty-five years in the Spanish navy, and he claims to have discovered the Strait that bears his name. He also served in the English navy.

and how he had the happiness of having his application granted by the arrival of two apostolic men, the Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet (later on first Archbishop of Oregon City), and the Rev. Modeste Demers (later on Bishop of Vancouver Island), who came from Quebec. They reached Vancouver on November 24, 1838, and offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in that region. Father Blanchet, with four Canadian families for his parish, established himself at Coblitz. In the following year he finished the construction of his church, a log structure of 20 by 30 feet, which had to perform the double duty of church and rectory. It was dedicated to the great Jesuit missionary, St. Francis Xavier. The congregation suddenly grew into unexpected proportions by the arrival of a large number of Nesqually Indians, asking to see the Blackgown and to be instructed by him. The poor missionary, while rejoicing in the opportunity at hand to begin the work he had come so far to undertake, felt greatly handicapped, as he did not understand the language of this tribe. Finally he resorted to what Father Bolduc describes as a "Ladder." On a long flat stick Father Blanchet made a number of lines running in different directions and a number of dots. These marks represented certain events in the life of Our Blessed Lord. They were explained to the Indians, who soon learned the lesson the "stick" or "Ladder" was intended to teach; they made reproductions of this "Ladder" and carried them back into their own country that they might, through its aid, teach the truths of Christianity to their brethren who had not seen the Blackgown.

Father Demers visited the interior of the country and his labors and privations were rewarded with the most abundant fruits. The great Jesuit missionary, Father P. J. de Smet, visited the Rocky Mountains in 1840 and the result of his toils and sufferings is told in his "Oregon Missions," a most interesting work. In September, 1842, two Canadian priests, Father A. Langlois and Father J. B. Z. Bolduc, reached Oregon to assist their well-nigh exhausted brethren. As an instance of their labor and its fruits the following item, one of many sent to Quebec in these days, will suffice: "From March, 1840, to March, 1841, were performed: Baptisms, 510; marriages, 12; burials, 11; Communions, 60; one abjuration at St. Paul. . . . Of the 510 baptisms there were about 410 Indians, 100 whites and 40 adults." We cannot follow the progress of Catholicity in Oregon and Washington; it speaks for itself. Of its pioneer missionaries the Rev. Francis Norbert Blanchet became first Archbishop of Oregon City; his brother, Augustin Magloire Blanchet, became first Bishop of Nesqually, or Walla Walla, and Father Modeste Demers became Bishop of Van-

couver. By 1847 the ecclesiastical province of Oregon had three Bishops, fourteen Jesuit Fathers, four Oblates of Mary Immaculate, thirteen secular priests, thirteen Sisters and two educational establishments.

What has been said of the French Canadian settlers in Oregon and Washington may be repeated about the settlers of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. The first settlements in New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado have been described with some detail in the AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW of January, 1916. Perhaps a word about Oñate, the colonizer of New Mexico and founder of the second town within the limits of the United States, may not be out of place here. Juan de Oñate was the only native American among the early Spanish colonizers. He was born at Zacatecas, Mexico, and was connected with the families of Cortez and Montezuma. His immediate family came from the Basque provinces of Spain, and soon after their arrival in Mexico became the owners of some of the richest mines in the world—those of Zacatecas. Notwithstanding the great wealth that fell to his lot, Oñate's sole ambition was to be an explorer. The Spanish sovereigns refused to provide for further expeditions into the disappointing north, and about 1595 Oñate made a contract with the viceroy of New Spain to colonize New Mexico at his own expense. He made all necessary preparations and fitted out a costly expedition, but just as his most ardent desires were about to be realized a new viceroy was appointed, who kept him and all his men waiting in Mexico for over two years before giving the necessary permission to start. At last, early in 1597, Oñate set out with his expedition, which had cost him near a million dollars before it stirred a step. He took with him four hundred colonists, including two hundred soldiers, with women and children, and herds of sheep and cattle, seeds and agricultural implements. Needless to add he was also accompanied by a band of Franciscan missionaries.

The expedition reached the Rio Grande del Norte during the last days of April, and on the feast of the Ascension, 1598, after the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice and an appropriate sermon, possession was formally taken of New Mexico in the name of the King of Spain. To show the religious spirit that animated Oñate on this occasion, Captain Villagrá in his account of the conquest of New Mexico gives us the following prayer uttered in a loud tone on this occasion by Oñate:

"O Holy Cross, who art the divine gate of heaven, altar of the only and essential Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of the Son of God, pasch of the saints and possessions of His glory, open the gate of heaven to these unbelievers; found the church and altars

on which the Body and Blood of the Son of God may be offered; open to us the way of security and peace for their conversion as well as our own conversion, and give our King and me, in his royal name, peaceful possession of these kingdoms and provinces for His holy glory. Amen."

We cannot follow Oñate in all his progress through this country, as we have referred to him in a former article. Enough to add that he was a man of middle age when he made this striking record. Born on the frontier, familiar with the deserts, endowed with great tenacity, coolness and knowledge of frontier life, he was the very man to succeed in planting the first considerable colonies in the United States at their most dangerous and difficult points.

In Colorado the first settlements were made at Conejos and Trinidad by settlers from New Mexico, and their history is to be found recorded briefly in a former article in this REVIEW (January, 1916). The history of the Missouri settlements would require a book rather than a few magazine pages. From their humble beginnings they may proudly claim to have given the American Church some of its most distinguished names. To the hierarchy they contributed such saintly heroes and indefatigable workers as De Neckere, Timon, Lefevre, Odin, Feehan, Hennessy, Hogan, Rosatti, Kenrick and P. J. Ryan, and we may add the saintly Felix de Andreis, the first superior of the Lazarists in the United States. In 1733 two brothers, François Valle and Jean Baptiste Valle, and several of their friends, with their families, established a post which in time developed into the town of St. Genevieve. Its site, however, was three miles distant from the present town of that name. These people may be considered as the first settlers in Missouri; their names, so far as we have been able to ascertain, were: François Valle, commandant of the post; Jean Baptiste Valle, his brother; Joseph Loiselle, Jean Baptiste Maurice, Francis Coleman, Jacques Boyer, Henri Maurice, Parfant Dufours, Louis Boilduc, B. N. James and J. B. T. Prat.

In 1764 Pierre Laclède Liguest and Pierre Chouteau,[2] with a handful of followers, landed upon the shore of the Mississippi where the city of St. Louis now stands. The Catholic missionary soon followed; Father Meurin, crossing in a canoe from Kahokia, offered up the Holy Sacrifice in the open forest, blessing the little band of Catholics and their work. In 1766 we learn that a "baptism was administered in a tent for want of a church."

[2] A descendant of Piérre Chouteau, in the 40's, was a college mate of the writer of this article at West Chester, Pa., in the building now known as Villa Maria.

From that time until 1772 St. Louis was visited by Father Meurin and the well-known Father Gibault, who in 1770 "blessed the church built of wood." Father Valentine, a Capuchin friar, was the first priest who resided permanently at St. Louis. Other humble churches, or rather chapels, were erected at different times and as necessities arose and priests could be obtained to attend them. In 1818 the Right Rev. Louis William Dubourg, Bishop of the Diocese of Louisiana, arrived at St. Louis, and there established his episcopal see. He was accompanied by the saintly and Very Rev. Felix de Andreis, who came as first visitor and superior of the first band of Lazarist Fathers who settled in the United States. With him were his distinguished confrères, Father Rosatti, afterwards Bishop of St. Louis; Rev. John Baptist Acqueroni and Fathers Ferrati and Carretti. These good fathers, after many trials and sufferings, finally settled at the Barrens, a Catholic settlement about eighty miles from St. Louis. Here they established the first seminary. There were also missions at Florissant and at St. Genevieve (1735), some sixty miles below St. Louis. These were attended by the Jesuit Fathers. The French pioneers of Missouri were a merry and law-abiding people. The Indians regarded them as their friends and trusted them fully. The French policy towards them was so fair that Missouri did not suffer from the desolating Indian wars which so frequently ravaged the English colonies. In the treatment of slaves also the French were so kind and considerate that a writer of the time tells us that "the world has never seen a more contented and happy people than the Negro slaves of the early French of Upper Louisiana." Of course, all this was due to the benign influence of the missionaries. The temptation to linger among these missions, to follow their development, to record the great work in the field of education accomplished by the Jesuit and Lazarist Fathers and by the other religious communities that came in the course of time—yes, the temptation is very great, but it would take volumes, and we are limited to pages, and our task in this article covers a vast field.

In a former article in this REVIEW, already referred to, we showed that far back, before Plymouth Rock or Jamestown, when the site of the great American metropolis of New York was still the hunting ground of the savage, the Cross of Christ had been planted on the banks of the Rio Grande.

We know that the first offices of the Church in Texas were performed by French missionaries, both regular and secular, who accompanied La Salle in his unfortunate expedition to take possession of the Spanish mining country, but a series of mishaps has

deprived us of detailed information as to their work. A glance at the map of Texas will show us the names drawn from the calendar and given to towns and headlands and rivers, all of which prove that the early missionaries who followed La Salle's attempted settlement must come from Mexico. The Franciscan Fathers soon established mission stations, and conversions followed to the great joy of the missionaries.

In 1728 Spain spent some $75,000 in bringing over from the Canary Islands thirteen families "of pure Spanish blood and marked religious fervor." These people and others from Mexico settled about the Plaza de la Constitucion, which is still to be seen in San Antonio. Long before this, however, back in 1585, the Spanish Franciscan "padres" had gained a foothold in San Antonio, which they named in honor of the Spanish Viceroy, the Duke de Bexar, but Spanish Franciscans had labored in New Mexico and Texas for fifty years prior to their arrival at San Antonio. For nearly three hundred years had the Franciscan labored hereabouts. The aborigine was converted and civilized; he was taught the useful trades of the white man; villages grew up with their churches, and where possible their schools, and the Indian was taught to read and write. The ruins of some of these missions may still be seen; others have been restored and bear evidence to the work done by the early missionaries. In the course of time the Catholic settlements increased until in our own day we read of good Father Dubuis (later on Bishop of Galveston) "visiting a colony of Alsatians who had settled at Castroville, on the Medina River, some twenty-six miles from San Antonio." It may not be out of place to mention the fact that the good priest encouraged these people to build better habitations for themselves and set them a forcible example by building a little chapel (18 by 30 feet) with his own hands. He drew the plans, brought sand and stone from a distance of half a mile in a wheelbarrow, and did the work of carpenter and mason." After a life of labor and privation of forty years as priest and Bishop, Monsignor Dubuis resigned his see and returned to France to die. I remember parting with him, a worn-out soldier of the Cross going home to his last caserne. Later on we find a settlement of Irish Catholics at San Patricio, on the Nueces River, some twenty miles northwest of Corpus Christi.

Indiana, it is well known, was originally peopled by French Canadians. The names of such missionaries and pioneers as Hennepin, Zenobe, Membré, Gabriel, Ribourde, Marquette and La Salle bear witness to this fact. In 1702 Vincennes was settled by the French (Shea says 1735), and the people were attended by the

Recollet, Father Pacôme Legrand. It is supposed that it was he "who baptized at Fort Quiatanon, on July 22 of the preceding year, Anthony, son of Jean Baptiste Foucher, who became in time the first priest ordained in the West." Here again we are confronted with a mass of interesting matter, and strongly tempted to follow the development of Catholic progress down to the present time. But we must content ourselves with one or two facts. About the middle of the eighteenth century there were several Jesuit stations in Indiana, with a church at Vincennes. The Jesuits, however, were withdrawn, and for many years the only priest in the territory now constituting Indiana and Illinois was Father Gibault, who was vicar general for that region under the Bishop of Quebec. His residence was at Kaskaskia, in the southwestern part of Illinois. The Catholic priest of those days was the same American patriot he is to-day. In 1778 Father Gibault not only induced the French inhabitants of Vincennes to declare in favor of the United States against Great Britain, but he actually administered the oath of allegiance to them in the church. He also had great influence in keeping the Indians in his vicinity friendly to the American cause.

The city of Vincennes takes its name from an officer who in the early part of the eighteenth century was known in history under the name of "M. de Vincennes." He was commander of the troops of the King of France and of a military post or the Wabash River, in the country of the Illinois, said post "supposed to have occupied the site of the present city of Vincennes." This officer was burned alive in May, 1736, by the Chickasaws, with Major d'Artaguette, the Jesuit Father Senat and a number of other officers and soldiers in that part of Louisiana now comprised within the limits of the State of Mississippi. So far all authorities agree, but the question now arises: "Who was this M. de Vincennes?" My old friend, Major Edmond Mallet, of Washington, D. C., a short time before his death published in French a pamphlet entitled "Le Sieur de Vincennes, fondateur de l'Indiana," and in the copy he was kind enough to send me I find between thirty and forty "notes" dating from 1648 to 1892, all endeavoring to give a satisfactory answer to the question: Who was M. de Vincennes? Major Mallet says that this question is not an idle one when we consider the "valiant and eminent services rendered by him as military commander in New France, and as founder of one of the great States of the American Union, and because of the many contradictory opinions expressed by both Canadian and American historians." Among these numerous "notes" I will quote but one or two:

"1883 . . . Father Senat . . . accompanied Vincennes, commandante of the fort and probably its founder (in whose honor this fort was called Vincennes), in his expedition against the Chickasaws in 1736. . . . François Morgan de Vincennes, supposed by Monsignor Hailandiere (second Bishop of Vincennes) to have been of Irish descent."[3]

Major Mallet says: "My theory is that the Sieur de Vincennes, who was so prominent in the administration of Indian affairs from 1702 to 1712, was Jean Baptiste Bissot, second Sieur de Vincennes, and that the one who was at Vincennes in 1733 was François Morgane de la Valtrie, third Sieur de Vincennes."

Interesting and profitable as the research may be, we have not space here to follow up all the notes quoted by Major Mallet. Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, and Dr. Alerding, on the authority of Bishops Bruté and Hailandiere, of the Diocese of Vincennes, consider Vincennes as of Irish descent.[4] All our researches "force upon us the conviction that Vincennes was by birth a Canadian of French origin." Major Mallet sums up the discussion by asking: "Could it be that M. de Vincennes, whose identity we have tried to establish, was not born in Canada after all, but in the country of the Illinois, or in Louisiana?" Whatever may have been his name or his origin, the great State of Indiana owes him a monument.

The history of the settlement of Maryland, Louisiana and Michigan is too well known to be repeated here, and besides, it is easily accessible. There are other States in which attempts at settlements were undertaken and were thwarted by wars and religious prejudice. Among these may be mentioned the State of Maine. In 1609, eleven years before the Puritans went to Massachusetts, while the Franciscan friar was converting the savages of Florida to Christianity, De Monts, a Frenchman, who had obtained a grant from Henry IV., established a colony on Neutral Island, in Scoodic River, and here a Catholic priest reared the first chapel in New England. Another clergyman, Father Nicholas d'Aubri, a young priest from Paris, was nearly lost on the neighboring coast of Nova Scotia. The colony was soon afterward removed to Port Royal, where the Jesuit Fathers Biard and Massé began their labors. Meeting with interference on the part of the colonists, they resolved to begin a new establishment. Madame de Guercheville, a pious French lady, gave means to found a mission colony, and in 1613 Biard and Massé, with a small party under

[3] Alerding's "History Catholic Churches, Diocese of Vincennes," p. 54.
[4] See Cawthorn in his "Brief Sketch of Vincennes," p. 25.

De la Saussaye, began the settlement of St. Saviour's, on Mount Desert Island. But before the buildings were erected a body of English from Virginia, under Argall, attacked the place, killed Brother Gilbert du Thet, S. J., who fell at the foot of the mission cross, and carried off all the fathers and their colonists. Later on came the French fishing colonies with Capuchin Fathers, while back in the woods the Jesuits began to teach the Indians the truths of Christianity.

It may seem strange to associate the name of the great Cardinal Richelieu with the early colonization of Maine, but the fact remains that the friends and relatives of the famous Cardinal were the first to attempt seriously to colonize what is now known as Maine and Nova Scotia. The Capuchin Fathers were always favorites with His Eminence. They had stood by him in times of trial, and it was doubtless at his suggestion that they undertook and for a long time directed missions on that coast. Some fifty years ago or more a farmer, while ploughing a field near Castine, turned up a leaden plate, and having no immediate use for it, threw it aside. One day, needing a bit of lead with which to repair his boat, he thought of the plate and hunted it up. As he was about to cut it he noticed some letters on it, and fortunately took it to a historical student in the neighborhood. The inscription was soon deciphered:

"1648, Jun, F. Leo, Parisin, Capuc. Miss., Posvi, Hoc Fund. Eum in Honorem Nzæ Dm-æ Sanctæ Spei." (On the 8th of June, 1648, I, Friar Leo, of Paris, Capuchin missionary, laid this corner-stone in honor of Our Lady of Holy Hope.") We know that they had hospices and chapels at the mouth of the Kennebec and Penobscot at that early day; but here we have a relic of the chapel, found doubtless near the spot where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up by the Capuchin Fathers two centuries ago. What became of these missions? Perhaps the people that drove the simple Acadians into exile may be able to answer this question.

With regard to New York, it is well known that there were very few Catholics in New Amsterdam during the time of the Dutch occupation, but it is to the credit of the Dutch colonists that far from persecuting those few Catholics, they were treated with common decency, as a rule. Their kindness to Father Jogues and Father Bressani will always be remembered by Catholics with the deepest gratitude. In 1664 the British took possession of New Amsterdam, changed the name to New York, and the Dutch were deprived of their colony. The English Governors, Nicols and Lovelace, seemed to have ruled with some consideration. As to

Andross, little can be said to his credit. It was reserved for the Irish Catholic Governor, Thomas Dongan, to give evidence of wisdom and justice. In 1683 he called together the first Assembly of the Province of New York, and on October 17 the seventeen delegates of the first "New York Colonial Assembly" met the new Governor and Council, at Fort James, the English fort between Bowling Green and the bay, and the "first and grandest of acts," says the great historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, "was the Charter of Liberties and Privileges securing the rights of British subjects and establishing entire freedom of conscience and religion to all peaceable persons who profess faith in God by Jesus Christ." Thus the name of New York's first Catholic Governor is associated with a day and an event memorable in the history of the city. Not only did this charter guarantee to every man within its jurisdiction the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, but it was the original and the basis of all subsequent charters providing that sources of immediate income become vested in the corporation, and declared that the city of New York should thenceforward comprise the entire island of Manhattan. It made New York a city, and Governor Dongan was anxious that it should have all the rights and privileges of a city.

When King James was dethroned and William became King of England, the "policy of complete toleration for all Protestant sects and the exclusion of Catholics" was established, and in 1790 an act was passed through the exertions of the Governor, Lord Bellamont, which declared that every Catholic priest found in the Province should be liable to perpetual imprisonment. If he broke jail and were retaken he should suffer death. The penalty for harboring a priest was a fine of £200 and three days in the pillory. In 1701 Catholics were declared incapable of voting or holding office. The contrast between the "liberal" policy pursued by non-Catholics and that followed by the "bigoted Papists" is not hard to perceive. Maryland Catholics who had given non-Catholics an asylum when persecuted by their own people were rewarded in the same ungrateful manner as their Catholic co-religionists in New York.

The first English colony in New Jersey and Long Island was established there by Sir Edmund Plowden, a Catholic gentleman to whom Charles I. in 1634 granted a charter of the territory of New Albion and the Isle of Plowden (now Long Island). The first colonists were Catholics, and the settlement, in fact, was for the purpose of affording a refuge to Catholics from Protestant

persecution, at the same time offering religious freedom to Protestants themselves. The colony did not prove a success, but Mulry in his "History of New Jersey" (p. 73) says: "Plowden may not have advanced to the same point (as Roger Williams and Calvert); he retained the shadow of a State religion, but he offered the fullest protection to all and gave his voice in favor of mildness, charity and love. Though his designs were not successful, though the work he projected fell short of completion, yet he deserves to be ranked with the benefactors of our race, and New Albion is entitled to a higher place in the history of human progress than is often allotted to older and greater and more fortunate States."

Wisconsin deserves far more notice than we can give it in these pages. Suffice it to say that in 1634 Jean Nicolet, a courreur des bois, was sent by Champlain, then Governor of New France, to make treaties with the Indians. The new white explorers were Radisson and Groseilliers, two fur traders, who probably arrived in 1648-50. They built a stockade near the present site of Ashland. On the same spot the Jesuit Allouez in 1665 founded the La Pointe mission, the first in Wisconsin. Subsequently, in 1669, he founded the mission of St. Francis Xavier at the Rapides des Pères, on the Fox River, on the site of the city of De Père. Here was built the first church in Wisconsin, and it was the means of establishing the first white settlement of any permanence.

After the middle of the eighteenth century the De Langlade family established themselves at Green Bay, and were soon followed by other French families. In 1792 and the following years the settlement was increased by the arrival of some French-Canadian families. Later on this region was served by missionaries of various orders, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Dominicans, etc., and in 1848 the first settlement of Catholic Hollanders was established in Wisconsin. Green Bay grew rapidly, and in 1868 it became an episcopal see. The Diocese of Green Bay has a Catholic population estimated at over 150,000, and the priests are obliged to preach to their people not only in English, but in French, Polish, German and Hollandish.

The history of the Catholic settlement of Wisconsin is full of the deepest interest to the Catholic student, but we cannot dwell upon it further at this time. Our aim in this article was simply to show our people that Catholics had a prominent part in the settlement of our Union, since she can point with pride to twenty-two States settled by their co-religionists, a magnificent record of Catholic foundations on American soil. It is a matter of pardonable pride to the Catholics of our day to be able to look

back through the history of our country and to realize that there never was a Benedict Arnold among them. In spite of the fact that they suffered from unjust legislation in colonial days, when the Revolutionary War broke out the Church gave none but patriots to their country in her days of trial. It is gratifying to know that the services of her sons were appreciated.

In 1775 the Continental Congress in an address to the Irish people said: "We acknowledge with pleasure and with gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America."

Of France, the immortal Washington says: "In the midst of a war the nature and difficulties of which are peculiar and uncommon, I cannot flatter myself in any way to recompense the sacrifice France has made. To call her brave were to pronounce but common praise. Wonderful nation! Ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your brilliant exploits."

In his address to the Catholic people, after the Revolution, Washington expresses himself as follows: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality, and I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their Revolution and the establishment of their government or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed. . . . May the members of your society in America, animated alone by the pure spirit of Christianity, and still conducting themselves as the faithful subjects of our free Government, enjoy every temporal and spiritual felicity."

The same spirit that animated the Catholic patriots in the "days that tried men's souls" lives to-day, and when the call of the country for defenders came it met with a prompt and hearty response. It is at the altar of Religion that Patriotism feeds her fires; it is there she draws her highest and holiest inspirations, and it is there, too, that the Catholic soldier will ever find his greatest consolation and his greatest incentive to serve his country and die for it if necessary.

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THE SYMBOLISM OF THE SANCGREAL.

INSPIRATION ever lingers in literature about the tales of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, into the beautiful texture of which is woven the story of the quest of the Sancgreal. As James A. B. Scherer has pointed out, the story "has had a deeper influence upon literature than any other legend in the world." It has made a constant appeal to the poet and the artist and must ever especially appeal to the Catholic mind and heart, inasmuch as it is a Catholic inheritance. The legend of the Holy Grail made its impress on the Middle Ages and is a part of their monumental glories expressed in castles and cathedrals and universities, as likewise in legendary lore, historical romances and tales of chivalry. As it was Christian in its origin, so it belongs to those ages that were distinctly Catholic. Although mediæval in spirit, it belongs to all ages wherein men have lived and sinned and suffered. Its sensualism as exhibited in a Launcelot du Lake denotes the existence of those evil passions in the soul against which weak humanity must ever struggle, while its asceticism as typified in Galahad calls for the abjuration of the world, the flesh and the devil, and thus points its moral to-day as well as through the centuries that evolved it.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that one reviews Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" in an endeavor to point out the spiritual significance of that portion of the poetic narrative that bears upon the quest of the Holy Grail. Figuring as Malory does among the writers of the last half of the fourteenth century, the "Morte d'Arthur," written at a time when Wycliffe could be hailed as the "Morning Star of the Reformation," an unfortunate epithet, belongs to the still Catholic period of England's history. "Familiar," as Scherer says, "to the people of Western Britain before their conversion to Christianity, it was seized upon by the religious romancers of the twelfth century and transformed into a Christian legend." And so it belongs in its spirit and subject-matter to the early chroniclers and cloistered annalists and conjures up such names as William of Malmesbury, Layamon, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Walter Map or Mapes. Traceable in the romance of other countries, the story of the "Morte d'Arthur" makes its first appearance in Britain in the shape of a Welsh bardic epic, Wace's "Mabinogion," sung to the music of the harp in the castle halls and on the battlefields of old Wales. It appears in the romance history of Geoffrey, and the legends that this scholarly monk wrote in Latin were translated into French verse and embellished by

Norman trouveurs until they finally formed one of the great cycles of romance of the thirteenth century. Walter Map next added the story of the "Quest of the Grail," and thereby added to the Arthurian romance a spiritual element and religious significance which fully Christianized the prose-poem.

Thus, with a new glory surrounding it, the Arthurian epic returned to France, where poetry and romance gave it a fresh splendor. It was from the French versions that Sir Thomas Malory compiled his "Morte d'Arthur." And since the day when the publisher Caxton struck off the first copy of Malory's English translation interest in the book has never waned and the spell it weaves remains unbroken. Milton gave up reluctantly its theme for "Paradise Lost," and Spenser's genius under its potent influence blossomed forth in the "Faerie Queen." After its epic strength, its lyric beauty would not be confined, but budded forth into the fairer flower of the idyllic. And so in Tennyson we have the nineteenth century's presentation of the wonderful tales of Arthur. In our own land, too, we have Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal." Nor was its influence less in painting, as the canvases of Rosseti, Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, Millais and Abbey attest. So, too, in music its sweet suasion was paramount in Richard Wagner. For man's search for rest in the Ideal is ever the same. Says Dr. Maurice Francis Egan: "Theocritus, Sir Thomas Malory, Tennyson! How near and yet how far apart! And comparatively how many allied shades they recall! You mention 'The Holy Grail,' and up rise Spenser, Milton, Lowell—the Lowell of 'Sir Launfal'—and then Wagner's 'Parsifal,' and spirit of beauty after spirit of beauty, until the earliest of them seems to touch the very seraphim." The Sancgreal, or Saint Graal, was said to be the dish upon which the paschal lamb was served at the Last Supper and in which Joseph of Arimathea afterwards received the blood from the wounds of Jesus at the Crucifixion. It was then, according to the legend, brought by Joseph to England. The vessel is said now to rest in the Cathedral of Genoa, an emerald dish of hexagonal shape.

Dr. Ferris Greenslet in his work on "The Quest of the Holy Grail" says the Sanc-graal is ultimately derived from the Low Latin term *gradalis,* signifying a mixing-cup or chalice. "The derivation, Sanc-real," he adds, "royal blood, or real blood, is specious, but purely whimsical, with no philological authority." To the Catholic way of thinking, however, this definition is intelligible; for as "The Grail," as Dr. Greenslet elsewhere points out, "became indissolubly linked to the Eucharistic mystery of the Mass," it is highly appropriate, for the chalice contains the wine which is mystically changed

to the real blood of our Lord. Greenslet further tells us, "The Grail is fabled to have been the wine cup used at the Last Supper, with which, later on Calvary, one of the Sanhedrin, Joseph of Arimathea, caught the blood flowing from the wounded side and pierced hands and feet of Christ."

The Grail was also considered to be the cup or chalice which contained the wine that Christ blessed and gave to His disciples, saying, "Take and drink ye all of this, for this is the chalice of My blood." In "Parsifal" the priest-knight raises the cup on high and a dove is seen to descend from heaven and rest over it, while the wine sparkles blood-red. It is the action of the priest at the daily Mass who, at the elevation, raises the chalice, and faith teaches us that the wine is changed into the blood of Him who shed it for our sins on Calvary's height. As the paten at the Mass and the chalice bear a close relation to each other, the Grail may have been at different times considered either a dish or a cup, though this is purely a matter of conjecture. Tennyson regards the Grail as being

> "The cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord
> Drank at the last sad supper with His own.
> This, from the blessed land of Aromat—
> After the day of darkness, when the dead
> Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,
> Arimathæan Joseph, journeying brought
> To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
> Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
> And there awhile it bode; and if a man
> Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,
> By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
> Grew to such evil that the holy cup
> Was caught away to heaven, and disappear'd."

Malory's version prefers to regard the Grail as the "holy dish." At the Last Supper, according to the legend, when Christ blessed and broke the bread, it rested upon this dish which Joseph brought to England. To the knights of Arthur's court who knelt at the "sacring of the Mass," the paten held the consecrated wafer, even as the chalice held the consecrated wine. To behold the vessel, whether a dish or a cup, used by our Lord when He instituted the Sacrifice of the Mass which they were attending, was the ideal set before these knights of eld. So may the Catholic worshiper at Mass to-day be inspired at the sight of his Lord in the Blessed Sacrament veiled under the sacred species and look forward in true Christian hope and resignation to the day when the quest shall be truly ended

and the veil of Paradise be pierced to behold in ecstasy the living Lord in all His majesty through all eternity. It is pleasant likewise to conjure up the form of Caxton as he plied his printing trade at Westminster in the Almonry, at the red pale. He printed many fine books for the fair ladies and fine gentlemen of his day, but none perhaps that has made a stronger appeal to the lovers of *belles-lettres* than the "Morte d'Arthur." To read Malory and to slight the introduction that Caxton wrote at the beginning of his book is to overlook in what light the poem was regarded and what its true meaning should be to us, as salutary a work to peruse to-day as ever in the days of chivalry.

In that quaint introduction of his good Master Caxton tells us: "I have down set it in print, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honor, and how they that were vicious were punished, and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what estate or degree they be of, that shall see and read in this present book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and follow the same. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you unto good fame and renown. But all is written for our doctrine and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by the which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven." With this key to the meaning of the narrative, we may set out in spirit in quest of some of the moral beauties that radiate from the legend of the Holy Grail and seek to understand its symbolism.

Saintsbury has pointed out that Malory "might have arrayed a regular epic treatment of his subject, instead of which it is often difficult to say who is the hero and never very easy to say what special contribution to the plot the occasionally inordinate episodes are making. He grasped, and this is his great and saving merit as an author, the one central fact of the story—that in the combination of the quest of the Grail with the loves of Launcelot and Guinevere lay the kernel at once and the conclusion of the whole matter."

We may go further than this, however, and say that the tale as Malory tells it contains a contrast between the characters of Launcelot, the sinning sire, and his son, the virtuous Galahad. Both set out to find the Grail. The one besmirched with sin is like

Moses, who never saw the promised land, being punished to behold the object of his quest hidden behind a veil; the other, completing the quest and enjoying its vision, because he could say: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." Launcelot's sin is his illicit love for Arthur's queen, the beautiful but unfaithful Guinevere. His sin finds him out, and he repents only to fall again a victim to the snares of his evil passion. Physically, he is a strong man, performing brave deeds of knightly prowess. Morally, he is a weakling, until finally he bids farewell to Guinevere and dies repentant. How different it is, on the other hand, with Galahad. He becomes the leader in the quest of the Grail. He pursues his ideal, despite all obstacles. Temptation cannot swerve him from the path of righteousness that leads to his goal. He leaves Arthur's side unsullied; he battles against all odds and wins; the quest is ended and he is still the virgin knight. In all he presents a beautiful, harmonious, untainted picture for one's edification. And so he becomes the model and example that causes one to regard him as the real hero of the "Morte d'Arthur."

The opening of the book of Sir Launcelot du Lake discloses Arthur and the knights sitting at the Round Table. One seat is vacant, the Siege Perilous, "perilous for good and evil," according to Tennyson's interpretation. Merlin, the enchanter, who may well typify the worldly-wise, sits in it and is lost, for no man could sit therein "but he should lose himself." That is to say, a man must be truly humble to find himself. Nor should we in passing fail to recall further Tennyson's lines, in which the holy hermit tells Percivale why he may not occupy the empty seat:

> "O son, thou hast not true humility,
> The highest virtue, mother of them all;
> For when the Lord of all things made Himself
> Naked of glory for His mortal change,
> 'Take thou my robe,' she said, 'for all is Thine.'"

She to whom the poet here refers is none other than the Virgin Mother, and Percivale is told he has not lost himself to save himself, wherein Mary should be his pattern. But to revert to Malory. It is Whitsunday and there comes into the castle hall a hermit to tell the king that he who shall sit in the siege is yet unborn and ungotten and that he shall come and sit in the empty place, and he shall win the Sancgreal. The Grail appears in the midst of the assemblage, and Tennyson has thus ennobled the passage:

> "And all at once, as there we sat, we heard

A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day:
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it past."

After the feast Sir Launcelot rides away upon his adventures. At Corbin he finds the Lady Elaine, who is to become through him the mother of Sir Galahad, who is to seek and find the Grail. By enchantment, Queen Morgan le Fay and the Queen of Northgalis had put her in prison many winters. Launcelot frees her "unto the pleasure of God," and forthwith they go into the chapel and give praise and thanks to the Almighty for her deliverance. Elaine is the daughter of King Pelleas, who would "have had Sir Launcelot for to have cast his love on his daughter—who knew well that Sir Launcelot should get a child by her, the which should be named Sir Galahad, the good knight, by whom all the foreign country should be brought out of danger, and by him the Holy Grail would be achieved. Dame Brisen, an enchantress, informs the old king "that Sir Launcelot loveth no lady in the world, but only Queen Guinevere, and therefore ye must work by my counsel, and I shall make him to come to your daughter Elaine, and he shall not wit but that he is with Queen Guinevere."

Thus by deception is Elaine, upon an Easter Sunday, made the mother of "a fair child, and they christened him and named him Galahad," signifying purity or chastity. To Sir Bors Dame Elaine remarks: "Wit ye well that this child is Galahad, that shall sit in the Siege Perilous, and also shall achieve the Sancgreal; and he shall be much better than ever was Sir Launcelot du Lake, that is his own father." For of Launcelot it is said, "sin is so foul in him that he may not achieve such holy deeds, for had not his sin been, he had passed all the knights that ever was in his days." Launcelot is told he surpasses in manhood and prowess all others; but in spiritual matters he has many betters. When the news came to Arthur's court "that Sir Launcelot had gotten a child by fair Elaine, the daughter of King Pelleas, Queen Guinevere was wroth, and gave many rebukes unto Sir Launcelot, and called him false knight." Launcelot cannot stand the rebuke of his royal mistress and when he is a little later closeted at night with the Queen and finds that he has been staying with Elaine instead, he flees from the

castle "and was as mad as ever man was. And so he ran for two years, and never man might have grace to know him." Hearing of her husband's sad plight, Elaine upbraids the Queen with these words: "Madame, ye are greatly to blame for Sir Launcelot—ye do great sin, and to yourself great dishonor, for ye have a lord of your own, and therefore it is your part for to love him above all others." It is by virtue of the Holy Grail that Launcelot is healed and recovered. "I am sore ashamed," he exclaims, "that I have been thus miscarried." Elaine forgives him right willingly and the couple are reunited, and at the feast of Pentecost their son Galahad is made a knight. Much to the joy of all, Launcelot returns to the court.

Again we find Arthur and his knights seated at the Round Table. Galahad now makes his appearance and sits in the Siege Perilous, which he alone may sit in, because he is the right worthy knight whose coming has been awaited. The knights are told that Galahad "is of king's lineage and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea; wherefore the marvels of this court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished." The Grail, covered with white samite, appears to the assemblage and departs suddenly. The knights would see it more openly, and so they vow to set out upon its quest. They are warned, however, that unless clean out of sin, they "shall not see the mysteries of the Lord Jesus Christ." Forth from Camelot go the knights. As they ride through the streets there is weeping of the rich and the poor. At their parting even Guinevere is moved to tears, and to Launcelot, whom she loved best though illicitly, "Alas!" she says "that ever I saw you; but He that suffered death upon the Cross for all mankind be to you good conduct and safety, and all the whole fellowship." It is a touching scene, too, the parting of Galahad and his parent, Launcelot. "It befell," says the narrative, "that they arrived in the edge of a forest, before a cross of stone, and then saw they a knight armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse, and so he came to the ship and saluted the two knights upon the high Lord's high behalf and said: 'Sir Galahad, ye have been long enough with your father; adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sancgreal.'" So the soul, after childhood, is awakened by reason to a realization of the fact that its individual and immortal self must be saved. Conscience is awakened and henceforth it must break away from the leading strings of mere mortal ties and seeks its spiritual salvation.

"Fair father," says Galahad, "I wot not when I shall see you any more, till that I see the body of our Lord Jesu Christ."

"I pray you," said Sir Launcelot, "pray you unto the high Father, that He hold me in His service. I pray unto the high Father of heaven for to preserve both you and me."

"Sir," said Sir Galahad, "no prayer availeth so much as yours."

And so they separate, both to seek the Holy Grail, Galahad never wavering in his high resolve, but Launcelot often falling by the wayside, but each accomplishing the quest after his own fashion. Each knight in the quest, in fact, takes the way that likes him best. So vocations in life differ, but the purpose in view should ever be the same. But let us follow Galahad on his journey, who "rode many journeys in vain." He rides on four days without adventure. Then he comes to a white abbey and assumes the adventurous shield of white, in the midst of which is a red cross. Galahad alone may bear the shield, for he is without peer. Nothing daunted in his high resolve, he rides on despite temptations, until he comes to the Castle of the Maidens. At the abbey a monk brings him unto a tomb in a churchyard. He hears a great noise and a voice cries out, "Sir Galahad, the servant of God, come not thou near me, for thou shalt make me go again there where I have been so long." But Sir Galahad was nothing afraid, but quickly lifted up the stone, and there came out a foul smoke, and after he saw the foulest figure leap out thereof that ever he saw in the likeness of a man, and then he blest him, and wist well that it was a fiend of hell. Then heard he a voice that said, "Galahad, I see thereabout thee so many angels that my power may not hurt thee." Right so Sir Galahad saw a body, all armed, lie in the tomb, and beside him there lay a sword. "Now, fair brother," said Sir Galahad, "let us remove this cursed body, for it is not worthy to lie in the churchyard, for he was a false Christian man." And therewith they all departed and went to the abbey. And anon as he was unarmed, a good man came and set him down by him and said, "Sir, I shall tell you what betokeneth all that ye saw. That covered body betokeneth the hardness of the world and the great sin that our Lord found in this world, for there was such wretchedness that the father loved not the son, nor the son loved not the father, and that was one of the causes that our Lord took flesh and blood of a clean maiden, for our sins were so great at that time that well nigh all was but wickedness." "Truly," said Sir Galahad, "I believe you right well." Sir Meleas begs Sir Galahad that he may ride with him in the quest of the Sancgreal, and the request is granted him. "And then upon a Monday, in the morning, as they were departing from an abbey, they came unto a cross which departed two ways." Contrary to the advice of Galahad, Sir Meleas chooses the path on the left hand. He comes upon a crown

of gold, "subtly wrought," and many delicious meats. He takes up the crown of gold and rides away with it, whereupon he is set upon by two knights and they nigh kill Sir Meleas for taking what is not his. He is met by Galahad, who overcomes the knights and chides him for not having "ridden that other way." When Sir Meleas is brought to an abbey, he asks for the Sacrament of the Saviour and prepares to die. But he is healed of his wound by a monk who tells him why he was so bitterly wounded. He is informed that he was worsted in the fight because he had undertaken the quest without clean confession. So in the quest of salvation we must throw off sin and choose the straight and narrow path, "for it may not be achieved but by virtuous living." And further, as the good hermit explains to Sir Meleas, "the way on the right hand betokeneth the way of our Lord Jesus Christ and the way of a true and good liver; and the other way betokeneth the way of sinners and misbelievers, and when the devil saw your pride and presumption for to take you in the quest of the Holy Sancgreal that made you for to be overthrown; also the writing on the cross was a signification of heavenly deeds and of knightly deeds in God's work; and pride is the head of all deadly sins, that caused this knight to depart; and where thou tookest the crown of gold thou sinned in covetousness and in theft, and these were no knight's deeds, and the two knights which fought with this holy knight, Sir Galahad, doth signify the two deadly sins which were entirely in you, but they might not withstand Sir Galahad, for he is without deadly sin."

Nothing daunted in his high resolve, Sir Galahad rides on despite temptations. On his journey he is wont to hear Mass, "which he was always wont to hear, or that he depart out of any castle or place and kept that for a custom." At prayer in a chapel on the roadside he is bidden to go unto the Castle of the Maidens, where seven virgins are held in prison by seven knights. These betoken, as the text explains, "the good souls that were in prison before the incarnation of Christ, and the seven knights betoken the seven deadly sins which reigned that time in the world. And I may liken the good knight, Sir Galahad, unto the Son of the high Father, that light within a Maiden, and brought all the souls out of thraldom." Here we have beautiful reference made to the mysteries of the Immaculate Conception and the Redemption. After Galahad overcomes the seven knights in combat and sets the captive maidens free, he sets out afresh upon his sacred quest. "At last he came unto the abbey where King Mordrains was, and when he heard that, he thought he would be able to see him. And on the morrow, when he had heard Mass, Sir Galahad came unto King Mordrains, and anon the King

saw him, which had lain blind a long time." King Mordrains is the type of man who is blinded by sin, but in whom faith is not dead. Purity and virtue make their appeal, and the scales fall from the eyes of the soul. Thus Mordrains addresses the virgin knight: "Sir Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ, whose coming I have abidden long, now embrace me, and let me rest on thy breast, so that I may rest between thine arms; for thou art a clean virgin above all knights, as the flower of the lily, in whose virginity is signified, and thou art the rose, the which is the flower of all good virtues, and in the color of fire; for the fire of the Holy Ghost is so taken in thee that the flesh which was of dead oldness is become young again."

Galahad next comes to a maimed knight, who typifies a soul in mortal sin. With other knights of the quest, Galahad is vouchsafed a vision of Joseph of Arimathea and the Grail. Thus the narrative: "It seemed then that there came a man and four angels from heaven, clothed in the likeness of Bishops, and had a cross in his hand; and the four angels bear him up in a chair and set him down before the table of silver, whereupon the Sancgreal was, and is seemed that he had in the midst of his forehead letters that said, 'See ye here, Joseph, the first Bishop of Christendom, the same which our Lord succored in the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place.' Then the knights marveled, for that Bishop was dead more than three hundred years before.

"'Oh, knights,' said he, 'marvel not, for I was sometime an earthly man.' With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels, and two bear candles of wax and the third a towel and the fourth a spear which bled marvelously, that the drops fell within a bier, the which he held with his other hand. And then they set their candles upon the table, and the third put the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth set the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the Bishop made semblance as though he would have gone to the consecrating of the Mass; and then he took a wafer, which was in the likeness of bread, and at the lifting up there came a figure in the likeness of a child. And the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into that bread, so that they all saw the bread was formed of a fleshy man. And then he put it into the holy vessel again; and then he did that belonged unto a priest to do at Mass." There is frequent mention in Malory of the "sacring of the Mass." The picture of the knights of the Holy Grail kneeling in worship at divine service, while at the elevation the priest raises aloft the sacred species, is truly beautiful, as it is distinctly Catholic. At the Mass, under the appearances of bread and wine, they beheld with mortal eyes the sacred chalice held aloft containing by the act

of transubstantiation the real blood of their Lord Jesus Christ, shed on Calvary for the remission of the sins of all mankind. This same sacred blood, as they believed, had been caught up in the Grail by Joseph of Arimathea, and the holy dish or cup rested even now in their beloved Isle of Albion. The quest of it was their mission, and only the pure of heart might accomplish it. At the saying of the Mass their quest in the flesh might well have ended. For here they beheld veiled the very body and blood of Him, their Saviour and Lord Jesus Christ. Nay, more; they received in Holy Communion at the very table of the Lord, of which Arthur's Round Table might be the symbol, the true body and blood of Him who made them clean of heart and by whose grace and in whom at last, not bodily, but spiritually, a greater quest was to be ended. But to take up the thread of the narrative: "And then he (Joseph) went unto Sir Galahad and kissed him, and then he went and bade him go and kiss his fellows. And as he was bidden so he did. 'Now,' said he, 'ye servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed before this table with sweetmeats which never no knight tasted.'"

At the hands of Jesus Christ Himself they are to receive Holy Communion. The Saviour appears and thus addresses them: "My knights and My servants and My true children, which be come out of deadly life, I will now no longer hide Me from you; but ye shall see now a part of My secrets and of My hidings. Now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired." "Then took He Himself the holy vessel, and came to Sir Galahad, and he kneeled down and there he received his Saviour; and so after him received all his fellows, and they thought it so sweet that it was marvel to tell. Then He said, 'Galahad, son, wottest thou what I hold between My hands.' 'Nay,' said Sir Galahad, 'but if ye tell me.' 'This is,' said He, 'the holy dish wherein I eat the lamb on Shrove Thursday, and now hast thou seen that thou desirest most to see, but yet hast thou not seen it openly as thou shalt see it in the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place.'" So Galahad has seen the Grail borne in the hands of his Saviour. As for the sick king, Galahad "went anon to the spear which lay upon the table and touched the blood with his fingers and came to the maimed king and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him anon and started upon his feet, out of his bed, as a whole man, and thanked our Lord that He had healed him and that was not to the world ward; for anon he yielded him unto a place of religion of white monks and was a full holy man." Galahad and his fellow-knights next set out for the city of Sarras. They come unto the ship 'whereof the tale speaketh." They go aboard and find the table of silver which they had left with

the maimed king, and the Sancgreal, which was covered with red samite. "Then they were passing glad for to have such things in their fellowship, and so they entered and made great reverence thereto."

The heavens open with a blaze of lightning and reveal to the watchers on the shore Sir Galahad a sail. Thus Tennyson describes the scene:

> "And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
> Redder than any rose, a joy to me,
> For now I knew the veil had been withdrawn.
> Then in a moment when they blazed again,
> Opening, I saw the least of little stars
> Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star
> I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
> And gateways in a glory like one pearl—
> No larger, tho' the goal of all the saints—
> Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot
> A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there
> Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail."

Before the holy thing Galahad "fell in his prayers a long time unto our Lord, that at what time he asked he might pass out of this world; and so much he prayed till at last a voice said to him, 'Galahad, thou shalt have thy request, and when thou askest the death of thy body, thou shalt have it, and thou shalt then find the life of thy soul.'"

"I wot well," says Galahad, "that when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy for to see the Blessed Trinity every day and the majesty of our Lord Jesus Christ."

'In Sarras Galahad is made king by all the assent of the holy city. "And when he was come for to behold the land he let make about the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones that covered the holy vessel; and every day in the morning the three fellows would come before it and said their devotions."

"Now at the year's end, and the same day after that Sir Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early and his fellows, and came unto the palace and saw before them the holy vessel and a man kneeling upon his knees in the likeness of the Bishop, which had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ Himself: and then he arose and began a Mass of Our Lady. And when he came to consecrating of the Mass, and had done, anon he called Sir Galahad and said unto him, 'Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that which thou hast much desired

to see.' And then Sir Galahad began to tremble right sore when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things. Then he held up both his hands towards heaven and said, 'Lord, I thank Thee, for now I see that which hath been my desire many a day; now, blessed Lord, would I no longer live, if it might please Thee, good Lord.' And therewith the good man took our Lord's body between his hands and proffered it unto Sir Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. 'Now,' said the good man, 'wottest thou whom I am?' 'Nay,' said Sir Galahad. 'I am Joseph of Arimathy, which our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship. And wottest thou wherefore He hath sent me more than any other For thou hast resembled me in two things: one is that thou hast seen the Sancgreal and the other is in that thou hast been a clean maiden as I am.' And when he had said these words, Sir Galahad went to Sir Percivale and kissed him and commended him to God and said, 'Fair lord, salute me to my lord, Sir Launcelot; see him, bid him remember this unstable world.' And therewith he kneeled down before the table and made his prayers. And then suddenly his soul departed unto Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bear his soul up to heaven, that his two fellows might behold it.' Also, his two fellows saw come from heaven a hand, but they saw not the body, and then it came right to the vessel and took it and the spear, and so bear it up to heaven. Since then was there never no man so hardy for to say that he had seen the Sancgreal."

Thus in beautiful and touching language has Malory recorded the passing of Galahad. In the meanwhile how has Sir Launcelot fared? More than a month he has been driven "throughout the sea, where he slept but little, and prayed unto God that he might have a sight of the Holy Sancgreal." He comes at last to a castle guarded by two lions and a voice bids him leave the ship and enter. As he approaches the lion warders of the postern gate, a dwarf strikes the sword from his hand and a voice is heard to say: "Oh, man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore believest thou more in thy harness than in thy Maker; for He might more avail thee than thine armor, in whose service thou art set." Truly significant are these words and pregnant with meaning. The material man, well equipped physically and mentally, would overcome all obstacles in his search after the ideal. But if he lacks the armor of religious faith with which to fight the battles of the spirit against the flesh, what progress can he make? He may gain the world, only to lose his immortal soul.

But note how Launcelot responds to the voice. "Fair Father, Jesu Christ," he says, "I thank Thee, of Thy great mercy, that Thou

reprovest me of my misdeed. Now see I well that Thou holdest me for Thy servant." And so, having made the sign of the Cross on his forehead, he enters the castle unharmed. He finds a chamber, but he may not open the door. Within he knows to be the Holy Grail. The door opens and he dares enter, but he is punished for his presumption and is forced from the chamber and left lying at the entrance in a deep swoon. As Tennyson interprets:

> "Launcelot might have seen
> The Holy Cup of healing, and indeed,
> Being so clouded with his grief and love,
> Small heart was his after the Holy Quest:
> If God would send the vision, well: if not,
> The Quest and he were in the hands of heaven."

Here we have described the type of lukewarm, half-hearted Christian, who will not be wholly converted to Christ and put off the old self of sin. Afterward in relating his sad experience to the king, he thus, to quote Tennyson again, remarks:

> "'O King, my friend, if friend of thine I be,
> Happier are those who welter in their sin,
> Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,
> Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a sin
> So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
> Noble and knightly in me twined and clung
> Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
> And poisonous grew together, each as each,
> Not to be pluck'd asunder; and when thy knights
> Sware, I sware with them only in the hope
> That could I touch or see the Holy Grail,
> They might be pluck'd asunder. Then I spake
> To one most holy saint, who wept and said,
> That save they could be pluck'd asunder, all
> My quest were but in vain.'"

"Alas," says one writer, "for the blinding power of a wilful sin! And yet he saw it, although veiled."

> "'O yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
> All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
> Great angels, awful shapes and wings and eyes.
> And but for all my madness and my sin,
> And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
> That which I saw: but what I saw was veil'd
> And cover'd; and this quest was not for me.'"

But even to Launcelot Arthur gives some comfort, and so, addressing him and the other knights of the quest:

> " 'Nay—but thou errest, Launcelot; never yet
> Could all of true and noble in knight and man
> Twine round one sin, whatever it might be,
> With such a closeness, but apart there grew,
> Save that he were the swine thou spakest of,
> Some root of knighthood and pure nobleness;
> Whereto see thou, that it may bear its flower.' "

In the book of Sir Mador we find how Launcelot returns to his pet sin. Thus we read: "Then Sir Launcelot began to resort unto Queen Guinevere again, and forgot the promise and the profession that he made in the quest; had not Sir Launcelot been in his privy thoughts and in his mind set inwardly to the Queen, as he was in seeming outward unto God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sancgreal, but ever his thoughts were privily upon the Queen." In the book of Elaine one comes upon the passage that describes the meeting of Launcelot with his rightful spouse, whom he has shamefully neglected and wronged. But Elaine forgives him his past and would have him for her husband. Launcelot refuses, and Elaine shrieks and falls in a swoon. A little later in the hands of her confessor, who bids her put away her thoughts of Launcelot, she pitifully asks: "Why should I leave such thoughts? Am I not an earthly woman?" And then with Christian resignation she says: "And since it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the high Father of heaven for to have mercy upon my soul; and that mine innumerable pains which I suffer may be allegiance of part of my sins." And so Elaine passes away. In a barge upon the Thames they place her mortal remains. Along it drifts, until discovered by Arthur and the knights. In it is found the last testament of her love for Launcelot. Even the Queen thus upbraids Launcelot with the words: "Ye might have shown her some bounty and gentleness, that ye might have preserved her life." "Madam," said Sir Launcelot, "she would none other way be answered, but that she would be my wife or else my love; and of these two I would not grant her; for, madam, I love not to be constrained to love; for love must arise of the heart and not by constraint."

Not to enter into the merits of Launcelot's case, since he was, indeed, by deception and constraint, made to be the husband of Elaine and by her the father of Galahad, yet he time and again admits his guilt, which at least lies in his illicit love for another's

spouse, Guinevere, who was Arthur's queen. Launcelot goes from bad to worse. Secretly he meets with the Queen, and when confronted with evidence that some knight hath been with her who is called traitorous to her lord, King Arthur, he boldly covers his guilt with a lie and is forced into mortal combat. It is the Queen's wish that Launcelot slay his opponent, whom he worsts in the fight, and this he does. Not satisfied with this experience, Launcelot and the Queen are again discovered in their guilty meeting. This time Launcelot is beset by several knights, but overcomes them all, slaying them at the very chamber door of his mistress. Thus having placed her in a compromising position and rendered her liable to be burnt at the stake for her unfaithfulness, Launcelot in vain pleads with the Queen to flee with him. Through his continued guilty love, Sir Launcelot slays many noble knights and precipitates many wars. Passing over that portion of the winding up of Malory's tale that tells of Launcelot's deeds of prowess, we come to the closing chapters, to where is depicted the meeting of Launcelot and Guinevere in relations that are no longer sordid.

Launcelot, we are told, "came upon a nunnery. And then was Queen Guinevere aware of (him) as he walked in the cloister; and, when she saw him there she swooned three times." Launcelot is brought to her, and she thus addresses herself to him and those around her: "Through this knight and me all the wars were wrought and the death of the most noble knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain; therefore, wit thou well, Sir Launcelot, I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; and yet I trust, through God's grace, that after my death for to have the sight of the blessed face of Jesu Christ, and at the dreadful day of doom to sit on His right side; for as sinful creatures as ever was I are saints in heaven." She then bids Launcelot depart from her and take unto himself a wife and to pray that she may amend her misliving. But Launcelot refuses to be false to her, because he will not wed, but will enter a cloister and pray for her. "Since ye have taken you unto perfection," he tells her, "I must needs take me unto perfection of right." The Queen swoons and is borne to her chamber. Launcelot rides away weeping, until at last he comes to a hermitage and hears the little chapel bell ring to Mass. He attends the Holy Sacrifice, which is offered up by the Bishop of Canterbury. After the Mass he tells his tale, and full of sorrow he flings away his armor and exclaims: "Alas! who may trust this world?" By the good Bishop he is shriven, and at his request is vested in the habit of a monk. "There he served God day and night with prayers and fastings."

Later he is joined by seven other knights and "they endured in great penance five years, and then Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood, and twelve months he sung the Mass."

"And thus upon a night there came a vision unto Sir Launcelot and charged him, in remission of all his sins, to haste him toward Almesbury." There he is to find Queen Guinevere dead, and he is commanded to bring her corpse and bury it by her lord and husband, the noble King Arthur. He does as the vision bids him and sings her requiem. "With his seven fellows he went about the bier, singing and reading many a holy and devout orison and frankincense upon the bier incensed." When she is entombed, Launcelot swoons at the thought of his King and Queen thus laid full low, and out of sorrow for his presumption and pride and his defaults, for he remembered their kindness and his unkindness. Ever after Sir Launcelot "eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but needfully, as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep, and always he was lying groveling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guinevere's tomb." At this point in his narrative Malory introduces a few pious comments, which warring leaders of to-day might well take to heart. "Oh! ye mighty and pompous lords," he exclaims, "shining in the glory transitory of this unstable life, as in reigning over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, edified with many a rich city; yea, also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted; see also the noble Queen Guinevere, which sometime sat in her chair adorned with gold, pearls and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with clods of earth and clay. Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Launcelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth groveling upon the cold mould; now being so feeble and faint that sometime was so terrible. How in what manner ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honor so dangerous. Therefore, methinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in it shall ye find the most gracious, knightly and virtuous war, of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they gat a praising continually. Also me seemeth, by the often ready reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourself in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and the more that God hath given you the triumphal honor the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this

deceitful world." The foreboding of death is upon Sir Launcelot. "So when he was houseled and eneled, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might bear his body unto Joyous Guard. Then was there weeping and wringing of hands among all his fellows."

At midnight the Bishop awakes the fellowship with great laughter. Upon their inquiry as to what ailed him, the good man tells them of a dream in which he saw Sir Launcelot "with more angels than ever I saw men upon one day; and I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot towards heaven." Thereupon they betake themselves to the bed of Sir Launcelot, and there "they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled."

The Grail legend shines like a holy light down the lanes of literature. While it depicts types of men and women as they were, as they are and as they always will be, subject to the frailties of human nature, it also holds up for our emulation the type of Christian who observes the moral law and values virtuous living above all else. The quest is to live aright, to correct what is not proper in our lives and to start afresh with the renewed purpose of a Launcelot, if we have not the good fortune to be a Galahad. Spiritually significant, the quest of the Grail symbolizes every man's search after the ideal. As the knight of the Round Table, so each individual Christian soul sets out to attain eternal bliss and happiness. We come from God and depend upon God and strive to be Godlike, so the spirit which defies death would rest in God as its last end. Each warrior soul struggles on in its battle against the world, the flesh and the evil one. The ideal to be attained, like the Grail, is always far ahead. Sometimes it comes nearer and we almost touch it, but we find, alas, it is hidden behind a veil. We sigh and fret like Launcelot, when we should persevere like Galahad. But the choice to be made is always clear. We forget that one cannot always live in the clouds, but must perform duties and bear up under the necessities of life. Pain, too, should not produce pessimism, but the highest form of optimism, because it affords the wrongdoer an opportunity for atonement. Surrounded by material interests, man ofttimes finds it hard to maintain the vision of the spiritual. Sinful Launcelot sees what he sought, but it is veiled. How often we see the light and resolve to live in its beam, but shut it out again from our souls. We must not only be, but do. Ours must be a knighthood of service in Christ's kingdom; and Galahad, chaste and humble, must be for us the exemplar of true Christian chivalry. And this Holy Grail legend has a moral value and makes its spiritual appeal even to-day. For, despite the cult of so-called advanced

thought, despite the fact that men will seek elsewhere for truth and beauty that is all around them, men's minds are not small because they fear hell and hope for heaven. Even the neo-thinker that imagines he is a martyr because those outside the mystic ring of intellectuals will not admit that he is a superman—only superior to other men in that he is supremely selfish—even he cannot make a hell of heaven and a heaven of hell, but remains unemancipated, irredeemed, because the light of faith has not flooded his soul. They are the small souls, whose mad Zarathustrian laughter and spirit of mockery and verbal jugglery must end in the wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Stygian gloom of their own creation. The spirit of revolt which arises because the striver after the ideal and the higher thinker deems himself confined on all sides is the result of a lack of proper ideals, a mad purpose, a distorted world-view and results in an inferno and chaos of existence. The beautiful will not veneer the filth of an immoral life. Even genius must bow to the moral order, for order is nature's first law, and what is orderly is always harmoniously beautiful.

The idealism of the Grail legend is resplendent with proper ethics; for the sinner is made to see the error of his ways and the clean of heart is awarded. And so the idealism of the Sancgreal is symbolic of every man's ideal life who has not chafed under moral restraint as if it were the enslavement of his spiritual self. The soul in its quest of salvation can only be enslaved by sin. Launcelot is strong physically, but he is also weak in his lack of perseverance and he may not fully realize his ideal until his soul throws off the shackles of sin. Galahad, on the other hand, is both brave in body and strong in spirit and obtains his end. Man in his right mind acclaims the type and the worldly-wise cannot improve upon it. Any attempt to do so is to offer one a stone instead of bread to satisfy one's spiritual hunger. It is the clear beam of the eternal truths shining constant down the ages as preserved for all time by God's Holy Church that guides us to the goal, which is every one's Grail, to rest in Him who became man that He, too, might walk the earth and show us that no man is beyond law and that only the pure of heart shall see Him face to face.

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A TYPICAL IRISH MISSIONER.

EVER since the rise of monasticism in Ireland, about the middle of the sixth century, infusing new life and vigor into the Church, when monk-missioners went out from Clonard, Bangor and Iona to evangelize Scotland, North Britain, Wales and many places on the European Continent where Irish saints and scholars left behind them indelible footprints, Catholic Ireland has been sending missioners to the ends of the earth.

A typical modern Irish missioner, one of the latest of those apostolic men who personify the missionary spirit of the Irish Church, was Father Robert Cooke, an Irish Oblate. In introducing into Ireland the missionary congregation of Our Lady Immaculate,[1] founded by Monsignor de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, he had been preceded by earlier brethren, notably Father William Joseph Daly, a native of Newtownbarry, and Father Casimir Aubert (brother of Father Peter Aubert, who took Brother Taché, afterwards the renowned Archbishop of St. Boniface, to the Red River settlement in Western Canada in 1845), whose efforts to make a foundation in that country proved abortive in 1842, because time and opportunities were not ripe for it. It was reserved to Father Cooke to successfully establish his missionary order in the Green Isle. Father Aubert's pioneer work in Ireland, however, was not altogether fruitless. He was fortunate in finding several young men there desirous of entering the Oblate novitiate. Among them was Robert Cooke, whom, along with others, he led to France in 1843. Father Aubert had gone to England and Ireland, an unknown foreigner, without a church, without a community house, without a community, without friends, without money, rich only in the faith which he had in God's good Providence and in the future of the missionary society founded by the zealous Bishop of Marseilles. He had apparently failed, but it was the triumph of failure. If he did nothing else but secure such a subject as Robert Cooke, he did much for his congregation, for the salvation of souls, for the Church and for the progress of Catholicity in the British Isles.

Robert Francis Cooke was born on February 14, 1821, in Dungarvan, County Waterford. His father was a Tipperary man, born at Kiltinan Castle, near Fethard. His paternal grandmother was the wife of the Protestant landlord of Kiltinan, and after her husband's death

[1] It grew out of a small community of zealous priests known as "Missioners of Provence," who instructed the populace of the south of France in their native patois, or local dialect. Leo XII. erected it into a congregation on February 17, 1826.

became a Catholic. In the eighteenth century in Ireland the parent who became a Catholic was not allowed by law to have the guardianship of his or her children, who in such a case were taken by the State and brought up as Protestants and put in possession of the parents' property. Mrs. Cooke, of Kiltinan, had two sons. Fearing lest they should be taken from her care when she became a Catholic, she abandoned her husband's home and property, which then went to her husband's younger brother. Secretly leaving Kiltinan House, she took her two boys with her to the town of Dungarvan, where she brought them up as Catholics, supporting herself as best she could by teaching. The eldest son of this holy woman settled in business in Dungarvan. His own eldest son was Robert, the future Oblate, born eight years before the Catholic Relief Act of 1829, wrung by the great Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell, from a reluctant legislature, marked the definite cessation of the iniquitous penal laws and the opening of a new era in the history of much-tried Catholic Ireland.

Sent to Dublin to study law and medicine, young Cooke after a short time returned to the South to become assistant to a doctor in good practice in Cashel. Though his name would indicate a remote Cromwellian extraction, he was thoroughly Irish in his temperament, full of ardor and enthusiasm for any good cause that appealed to his sympathies and full of religious fervor. It is these aptitudes that naturally fit Irish youths for active public or missionary life and make them good patriots or good priests. His voice and his pen were at the service of any cause he espoused; he spoke in public on religious questions and wrote about them in Dublin publications.

His vocation to religion was above the ordinary class of vocations. He would sometimes tell the story of his special call to the Congregation of Our Lady Immaculate. With that air of solemn conviction which always distinguished him, he would tell how he was led to Our Lady and to the order named after her Immaculate Conception before he even knew that there existed such a religious body in the Church. It was in his grandmother's lifetime he grew up to boyhood. She was particularly dear to him; she had made heroic sacrifices for conscience sake, and he never forgot that to her, under God, he owed the priceless possession of the true faith. When he was a young man in Cashel, apparently settling down in a profession for which he seemed admirably gifted, his grandmother, who had meanwhile died, appeared to him by night, and, leading him by the hand into an immense plain of dazzling brightness, brought him to the foot of the throne of a great Lady clothed in blue and crowned with stars. Kneeling down, he felt the Lady's hand upon his head, and as he received her blessing a voice whispered to

him that God willed him to enter the religious society dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Some time afterwards he for the first time heard of the Oblate Fathers, and in particular of Father Aubert, who was then trying to establish the congregation in the British Isles. He immediately said to himself: "That is the society to which I have been called; in the name of God I will be an Oblate of Mary Immaculate."

It was on St. Patrick's Day, 1843, an auspicious date, that Robert Cooke, along with three other postulants, accompanied Father Casimir Aubert, who had been teaching theology at All Hallows since September, 1842, to Penzance, in Cornwall, en route for France. When Bishop de Mazenod visited Penzance in 1850 he rejoiced to see a beautiful church there free of debt, schools with over a thousand children attending them, and to hear of Catholics brought back to their religious duties and some Protestants receiving instruction in five different missionary stations.[2] It was Father Casimir's great happiness to arrive in time to sing the High Mass for the opening of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, founded by the saintly Father Henry Young, of Dublin, and to show his postulants the old Cornish reminders of bygone Catholic times in that remote part of the south of England, filling their pockets with catechisms and the like, which they distributed among the Irish families and others in the villages. It was there, at Land's End, that Robert Cooke entered the religious family of the Oblates, and under the shadow of the Church of Our Lady of the Osier (willow tree), in the Diocese of Grenoble, Department of Isère, he began in 1843 to lead a novice's life, having among his fellow novices Brother Fabre, afterwards second superior general, and Brother Faraud, destined to labor in the Canadian Northwest as missionary and Bishop of Athabasca-Mackenzie. Notre Dame de l'Osier is an ancient sanctuary of Our Lady situate among the hills of Dauphiny, near the town of Vinay, on the road between Valence and Grenoble. It dates its origin to 1649-1656, when a Calvinist named Combet was converted by a bleeding osier, or willow tree, and an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. For one hundred and twenty-five years previous to the French Revolution it was served by the Augustinians, whose ruined monastery and chapel were bought in 1834 by a priest, at whose request the Oblates were commissioned by the Bishop of Grenoble to restore the ancient place of pilgrimage. The superior sent to the new foundation by Bishop de Mazenod was Father Guigues, afterwards the first Bishop of Ottawa. The Oblates held

[2] The ecclesiastical property, which had belonged to the Oblates, passed out of their possession in 1852, but was secured for the diocese by Bishop Errington.

possession until 1903, when they were expelled by the French Government and their property seized.

Notre Dame de l'Osier has been called "the converter of Protestants." Brother Cooke, who was afterwards to labor so zealously and successfully for the re-conversion of England, during his novitiate assisted his novice-master, Father Vincens, in the preparation of a controversial work in reply to the sermons and writings of a Protestant minister, M. Fermand, of Montemyran. After he made his oblation or religious profession, on June 14, 1844, he went to Notre Dame des Lumières, in Vaucluse, in the Diocese of Avignon, to pursue his studies, thanking God for the blessing of being for the second time under the protecting shade of a specially favored sanctuary of Our Lady. At l'Osier she had given him his missionary cross, that he might one day use it in the conversion of heretics and sinners; at Lumières she became his patroness and guide in the work of preparation for the sacred ministry. It was at the latter shrine of the Immaculata he saw and heard for the first time the venerated founder of the Oblates of Mary, and it was there Monsignor de Mazenod was able to form an estimate of the promising young Irish Oblate, who declaimed some pieces in Irish and English before him, giving abundant promise of that gift of fervid eloquence which he afterwards used to such good purpose.

Brother Cooke greatly impressed his fellow-students by his remarkable piety and talents. One of them, the late Canon Gondrand, missionary-apostolic, says: "I often noticed how our Irish Brothers stood almost in awe of him, as of one who was somehow unlike others." There being a great need of priests in England, where Tractarianism had initiated the Romeward movement among the more spiritualized of the Anglicans, and where between 1841 and 1846 the Oblates had been helping greatly in the work of conversions, having completed his studies at Marseilles, Brother Cooke, on June 28 of the latter year, was ordained priest by Bishop de Mazenod, at whose hands he had received the four minors. In his first fervor and burning with ardent zeal he threw himself with all his heart and soul into the work which awaited him in England, commencing his apostolic career at Gracedieu, in Leicestershire, where that excellent convert, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle,[3] had built a residence and a church and established a small community of Oblates. Mr. de Lisle's conversion, which had taken place some years before Father Aubert, in 1845, had sent thither some fathers,

[3] Ambrose Lisle March Phillipps, who afterwards assumed the name of De Lisle, was the eldest son of Charles March Phillipps, M. P., of Garendon Park, and the nephew of the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. Ryder, Protestant Bishop of Gloucester. He became a Catholic in 1825.

was an event which had a marked influence on the great Catholic revival in England, and largely contributed to that of the Hon. George Spencer, best known as Father Ignatius Spencer, the Passionist. He was the founder of the Cistercian Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, in Charmwood Forest, and of churches at Gracedieu, Whitwick and Shepshed. Father Cooke started open-air preaching in the villages, carried on controversial discussions, converted many and led back numerous strayed sheep to the true fold. Then began a series of remarkable conversions, due to his unflagging zeal, and which marked every stage of his missionary career.

Father Cooke left Gracedieu in 1847. Wordsworth in one of his poems speaks of

> "The ivied ruins of forlorn Gracedieu;
> Erst a religious house, which day and night
> With hymns resounded and the chanted rite;
> And when those rites had ceased, the spot gave birth
> To honorable men of various worth."

Worthiest of these was the church-builder and the heroic and religious young Rudolph de Lisle, R. N., who perished in the battle of Abu Klea, January 17, 1885. Mr. H. N. Oxenham, in his biography of the latter, describes the wooded slopes of Gracedieu, where the Calvary and the chapel of the Seven Dolors remind the traveler of some sequestered pass in the Tyrol, with its frequent wayside cross, or shrine, or sacred picture to arrest the eye at every turn, while the white-robed procession, wont to wind its way through the woods at Corpus Christi and on the feast of the Invention of the Cross, would no less vividly recall to his memory the picturesque incidents of foreign Catholic worship.

The next scene of Father Cooke's ministry was Everingham, where Mr. William Constable Maxwell (afterwards Lord Herries) had a seat. Father Cooke described him as "one in whose life there was such a happy blending of the high-minded gentleman of the world and of the pure-souled, devout and humble Christian." On succeeding to his large inheritance, one of his first thoughts was to erect a spacious and beautiful church adjoining his mansion at Everingham, the ownership of which he vested in the authorities of the diocese, spending about £20,000 on its erection and endowment. Its solemn dedication was almost the first event of the kind which had occurred in England since the Reformation. This mission and the chaplaincy of his household he confided to the Oblates early in 1847. There Father Cooke and another Oblate Father exercised the ordinary parochial ministry among a rather large Catholic population, extending the sphere of their labors to neighboring towns,

including Howden, where they established a mission and built a church, and where Mass had not been said since the national apostasy was consummated in the sixteenth century. They also restored the mission of Pocklington, where several conversions were made.

Brother Vernet, who for a long period rendered very valuable services to the order in England and Ireland and saw much of Father Cooke at Everingham and elsewhere, has recorded many interesting things about him. Father Perron, the superior, when they were simply acting as chaplains at Gracedieu and Everingham, was very anxious to make a permanent foundation. Success seemed remote. Father Cooke thought they wanted an intercessor in heaven. They were soon to have one who was very interested in the work. Father Perron, who died on February 22, 1848, four years before his happy death made two promises; one was that, if God permitted, he would appear to Father Cooke and Brother Vernet, and the other that all his prayers and power with God should be used to obtain the blessings needed for the making of new foundations. "Father Cooke," said he, "who is so holy and so full of zeal, is the man sent by Providence for this work." These promises he repeated on the very day he died. "The fourteenth day after his death," relates Brother Vernet, "at about a quarter to 10 o'clock in the evening, when we had just retired for the night, Father Perron, habited exactly as he used to be before he fell ill, opened the door of my room. He came over to my bed, my room at the moment being lighted up more brightly than if it were midday. 'Oh, mon père!' I cried, and I was about to jump out of bed. But he placed both my arms across my breast and leaned his weight upon me to keep me where I was. 'I want to go with you,' I said. 'No,' he replied; 'you cannot; your time has not yet come; be calm, have patience, but meanwhile be very observant of your rule.' And he added advice on various points, which I wish I had always faithfully followed. He went out again, leaving my door open. My room was at the end of the corridor and my bed opposite the door. I saw Father Perron enter Father Cooke's room, but as soon as he went in the light also disappeared, and I saw him no more. Next morning I asked Father Cooke if Father Perron had not paid him a visit between half-past 9 and 10 o'clock. 'What makes you suspect that?' he asked. 'I don't suspect it at all; I am certain of it.' And I told him what I had seen. 'Yes,' said Father Cooke, 'he did come. We spoke together for a good while; he was overflowing with happiness and joy; I do not think his feet touched the ground; he was clad just as in his lifetime; he gave me much encouragement and much good advice. Now we know that we have a zealous advocate in heaven, since he has even kept that promise which we had no expectation that he would keep.' And Father

Cooke, in reply to a question of mine, advised that we should keep our own counsel about what has occurred." Brother Vernet's manuscript, from which this is quoted, was written in November, 1882.

Father Cooke lived in an atmosphere of the marvelous. The gift of prophecy is attributed to him. When he was conducting a mission in the north of England he told a young girl who was very anxious to become a nun that her vocation was to be married, to live a Christian life in the world, and baptize as many children, especially of Protestants, as she might find in danger of death. "You will remember this," he said, "when one shall come to you and say: 'I ask you for God's sake to keep my company and to be my wife, that you may help me to save my soul.'" About three years passed and the determination never to marry was still strong in the young woman's will, when a convert, who had never seen Father Cooke, made a proposal in the very words the saintly Oblate predicted. Although she rejected it at first, at the instance of her confessor she accepted. They were married in due course, and Father Cooke soon after the birth of their eldest child called upon them. "This is a beautiful boy," he said, "but he will soon go to heaven." The child died before reaching the age of eighteen months. Again, at a second visit, he was shown two little ones, a boy and a girl. "You must make up your mind to part with your little girl," he said; "the boy will live and become a priest." After a few years the mother fell ill, and for days her life was despaired of. She begged that Father Cooke might be informed and his prayers asked. "The souls of the little children that she has got into heaven by baptism will not let her die yet," he replied. "She has many years of work before her." She recovered and had another and last visit from the Oblate. "You have another little boy here," he said. "He will be spared you and will also be a priest." The event verified the prediction. They both became priests.

Conversions followed each other so rapidly at Everingham that in a year and a half there were only five Protestants in the place, including the minister and the sexton. Even the minister's wife and the servants in their household were Catholics. Father Cooke's zeal was equally productive of good results at Howden, where in three months he had a flock of seventy-three in place of the eight he found there on his arrival; in a few years they increased to three hundred. When he visited it on a market day he sent a bellman through the streets to announce a sermon by a Catholic priest, which he delivered from an improvised rostrum in the square.

That Father Cooke was the recipient of special graces or gifts seems evident from what Brother Vernet relates. On one occasion,

when he visited Everingham, he found that one of his former converts, a lady, had abandoned the Church. He told her that she had only a fortnight to live. A month afterwards Brother Vernet was told by a gentleman from the neighborhood that she had died a fortnight previously, without having asked for a priest. "One Monday morning in 1851," writes the good Brother, "I drove to Howden, as usual, in order to bring back Father Cooke. His Mass was over when I arrived. 'Try if a gentleman is coming,' Father Cooke said to me; 'it is a certain lawyer whom I am going to baptize to-day.' I looked and told Father Cooke that the man had just entered the church. 'Watch him,' he said. I did so and saw the man get up and go hastily away out of the church. 'The unfortunate man; he is lost!' exclaimed Father Cooke. With these words he followed the man in all haste to his house. He remonstrated with him for not keeping his promise. The gentleman began to make excuses, saying that he was not ready, that his courage failed him, and that he felt something telling him to put the matter off for some time longer. Thereupon Father Cooke, with great solemnity, declared to him that since he would not be received into the Church that day, after having abused the grace of God for two years and a half by repeated delays, he would be taken out of this life in two days' time without having a priest to minister to him. The man was in perfect health at the time. Father Cooke added that he was going that very day to Leeds to open a mission, and that he would never visit Howden again. As he was leaving the town, in order to take the train for Leeds, he said to me: 'That unhappy man will die the day after to-morrow without becoming a Catholic.' This, as I have said, was on the Monday. On Wednesday a messenger came to Everingham calling for a priest to attend that very man at Howden. Father Tamburini, who was then staying with us, set out in all haste, but he arrived to find only a corpse; the man, bystanders told him, was just half an hour dead."

His inner life gives us the key to all the marvels that marked his external or ministerial action. It was moulded on that of the saints. He was very mortified and self-denying, and wore, alternately, a hair shirt and a broad iron chain, studded with from 150 to 200 points. "We have need of extraordinary graces and blessings," he said to Brother Vernet, who spent ten years with him, "and these are not usually granted if penance be not joined to prayer." He did not like paying visits to the rich, except for some spiritual purpose, saying that he almost always regretted such visits as having been a waste of time. Very gladly, however, did he go amongst the poor, whether they were Catholics or not. He used to say that it was very seldom good was not done by visits of that kind; he

always returned from them full of interior joy. On the day of his ordination he had resolved to let no day go by without doing something for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Twenty-three years later, speaking confidentially to Brother Vernet, he said he believed that he had not failed to keep that resolution. "I am sure," adds Brother Vernet, "he kept it to the end."

Miracles, it is recorded, were freely attributed to him. There is no doubt miracles of grace in the conversion of sinners were wrought through his agency. "Did he also work miraculous cures of the sick and read the heart's secrets and foretell the future?" a writer in the *Missionary Record*[4] asks. "It is not our place to decide. But we should think it very rash indeed to assert that all the popular stories which represent the holy missioner as a seer and a wonder-worker had no other foundation in the beginning than the vivid imagination of the devout and simple, joined with their reverence for Father Cooke's priestly character and personal reputation. An odor of sanctity and reputation of supernatural gifts surrounded Father Cooke to the eyes not of the people alone, but of those who lived in daily and hourly intercourse with him."

His work in England was very extensive in its scope. In 1851 he founded the Oblate mission of Mount St. Mary's, Leeds, where he first offered the Holy Sacrifice in a poor cottage, just a year after the order had been entrusted with the populous district of Great Crosshall street, in the north end of Liverpool, in which so many of the Irish immigrants found shelter after the great famine. An accidental, or we should say providential, meeting in a railway carriage between Father Cooke and one of the converts of St. Saviour's, Leeds (Rev. George Crawley), led to the opening up of a new field of labor for the Oblates in the great manufacturing town in Yorkshire. The opening of the Anglican Church of St. Saviour, of which Dr. Pusey was the founder and patron, synchronized with the conversion of Newman, soon followed by that of several of the High Church or Puseyite clergy, whose day-dream of the "living Catholicity" of the Church of England was dispelled. After they left St. Saviour's vicarage, they established a cottage-orphanage. Several of their late parishioners being wishful of becoming Catholics, and as they (the convert ministers) were only laymen, they believed that the presence of a priest among them would be very serviceable. Father Cooke was the priest. A mattress laid on the kitchen floor was the best bed they could offer him, for they had no better themselves. The orphans occupied the bedrooms, and an apartment was set aside as an oratory. It was in this oratory he said Mass on a bright May morning in 1851. Having got the Bishop's per-

[4] Volume IV., 1894; p. 413.

mission to establish a mission, an unoccupied beer shop and its quondam dancing room were rented and transformed into a temporary church, opened on October 22, 1851, when Father (afterwards Canon) Oakeley, one of the Oxford converts, preached. For six years it was the centre of active missionary work and the scene of many signal graces and visible favors conferred on several persons, Catholics, Protestants and freethinkers. Such was the genesis of what is now one of the principal Oblate missions in England.

One of the principal objects of Bishop de Mazenod's visit to England in July, 1857, was the opening of the new Church of St. Mary, Leeds, which auspiciously coincided with the feast of St. Martha, the sister of St. Lazarus, first Bishop of Marseilles. "Was it something more than a coincidence that the successor of St. Lazarus in the See of Marseilles, who had then lately built a church to the memory of that saint in his episcopal city, should now, on the feast of St. Martha," observes the writer in the *Record,* "be the officiating pontiff at the opening of a new church in England of a society founded by him in Provence, a country where the memories of Martha, Magdalen and Lazarus were held in such cherished veneration? Or was not this circumstance one of those beautiful harmonies which we can trace oftentimes in God's dealings with His servants, when something which an inner consciousness tells us would be opportune, were it to happen, does actually take place?"

Sicklinghall, Inchicore, Leith, Rock Ferry, Liverpool, Tower Hill and Kilburn are foundations with which Father Cooke had much to do if not all. Provincial or vice provincial from 1849 to 1867, a most successful preacher of missions and retreats, he was part and parcel of the whole history of the growth of the Oblate Congregation in the United Kingdom or British Isles. Bishop Jolivet, whose first acquaintance with Father Cooke dated from 1849, when he was sent to Everingham directly from the novitiate, a young, inexperienced priest hardly able to speak English, says: "I was much impressed by Father Cooke's manner of preaching at the time. Although I had heard the best preachers of the day, although I had followed the conferences of Lacordaire at Notre Dame de Paris, I had no difficulty, even with my imperfect knowledge of English, in discerning in Father Cooke's sermons the true ring of Christian eloquence. He wrote his sermons carefully, but seldom followed in the delivery what he had written. He often read his sermons to me before preaching, but when I heard him in the pulpit I could hardly recognize his written composition; what was originally a mere detail had become the leading idea round which cropped up new details all illumined with brilliant imagery and delivered in the most impressive manner."

It was in Ireland, and particularly in Dublin, that Father Cooke made the strongest impression. He was for years the most prominent personality in the religious life of the Irish capital. "The history of the life of Father Cooke," says a writer in the *Record*,[5] "is the history of the Anglo-Irish province of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. For a period of thirty-six years he had no other life than that of an Oblate missioner. For almost the same length of time he was the most conspicuous representative of our congregation in these kingdoms; the one man indeed who was in himself almost the Oblate Society in the eyes of the clergy and people of these countries. Some of our Irish fathers remember well how about the year 1860 they used to hear of 'Father Cooke's order' and of the wonderful missionary work which he and his colleagues were then doing in various parts of Ireland."

In 1856 the Oblates gave their first mission in Ireland and founded the House of Retreat at Inchicore, near Dublin. The story of this foundation, as related by Father Cooke himself in his "Sketches of the Life of Monsignor de Mazenod and of the Labors of the Oblates of Mary,"[6] reads like a chapter out of the life of some saint of the ages of faith. There is a note of simplicity and singleness of purpose in it which recalls earlier times and earlier methods of propagating Christianity: something that links Ireland of the present with Ireland in the past.

At the close of 1855 he proceeded to Ireland, by the direction of Monsignor de Mazenod, to take steps for the introduction of the order into that country. No house of the society had as yet been established there, nor had a mission up to that time been given by the Oblates. The mistake of a cab-driver, on his arrival in Dublin in December, 1855, formed a providential link in the chain of events which, in God's designs, led up to the giving of the first mission and to the founding of the first house of the Oblates of Mary in Ireland. He had told the cabman to drive him to a hotel on the north side of the city, but by mistake he took him to one on the south side near the Augustinian church, then known as "John's lane chapel." It being the nearest to his hotel, he went there to say Mass. After Mass he made the acquaintance of the prior, Dr. Crane (afterwards Bishop of Sandhurst), at whose invitation the Oblates on the 1st of May ensuing opened a mission in his church, which lasted a month and resulted in extraordinary fruits of conversion. At its close he had an interview with Archbishop Cullen, who authorized him to found a missionary and religious house in Kilmainham. He was not then aware of the proximity of Inchicore to Kilmainham, or of the

[5] Volume II., 1892; p. 4.
[6] P. 211, et seq.

great cause of pastoral solicitude which the spiritual wants of that place were at that time causing in His Grace's mind. Inchicore, as is well known, was and is the central depot of workshops for the construction of railway carriages and locomotives of the Great Southern and Western Railway, the grand trunk line of Ireland. A thousand men were employed in these works, who resided in great numbers at Inchicore, in cottages built by the company. They were Irishmen for the most part, clever and highly intelligent, but many of them had been living for years in the neglect of their religious duties and in the midst of infidel companions in the great foundries of England. Some propagandists of infidelity among them sought by public lectures and private conversations to spread their wicked teachings. Inchicore being a good distance from the parish Church of St. James, many never went to Mass, and it was doubtful whether they were Catholics or not. Such was the population in the midst of which the hand of God placed the first house of the Oblates in Ireland.

Counseled and encouraged by Dr. O'Connor, an Augustinian prelate (formerly Vicar Apostolic of Madras), and Monsignor Yore, vicar general of Dublin, Father Cooke lost no time in putting into execution the Archbishop's permission. Aided by a loan, providentially advanced by a stranger who described himself as "a client of St. Joseph," a suitable house and several acres of land were purchased. After the first Mass had been said in a room of the newly acquired house, the need of increased accommodation was felt. Father Cooke took the opinion of some practical workingmen as to the best means of providing it. A young carpenter who was present undertook to have a large wooden chapel erected by the coming Sunday, provided that the men of the railway works lent their aid in constructing it. The railway men promptly and cordially agreed; the labor of love was begun on Tuesday, June 24, the feast of St. John the Baptist; in the evenings after their ordinary day's work, seven hundred men with willing hearts and hands toiled from 6 to 9, and on Saturday a building capable of accommodating seven or eight hundred people was raised by these devoted men in sixteen hours. The next morning, feast of SS. Peter and Paul, High Mass was sung in the new temporary Church of Our Lady Immaculate, which has since given place to a large and handsome edifice, the original modest chapel being used for the Christmas Crib. But the most gratifying result was the wonderful reawakening of dormant faith and practical religion among these sons of toil. Many surprised one another as they took their places for the first time in the ranks of the new church builders. "What! are you a Catholic? I never thought you were till now," was a frequent exclamation ad-

dressed by one workingman to another. "Were you not surprised when you visited the new church built in four days?" was a question which a wife addressed to her husband, who had been absent during its construction. "Yes, I was," was the reply, "but there was something which surprised me much more; it was that I saw A. B. on his knees saying his prayers." The person alluded to had, with good reason, hitherto been regarded as an infidel. But the helping hand he had given during the erection of the church had gained for him the restored gift of faith. A mission given in it crowned with new blessings the early labors of the Oblates in Inchicore. The little church was crowded to excess by a congregation largely composed of railway guards, engine-drivers and stokers. The Oblates have always taken a special interest in this important class of men upon whose steadiness and conscientious discharge of their duties the lives of so many depend. During the mission Archbishop Cullen paid his first visit to the new establishment of the Oblates, was greatly edified by all he saw and gave his blessing to the good work.

When Monsignor de Mazenod revisited England in 1857 he made his first visit to Inchicore, where the enthusiastic reception he met with, surpassing anything he had ever experienced, filled him with deep emotion. The next morning, which was Sunday, he said Mass in the temporary wooden church and was for an hour engaged in distributing Holy Communion. Tears flowed from his eyes as he beheld group after group of men and women taking their places at the Communion rail. The impression which Irish faith and fervor made upon him was further deepened when he moved about Dublin and visited its churches and Catholic institutions, seeing everywhere a manifestation of piety the like of which he acknowledged he had rarely seen elsewhere. The loving reverence of the people for their priests was an object of his admiration and frequent eulogy. At the Inchicore great railway foundry and carriage building works he beheld an aspect of Irish faith which was an accomplishment of an ideal, long cherished in his thoughtful and apostolic mind, namely, the ennobling of labor by faith. As he entered workshop after workshop the workers ceased momentarily from their labor in order to kneel and ask his blessing. He recognized many to whom he had given Communion on the previous Sunday, and was aware of the debt of gratitude which the Oblate Fathers owed to the workingmen of Inchicore; for the story of the wooden chapel had been told to him. Having completed his canonical visitation of the Inchicore foundation, he took his departure with regret from a land which he had already commenced to love, as if it had become for him a second home.

From 1856 onwards the Oblates were engaged in conducting

missions in various parts of Ireland. In some places, such as Cork and Belfast, their mission work assumed truly colossal proportions, the number of Communions at the close of one at the Cathedral in the former city in 1863 being 26,000; forty confessors coöperating with the missioners in hearing confessions, while a similar spiritual harvest was gathered in another immediately following given in the southern parish of St. Finbar, the Communions in both churches totaling 52,000. An extraordinary conversion signalized one given in Dungarvan, County Waterford. One of the mounted constabulary stationed there, a North of Ireland Protestant of strong anti-Catholic bias, was induced, after much persuasion by a Catholic friend, to attend an evening mission service. Father Cooke was the bearer of the mission Crucifix in a penitential procession through the church, during which the psalm "Miserere" was chanted. A congregation of more than three thousand had assembled. The procession had not gone half way when the terrified cries and loud sobbing of a strong man were heard by all present. It was only on the next day that the cause of this incident became known. It was then discovered that the cries had proceeded from the Protestant constable, who thus related to the missionary fathers what had taken place: "As the procession approached the spot where I stood, I noticed that several who had not been able to kneel down, owing to the pressure of the crowd, tried to do so as the Crucifix was passing near to them. When I beheld these marks of reverence being paid to the Crucifix, my Protestant prejudices were stirred up to anger, and I said to myself that if my commanding officer were to stand before me with a drawn sword and order me to kneel down before the Crucifix I would not obey him. I had scarcely formed such thoughts in my mind when all of a sudden a ray of the most dazzling light, brighter than any sunbeam I had ever seen, flashed from the Crucifix. In that light I saw all the sins of my life. The sight of my sins staring me in the face struck me with grief and terror and caused me to utter loud cries. Overwhelmed with a sense of my sinfulness, I fell prostrate to the ground, unconscious of what was passing around me. The service came to a close and the congregation dispersed, with the exception of a few friends who stood by me, who could not account for my emotion, and thought I had taken a fit of some kind. At last I regained my composure and rose up from the spot on which I had been lying prostrate. It was then that the desire of becoming a Catholic rose irresistibly in my mind, and I repeated aloud to my astonished friends, 'Oh, what a happiness were I a Catholic!'" The Bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien, being then in the town, the missionary fathers submitted the matter to him. After a lengthened interview with the young

man, the prelate decided that conditional baptism might be given to him that very day, adding that he would confirm him immediately afterwards. The event made an extraordinary impression in Dungarvan, where the convert was well known and much respected. Two years after his reception into the Catholic Church he became an Oblate lay Brother and was known as Brother Mulligan. He is still remembered. He closed an edifying life in religion by a holy death.

One of Father Cooke's brethren nearly lost his life during a country mission. It was a wild, secluded district in a northern county. The missioners reached their destination on a November night after a drive of fourteen miles from the nearest railway station. At the entrance of a common barn built on the roadside they met the parish priest, who looked like another Curé of Ars, and, as they discovered, resembled the saintly Vianney in holiness of life. A ladder led to their "apartments," which were small nooks in a hayloft. Standing erect was only possible in the centre of the room and one pane of glass lighted the whole place, while chill and damp rendered sleep very difficult. They had to put up with it, as no better accommodation could be found within a reasonable distance of the church, built in a lonely spot and which served for three villages. The crowds coming to confession were so great that hundreds who had been disappointed during the day begged to be allowed to remain in the church till morning, in order to have the first places at the confessionals on the following day. People traveled all night, arriving early in the morning, and when the fathers came there, between 5 and 6, they found the church already full of penitents. Nine thousand Communions were administered during the mission. When the missioners returned at night to their hayloft a turf fire was kindled in it. One night Father Cooke was detained in the confessional to a later hour than his brother missioners, who had gone to rest. When crossing the improvised dormitory he found that a blazing sod of turf had rolled from the little fireplace and was igniting the floor underneath the bed on which one of the fathers was asleep, unconscious of his danger. A few moments more and the whole place would have become a mass of flames. There would have been little chance of escape, as the only means of egress was through a narrow trap-door. The removal of the cause of the danger was the work of a moment. Father Cooke gave thanks to God for the providential circumstance which led to the discovery of the fire before any calamity could occur.

The record of Father Cooke's missionary career is crowded with interesting incidents. It was in 1864 that the Oblates established themselves in London, when Cardinal Wiseman assigned to them the

district around Tower Hill and St. Katherine's docks. "A close personal inspection of the new district," writes Father Cooke, "brought before the writer's mind the magnitude of the work upon which the Oblates of Mary were about to enter. The first object that fixed his attention was the hoary old Tower of London, that rose to the view of the mental eye in the haze of its nine centuries of marvelous history, whilst to the external glance it stood out a vast and gloomy pile, casting its shadows over the waters of the turbid Thames that washed its base. It was not an object to be gazed upon and forgotten; no, it was England's history of nine centuries written in stone. On its stone-faced pages many records were written by Time's finger—all glorious for the militant Church of Christ—records of deeds of Christian heroism of the loftiest martyr-type. The closing days of many a beautiful life found and finds a chronicler in that old Tower. It has been telling and it still tells how confessors bore persecution's brunt, how martyrs prepared for the fight and the victory and the crown; how they looked and how they spoke on the mornings of the days of their marytyrdom. It tells us the story of the most glorious of the days of a Fisher, of a More, of a Philip Howard of Arundel, of an Oliver Plunkett and of a host of the sons of Saints Bruno, Benedict, Francis, Dominic, Ignatius and of many of England's secular priesthood and of devout laymen of the three kingdoms, confessors of the faith. Of such men and things it speaks to-day to London's multitudes, to visitors from English shires, to strangers from beyond the seas who flock in groups to listen to its stories of the past." This historic monument fixed the title of the new foundation, since known as the Tower Hill mission.

On the feast of the Annunciation, 1865, in a small tenement room in a house in Postern Row, immediately over the spot where formerly stood Postern Gate in the London Wall, Father Cooke said Mass in presence of a dozen people, the first celebrated on Tower Hill for centuries, and in an open archway under the London and Blackwall Railway he subsequently addressed his first public discourse to his new parishioners, the little garret chapel being insufficient to contain the crowd who were eager to hear him. With the help of Father William Ring—a still surviving link with the past—he raised a temporary iron church in Great Prescot street, where at present a large sacred edifice stands. But before the latter was built provision had to be made for the education of over a thousand poor children who wandered through the neighborhood. When Archbishop Manning visited Tower Hill one Sunday afternoon, and the little iron church was packed with children, he had hardly finished a beautiful and touching address when with one voice, as

if they were being moved by some sudden and irresistible impulse, they cried out: "A school! a school!"

The Oblates were a visible Providence to the East End of London. In 1867, when it was ravaged by cholera and many homes were deprived of their breadwinners and starvation stared multitudes in the face, Father Ring organized a local relief committee and the house of the Oblates became the central relief depot for a great part of the east of London. Whilst there was rivalry of zeal on the part of all, Father Cooke awards the palm of supereminence in this charitable rivalship, to Father Ring, who had a special gift of large-hearted sympathy for the suffering and poverty-stricken classes of society. Another occasion which called forth his practical sympathy was when a frost famine prevailed among the laboring classes, and as shipping could not come up the Thames, all work ceased for tens of thousands of hands. But besides those periods of general and exceptional destitution there are always cases of appalling distress and misery to be dealt with by the Tower Hill Oblates; not only have they to encounter the wretchedness of a poor East London district, but they are also continually meeting with most distressing cases of destitution among poor people coming from other countries. The chief landing stages for passenger steamers coming to London from Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany are in the Tower Hill district. Many of these poor people arrive in London penniless, or nearly so, and flock in their distress to the priests' house.

Shortly after he had established schools, opened by Princess Marguerite of Orleans on June 21, 1870, Father Cooke was approached by two eminent literary men who wished to see for themselves the condition of East London in their homes, and who desired to be accompanied and guided by a priest. One of these gentlemen, a Protestant, gave a graphic impressionist description of an East End slum region in detailing the results of a visit to the courts off Rosemary lane in two articles in the *Globe* newspaper. The following quotation gives a sidelight glimpse of the moral influence of Father Cooke and his Oblate brethren in the district:

"Still onward, deeper and deeper into the sea of misery and want, we plunged, until it seemed as though it must rise and swallow us—among ghostly wooden edifices that glinted through the mist—under great iron arches with a roar of railway overhead—into a long, narrow court, sloppy and wet, unsafe with ancient orange peel and sweltering cabbage remnants. . . . Truly the underlying cheerfulness that seemed to pervade the horrible dens through which we had wandered was very wonderful—aye, and merciful, too—although perhaps it savored now and then more of carelessness

than mirth, more of bravado than of heart's ease. A little fairy child tripped among the foul fungi of the court as we emerged into the air, looking weird and uncanny, draped in a long tattered shawl. 'Why, my little match-girl, is that you?' the priest asked. 'No more match-girl!' she answered with a pout and suddenly angry brow; 'me of the Holy Guild; me good child; not match-girl any more.' Poor little one! Remain ever of the Holy Guild; cling to the good friends that heaven has raised for thee. Grow up in the purer air of kindly human sympathy and encouragement, whereby thy life may be freed from the miasmata that have warped thy parents, body and soul!"

After referring to the opening by Cardinal Manning, on June 22, 1876, of the Church of the English Martyrs, coincident with the anniversary of the martyrdom of Cardinal Fisher and dwelling upon the Catholic associations of Tower Hill—the several beautiful churches and more than one noble abbey and other great religious institutions that formerly stood within its precincts—the Norman chapel of St. John the Evangelist in the centre of the White Tower; the Church of St. Peter ad Vincula, in which lie buried the bodies of the illustrious confessors of the faith, Fisher and More; the Church of All Hallows, Barking, founded and endowed in 680 by the nuns of the famous old abbey of Barking, in Essex, of which St. Ethelburga had been the first superioress, with its Lady Chapel built by Richard I. (Cœur-de-lion), in which stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, erected by Edward I.;[7] the ancient Church of the Holy Cross and St. Mary Magdalen, in Aldgate, built by Siredus, or Siricius, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 990; the celebrated priory of the Trinitarians, founded in the same locality by the pious Queen Matilda on the advice of St. Anselm; the abbey of the nuns of St. Clare, founded by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, wife of Edmund Plantagenet, from which the Minories derives its name, and the once famous Cistercian monastery, the Abbey of Our Lady of Graces

[7] Edward I., while still a youth, before he was called to the throne, was deeply afflicted at the thought of the woes and disasters that had befallen England, and earnestly besought Our Lady to intercede in behalf of his country. On one occasion, while thus praying, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and promised him her aid, telling him to get a statue of herself made by a celebrated sculptor, a Jew named Malibrun, to be placed in her chapel in the Church of All Hallows, near the Tower, so that the Jew, gazing upon the beauty of its countenance, might be converted, together with his wife, telling the Prince to vow to visit this image in her honor five times a year and to repair and maintain the chapel. It became a celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady; Sir Thomas More speaks of the devotion with which, in his day, pious people visited the chapel of Our Lady in the Tower. The Pope granted an indulgence to all who should contribute to the lights and repairs and ornaments, and, having duly confessed, pray for the soul of King Richard.

—Father Cooke says: "How rich is the inheritance of holy memories to which the Church of the English Martyrs, Great Prescot street, Tower Hill, is the rightful heiress! How glorious the records of its long ancestral line, receding back into ages remoter far than the period of England's foundation as one kingdom! Its walls are new and its altars of recent structure, but its faith and worship are the same, the identical same—believed in and practiced long centuries ago within those churches, abbeys, royal chapels or lowly hermitages that found their place nigh to London's Tower, or within its battlements or that existed elsewhere near its site long before its foundations were laid. If Briton, Saxon or Norman worshiper of any of these old fanes were to come back to life again, he would find himself at home in the Church of the English Martyrs of the present day. The priest standing at the altar offering the great Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Holy Mass would be no new sight for him; nor would the priest hearing confessions be a novelty to his eyes. A sermon on loving obedience to the See of Peter would not be unfamiliar doctrine to his hearing, nor would he be surprised at congregational devotions in honor of the Mother of God, or at prayers in behalf of the departed, for all such teachings and practices were olden beliefs and usages in his day. O marvelous Catholic verities, the fingerprint of Him is upon you who gave to the heavens their stability and their unquenchable fires! Clouds rising from earth's surface may for periods shut out the vision of your beauty from the eyes of certain peoples, but ye shine on still above these clouds, awaiting the opening of the blessed rift through which ye may pour down your saving lights on those who perish, because ye enlighten them not. Such a rift even now is widening fast over the heads of England's people, and one by one ye reappear, O ancient truths!—to believing eyes. May clouds continue to melt, and lights to multiply, until England's old Catholic belief is given back to her again in glory and fulness!"[8]

Memories of the Catholic past are also linked with the other London foundations at Kilburn, where in olden times a holy hermit named Godwin bequeathed his hermitage to Herbert, abbot of Westminster, who founded there a priory of Benedictine nuns in 1130, in which three maids of honor to Matilda, wife of Henry I., the pious daughter of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, dedicated themselves to God in the religious state, one of the conditions attached to the gift being that they should pray for the soul of Edward the Confessor and for the good estate of the community of Westminster Abbey. "New Priory" was the title happily chosen for the house and Church of the Oblates in Northwestern London, a name remi-

[8] "Sketches," pp. 304-306.

niscent of the religious associations of the place when all the inhabitants of England professed and practiced one faith, instead of the multitudinous sects into which its present-day Christianity is split up. The lands on which the new foundation stands once formed a central portion of the grounds of the ancient Kilburn Priory.

Father Cooke was at Kilburn when, at the request of Cardinal Manning, then attending the Vatican Council, he preached the pastoral retreat of the Diocese of Westminster, its closing coinciding with the definition of Papal infallibility, a doctrine strongly held and upheld by Monsignor de Mazenod even before its promulgation as a dogma. Like Manning and the founder of the Oblates, Father Cooke had a high and none too high idea of the Christian priesthood, of its essential holiness, and of the qualities its recipient should possess. At a clerical retreat to scholastics at Sicklinghall, in Yorkshire, he said: "I tremble for one who rushes on to the priesthood imperfect."

During his second provincialship, which lasted about four years, he felt it a great trial not to be allowed to make a new foundation, on which he had set his heart, sharing the views and wishes of his ever-helpful friend, the late Earl of Denbigh, who, when Viscount Feilding, had been received into the Church at Marseilles by Monsignor de Mazenod. Another project which came to nought was the offer of £3,000 by Miss Walker, to whom the Tower Hill mission owes its Chapel of Our Lady of Graces, to found a church and house in the south of England.

Though Father Cooke was not a diner out, he was *persona gratissima to* "society" personages, and was as welcome a guest in the drawing rooms of the élite as in the humble dwellings of the poor to whom his heart warmed at all times. Lord Denbigh liked his Protestant friends to meet him, because "Father Cooke was always so dignified and priestly." There is no rule without an exception, and the exception he made to his rule against accepting invitations was in favor of an aged and venerable priest in the vicinity of Kilburn. "I was coming away from that priest's house on one occasion," said Father Arnoux, "in company with another ecclesiastic, a convert to the Church, who had spent thirty-eight years of his life in high and exclusive society. He told me that he had sat beside Father Cooke at dinner and had been charmed and edified by his manners and conversation. Father Cooke seemed to him another Chesterfield." Many, we are told, were the people of the world who were influenced for good by their chance meetings with Father Cooke; and some Protestants traced to such meetings the beginnings of their conversion.

After he was relieved of the office of provincial in 1877, Father Cooke became superior at Tower Hill, where he labored with his

customary zeal to his death in 1882. His work in the East End, where he established St. Katharine's Protectory for Girls, in which he enlisted the coöperation of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Denbigh and Lady Herbert of Lea, will not soon be forgotten. Cardinal Manning set a high value upon it. Father Cooke was nowhere more at home than when doing slum work in the lanes and alleys around Tower Hill, varying it by occasional visits to Ireland for missions and retreats. It was at Tower Hill he wrote his "Sketches," in which he summarized the founder's life and graphically narrated Oblate missions at home and abroad. He had barely seen his second and concluding volume through the press when his own life came almost suddenly to a close. He may be said to have died at his post, in the midst of his lifework. During a visit to schools in a distant part of the parish he took a shivering fit. It did not, however, prevent him from attending the confessional in the evening. The next day he was laid low with congestion of the lungs, the day after he received the last sacraments, and that night passed away. He was only sixty-one, but he was worn out, after spending thirty-six laborious years in the sacred ministry out of the thirty-nine that had elapsed since he became an Oblate. It is noted that he fell ill on the octave of the feast of Our Lady of Grace, which was also the feast of the Sacred Heart; died on the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor and was buried on that of St. Louis Gonzaga, the patron of children, whom he loved so well.

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CARDINAL NICHOLAS MARINI—A PIONEER OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

AT THE end of the writer's work, "La Chiesa russa," there was portrayed as follows, those rare Catholic priests or laymen who devote themselves to the great work of the reunion of Christianity: "They must have a heart burning with the charity of our Lord. They till fruitless soil. They nave no hope in human successes or human rewards. They must reconcile themselves to be looked upon as Utopians. But within the pale of the Catholic Church there will never be lacking Utopians with supernatural aims. The Catholic Church will always produce lofty souls that will not refuse to sacrifice themselves for the triumph of Christian ideals. The ranks of the Catholic priesthood will always be filled with apostles, searching the heart of the Saviour for peace after the storm, for the reward after the struggle, for the harvest after the drought. At the call of Jesus Christ there will arise new apostles of peace and union. By their deeds and disinterested heroism these apostles will give testimony to the permanent apostolic life of the Catholic Church. Their tears and sweat will perhaps fall upon barren rock. Their names will perhaps sink into the oblivion of the passing ages. Yet in their arduous task they are strengthened by an unshakable faith in the words and the prayer of Christ, and by the celestial hope that one day their dry bones will leap for joy, when rejuvenated Christianity will in fact form one flock ruled by one pastor."[1]

In part, the above quoted words may be applied to Cardinal Nicholas Marini, whom His Holiness Benedict XV. has called to the honor of presiding over the newly constituted congregation for the Oriental Church. Cardinal Marini is a true apostle of the reunion of Christianity. He has devoted the most active years of his noble life to the great undertaking of the reconciliation of Eastern Christianity with Western. His labors have not been inspired by human ambition. Love of the truth and love of the Church were the secret springs of his apostolic zeal. He knew that, almost always, apostles of reunion have either been rewarded with the crown of martyrdom, like St. Josaphat Kunczevicz and Blessed Andrew Bobola, or suspected of being subservient to political aims, like Peter Skarga, Tondini, Vannutelli, or frowned upon as infected with doctrinal laxity in matters of faith, like Allatius, Arcudius, Comnenos, Papadopoulos and the learned Bollandist, Victor Buck,

[1] "La Chiesa russa;" Florence, 1908, pp. 753-754.

or made victims of the jealous rivals and the malice of petty intriguers, like Anthony Possevino.

Men who in their irksome toil for reunion have received the highest honors of the Church are exceedingly rare. The schism of Christianity is the offspring of pride and ambition. Hence it follows that those who labor for its cure must arm themselves with humility and disinterestedness. The history of the movement for the reunion of Christianity knows only Cardinal Bessarion, of Nicæa, the great luminary of the Council of Florence, as having been rewarded with that high dignity of the Catholic Church—the red hat. But once again zeal for the appeasement of the great conflict between West and East has led Pope Benedict XV. to adorn with the Roman purple another apostle of reunion, Nicholas Marini.

There are striking affinities between these Princes of the Church, separated though they are by five centuries. They have shared the same ardor for the return of the Greek Church under the shepherd's staff of Peter; they have cultivated the same humanistic studies and have distinguished themselves in the same branches of learning. Both of them have rivaled the masters of classical ages in their Greek and Latin style; both of them have spent all their resources for literary and apostolic purposes. One could almost say that from the very outset of his career Cardinal Marini had made up his mind to revive in himself the moral and literary features of the great Cardinal of Nicæa, to whose memory he raised up a monument *aere perennius* by the publication of the learned review, *Bessarione*. The name of Cardinal Marini adds a new glory to the history of the efforts to restore religious unity between the East and the West. Born in Rome on the 20th of August, 1843, doctor of philosophy and theology of the Roman College, doctor *in utroque jure* of the Roman University, *La Sapienza* Cardinal Marini inaugurated in 1870 his active life. Having given himself to the spiritual edification of souls, to learned pursuits and to the reunion of Christianity, for more than half a century he has never faltered under the heavy burden of his hard and voluntary apostleship. In his apostolic life Cardinal Marini aimed at the education of youth, at the adequate exposition of Christian doctrine and at the defenses of Catholic truth against its assailants. Wonderful success crowned his efforts in the triple field of his missionary work. He began by founding in Rome the catechism school "Gaetana Agnesi," an illustrious name in the history of both Italian literature and Italian feminism. It is the name of a talented woman who at the age of nineteen years filled the chair of mathematics in the University of Bologna. As an indefatigable student of the writings of St. John

Chrysostom, Cardinal Marini realized the truth of the remark of that Greek father that "the Apostles built up churches not with stones, but with souls and institutions, which is certainly more difficult than to build with stones."

To appreciate correctly the merits of that institution it is sufficient to say that during thirty-five years more than ten thousand girls have been associated with it. They have heard catechetical instructions from the learned prelate, and they have been confirmed in their Catholic beliefs and aspirations by his exhortations, by frequenting the sacraments, by attendance at Mass and moral training. Cardinal Marini won in an eminent degree the love and veneration of the young pupils whom he taught. His name is remembered with gratitude in many families by mothers and wives who are indebted to him for their firmness of Christian belief and conduct of life.

What is more worthy of admiration, the support of the "Instituto Gaetana Agnesi" was borne wholly by the personal resources of its founder. Ten thousand lire every year—at times even more—were spent for the preservation of Catholic girlhood from Godless education. And while forming Christ in their souls Cardinal Marini did not stifle his humanistic affections. By his learning and zeal he attracted to his institution some girls who had made a shipwreck of their faith by following the courses of the State University in Rome. To arouse their interest he proposed that they perform in the original Sophocles' tragedy, "Antigone." After assiduous toil some of these girls learned by heart the Greek masterpiece. At his own expense Cardinal Marini supplied a theatre, with scenery reproducing in minute detail the stage of the classical period. The success of that revival of the Greek drama fulfilled all the expectations of the zealous prelate. From the most cultivated cities of Italy professors and Hellenists went to attend the performance. The deep feelings and religious fatality of the Greek tragedy were rendered with such dramatic power and such wonderful declamation of the Greek poetry that the large audiences were profoundly impressed. On that occasion it was declared in certain Italian newspapers that Cardinal Marini had revived the happy days of the Renaissance, when in Rome, Florence and Venice Italian ladies spoke Latin fluently and were acquainted with the Greek language and literature far better than many boasted Hellenists of our universities to-day.

The results of his humanistic initiative were no less fruitful from a spiritual point of view. The choicest elements of the girl high schools in Rome felt the spell of the "Instituto Gaetana Agnesi."

They esteemed it an honor to place themselves in the number of its alumnæ. They took part in other performances in literary recitals, in religious solemnities. The institution of Cardinal Marini became a flourishing centre of the culture of religious feelings of the Roman girls. In the ministry of the pulpit Cardinal Marini distinguished himself from the very beginning of his sacerdotal life. He preached with incessant activity for many years. He rendered an eminent service to sacred literature in Italy by the publication of *Crisostomo,* a monthly review of pulpit eloquence (1900-1905).

Some of his best devotional writings appeared in its pages. His sermons were published in two volumes (Rome, 1904-1905). The elegance and splendor of his style, the delicacy of his taste, the vigor of his thought, the clearness and dexterity of his expression, his philosophical depth and his devotional ardor stamp these sermons as among the best productions of sacred eloquence in Italy. Their author always starts by setting forth accurately a general principle, a fundamental idea. Then by deduction he develops that principle or idea with logical perspicuity, dialectical force and immense erudition both patristic and historical. He shows in his power of clear exposition and acute analysis that his mind is nourished with the scholastic thought of St. Thomas Aquinas. Yet there is no dryness in his exposition of the truth. From the highest regions of Christian speculation he descends easily to the needs and exigencies of the daily life of Christian souls. He blends his theoretical views with practical reflections and the glowing lyricism of fervent piety. His heart never ceases to be stirred at the ineffable beauty of the moral teaching of Our Saviour. While he strives to convince the minds of the truth of the revealed Word of Jesus Christ, he addresses himself to the hearts of his hearers. On the one hand, his eloquence silences the discordant voices of the incredulous or of the men of little faith; on the other, he throws a ray of superhuman consolation or a spark of divine love into the souls of the true lovers of the Saviour.

Two principally are the leading thoughts which pervade the pages of his collected sermons—an unshakable confidence in God, rather a sort of Christian optimism, and the vision of Christian unity. These two thoughts have impregnated the whole active life of Cardinal Marini and are at the bottom of his unwavering constancy. On earth the Church is militant. Her life consists in a ceaseless series of battles. Her victories are won with the effusion of blood and at the cost of countless sufferings. Sometimes her fate is at stake. It seems that her foes are ready to strike her

through the heart. We lose our confidence if we look at her with human eyes. But if we turn our gaze to God and see the Church through the radiance of divine light, we shall have no reason to despair. For the Church is rooted in the very heart of the Incarnate Son of God. Here below she participates in His passion, but she will share also in His eternal glory. That is the conclusion to be drawn from the sermons of Cardinal Marini. He has reliance on the ultimate triumph of the Church of Christ. He repeats with St. Jerome as to the symbolic ship of the Church: "Fluctuatur, non mergitur," or with a Scottish divine, whose name deserves the gratitude of English Catholics, Dr. George Campbell (died 1796): "The assaults of infidels will never overturn our religion. They will prove more hurtful to the Christian system if it be allowed to compare small things with the greatest than the boisterous winds are said to prove to the sturdy oak. They shake it impetuously for a time and loudly threaten its subversion, whilst in effect they only serve to make it strike its roots the deeper and stand the firmer ever after."

The idea of unity pervades also the theological speculation of the learned Cardinal. In a certain way unity is the fountain-head of all the divine perfections. The Divine Being is not sterile, and as unity, is the source of uncreated and created life. Everywhere and in everything we see the reflection of the divine perfection of unity. Nature is a mirror of God. As such it bears the imprint of the divine unity. I am inclined to believe that the leading conceptions of Cardinal Marini were suggested by the profound saying of St. Augustine that unity is the form of all beauty.[2] Now the Church is the most perfect work of God on earth. It is the kingdom of His grace, the sanctuary of His wisdom, the perennial monument of His glory. If then God is unity and if the works of His hands bear the imprint of that unity, divine unity ought to manifest itself more fully in the Catholic Church. As conceived and instituted by the Saviour, the Church was born to reproduce more closely the perfect and absolute unity of God. The Church is bound to work out this ideal unity among men to join together men's souls by the ties of the same faith and charity. She needs to raise them up to a higher summit, where the same light of God will illustrate their minds and inspire their hearts. Cardinal Marini has not only proven the divine character of Christian revelation in his sermons, but has vindicated the supernatural origin of the teaching of Christ from the attacks of its assailants. In an acute analysis of the evils of modern society he discovers that the war

[2] Omnis pulchritudinis forma unitas est. Ep. xviii., 1; P. L., xxxiii., 85.

waged against God and His Church by the foes of Christianity consists in fact in a war against unity.

To the scientific career and literary activity of Cardinal Marini a series of productions evincing both critical taste and extensive learning bears striking witness. We mention only the most important: "The Diplomacy of the Holy See, and Blessed Nicholas Albergati" (Rome, 1887); "The Proem of Diodorus of Sicily" (Siena, 1890); "Omirika" (Siena, 1897); "The Bible and the Iliad" (Rome, 1900); "Cardinal Peter Marini" (Rome, 1902). The historical sketch on Blessed Nicholas Albergati discusses the mission entrusted by God to the Papacy. The writer establishes a striking parallelism between the unity of the Divine Being and that of the Catholic Church. Divine unity is perfect, essential, fecund. It is the principle of all being. That unity reflects itself in creatures. It is, so to speak, their form, their soul, the element of their coördination. In creatures the reflection of divine unity assumes various degrees. These degrees manifest themselves in the worlds of nature, grace and glory. The Church mediates between grace and glory. She is therefore a perfect bond of unity. She is an echo of the unity of the Blessed Trinity, a ray of the omnipotence of the Father, of the wisdom of the Word, of the love of the Holy Spirit. In her earthly life the Church displays that triple ray by her fortitude, wisdom and love. All the fecundity of the Church springs from the strength of her will, the wisdom of her mind, the charity of her heart. These powers, stirred by the Church, act as a principle of unification in the social body. They centre around the Roman Pontificate. The Papacy is the bond of unity in the Church of Christ, and in turn the Church of Christ is the bond of unity in the realm of grace.

The original and profound views with which the critical inquiry in the proem of Diodorus of Sicily abounds drew the attention of the learned world towards its illustrious author. It was generally believed that in his admirable "De civitate Dei" St. Augustine had laid the foundations of the philosophy of history. Cardinal Marini proves that the germs of the philosophic conceptions of the Bishop of Hippo are concealed in the prologue to the Histories of Diodorus Siculus. The pagan historian rose above the preconceived opinions and crass polytheism of his own age. In one synthetic grasp his mind embraced the history of the world. He affirmed the unity of the human race, the identity of human nature and a kinship among men in spite of their ethnological and geographical divergencies. In his view history is a fellow-servant of the Divine Providence. She keeps the records of the action of God upon men. She marks

the lines traced by the divine hand in divine leadership of humanity. Thus it follows that the prologue of Diodorus bridges the gulf over between the pagan and the Christian civilization. It points out the landmarks placed by God in the world's history. It shows the existence of a primitive revelation whence pagan writers drew the grains of truth which the Christian revelation puts into full light. The researches of Cardinal Marini received their due meed of praise even from critics hostile to the Church. Their chief merit consists in the conclusive demonstration that the literary origins of the philosophy of history are to be traced back to a far earlier date than had been generally believed. By his apostolic zeal and learned labors Cardinal Marini prepared himself for the noble mission which God was to entrust to him. It is, in fact, as an apostle of the reunion of Christianity that Cardinal Marini has written the golden page of his life and endeared his name to posterity.

The genius of Leo XIII. grasped in its full meaning and vital importance the problem of the restoration of Christian unity. An Anglican divine, one of those writers who feel the homesickness of unity, wrote that "the world will never be converted by a disunited Church." His remark is right. The efforts for the conversion of the infidels and the restoration of the Christian spirit in the world will be fruitless as long as Christianity will offer the spectacle of a maimed body, of a Babel-like confusion of tongues. Christianity is bound to reëstablish universal fraternity in order to fulfill the wishes of the Saviour. Leo XIII. regarded the great division which separated the East and the West as the source of the calamities which for centuries have exhausted the vital powers of the Eastern Christianity and started it towards decay. As a humanist himself, Leo XIII. felt the fascinating beauty and loftiness of the sacred literature of the Greek Church, in particular of its liturgical hymns. He loved the Eastern churches, for they have kept with a filial veneration the invaluable treasures of the ancient ecclesiastical traditions, the sacramental channels of grace, a priesthood which, however debased, bears the eternal imprint of the service of Christ. In his clear-sightedness, which is one of the characteristics of true genius, Leo XIII. was hopeful of Russia. He praised the piety of the Russian people, its religious fervor, its exalted mysticism. He did hold it accountable for the bleeding wounds inflicted on the Catholic Church by the political defenders of Czarism. He foresaw a *novus ordo* for Russia, an era of freedom which would open Russian frontiers and Russian hearts to the softening influence of the Catholic Church. The love of the Eastern Church prompted Leo XIII. to promote and foster the great idea

of the reunion of Christianity. His mind was filled with the full consciousness of the divine mission of the Papacy and of the need of keeping always alive the sacred flame of Catholic idealism. Hence he multiplied his appeals to kings and nations for Christian unity, although he heard again and again, even from his admirers, that he was crying in the wilderness and that his yearnings were a sublime dream, a lofty utopia.

Leo XIII. did not, however, deviate from his line of conduct. He never doubted that the reunion of Christianity was the vital problem of the Catholic Church. Individual conversions to Catholicism do not solve the problem. The Catholic priesthood certainly will never cease helping loyal souls to find the fulness of light, but we must rise higher to the vision of entire religious bodies which after ceaseless rovings come back to the one fold of Christ. The Catholic Church is forced by her own nature to restore Christian unity. It is a task which she cannot repudiate without denying or at least obscuring her glory of being the true Church of Christ. If Jesus prays for His disciples, that they may be one, His Church not only prays, but even struggles to realize that divine unity. If Jesus Christ is the good shepherd, calling to Himself the sheep that are not of His fold, His Church must follow His example, and attain that goal by the great virtue of charity, the virtue called by Tertullian the supreme sacrament of faith, the treasure of the Christian name: *Dilectio summum fidei sacramentum, christiani nominis thesaurus.*[3] Even if the efforts of His apostles are fruitless, the Church cannot refrain from persevering in them, as she ought to do when the principles of her divine mission are denied or assailed.

There is a Catholic idealism which at times appears to be a waste of time, energy and money: but this idealism at last overcomes all opposition and reaps an abundant harvest. The Councils of Florence in 1438 and of Brest, in Lithuania, in 1590 and the United Armenian and Rumanian Churches are the best proofs of the supernatural fecundity of that Catholic idealism.

Leo XIII. discovered in Cardinal Marini the zealous and ardent collaborator in his initiative for the reunion of Christianity. Sacred learning and apostolic love are the essentials in those who would toil for reunion. And Cardinal Marini was possessed of both.

A scientific preparation is required, for unfortunately the Eastern schism rests on theological foundations. Whatever may be said as to the cause of the separation of the Churches, it is a recognized fact that in our day the Eastern Churches rest it on dogmatic divergencies. The Papacy is accused by Greek theologians of

[3] "Liber de patientia," XII. P. L., I, 1258.

having introduced new dogmas into the deposit of Christian revelation. Since the age of Photius the theologians of the East and their disciples reproach the Latins for having made innovations in regard to the Holy Trinity, the Sacraments, the Constitution of the Church, her liturgy, her polity. It would be dangerous to the good renown of Catholic learning to ignore these attacks. We must not look superciliously upon those who, bred in their own churches, do not share our faith. We must answer their objections and strive together for the restoration of Christian unity.

Cardinal Marini had already the best scientific preparation to deal with the problems the solution of which will extinguish the schism between the East and the West. To a profound theological culture he adds an immense erudition in patristic literature and ecclesiastical history. Many of his writings vindicate the beliefs of the Catholic Church. In his treatise "The Primacy of Rome Defended by Athanasius the Rhetor," a Greek writer of the seventeenth century (Rome, 1891), he points out, upon the authority of St. John Chrysostom, that the Papacy was divinely given the mission of preserving religious unity in the Christian world. The same argument recurs in his "A Little Lesson of History to Diomedes Kyriakos" (Rome, 1902), and in a series of admirable papers about St. John Chrysostom and the Supremacy of Rome. In 1910 he published his masterly treatise of religious controversy, "The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and the Independent Orthodox Church." It is true this field had already been tilled by Passaglia and Ballerini, but still offered a rich harvest for the industry, acumen and learning of any new cultivator. The value of Cardinal Marini's work does not consist so much in the numerous quotations picked up from the fertile garden of Christian tradition as in the commentaries of the learned collector, in the acute analysis of the mind of the Fathers and in the conclusive reasoning of his theological speculation. The glory of the Catholic dogma and the beauty of the Mother of God spring from these pages like a fresh stream of limpid water from a copious source. Thanks to the pen of Cardinal Marini, the sacred tradition of the Immaculate Conception in the Greek Church is no longer wrapped in a veil of mystery. To widen the field of his learning, Cardinal Marini undertook a pious pilgrimage in the East. He planned to visit the cradle and grave of Our Lord and trace the vestiges of the holiness and greatness of the Oriental churches. He brought from his trip the substance of a very interesting volume, "Impressions and Souvenirs of a Traveler in the Eastern Countries" (Rome, 1913). The work furnishes new evidence of the author's great histor-

ical as well as archæological erudition. Written in a style not only elegant, but also alert and witty, it reads as fascinating as a novel.

Besides these scientific labors, Cardinal Marini strove to follow in his apostleship the dictates of that charity which wins over souls to Christ. In his most eloquent treatise, "De Unitate Ecclesiæ," St. Cyprianus in glowing words and poetical accents exalts charity as the cohesive power of Christian unity. "The Holy Spirit," he writes, "came as a dove, a simple and joyous creature, not bitter with gall, not cruel in its bite, not violent with the rending of its claws, loving human dwellings, knowing the association of one home; when they have young, bringing forth their young together; when they fly abroad, remaining in their flights by the side of one another, spending their life in mutual intercourse, acknowledging the concord of peace with the kiss of the beak, in all things fulfilling the law of unanimity. This is the simplicity that ought to be known in the Church, this is the charity that ought to be attained, that so the love of the brotherhood may imitate the doves, that their gentleness and meekness may be like the lambs and sheep."[4] In fact, the apostleship of the Catholic Church is wholly impregnated with love. It was not by the reasoning of human wisdom, or by learned contumely, or by violence that the disciples of the Saviour overcame the hatred of the infidels, or the stubbornness of heresies, or the subterfuges of schism. They conquered by love, by humility, by generosity, by the divine virtue of forgiveness. The victories of the Catholic Church are the victories of love, and love is the bond of unity. Theophylactus of Bulgaria was the echo of the voice of the Church when he wrote that the unity by which we are one in the Church is the unity of love.

An imperishable monument of the love of Cardinal Marini for our separated brethren is *Bessarione,* a learned review beginning in the year 1896. After more than twenty years of a fruitful apostleship *Bessarione* preserves all its freshness and vigor of youth. It filled a gap in the sacred literature of the West. It appeared as a magazine devoted to the scientific study of the East, and above all to the impartial examinations of the theological divergencies between Eastern and Western Christianity. It was concerned with the means of restoring their broken unity. In the "Trudy" of the ecclesiastical academy of Kiev, in 1897, N. Bieliaev outlined the aims and the value of the initiative of Cardinal Marini in which he foresaw a danger to the Orthodox Church, as though what kindles the fire of love and levels the barriers of hatred could be harmful to Christian unity.

[4] "De Unitate Ecclesiae," ix.

In a short time *Bessarione* became famous throughout the learned world. Its invaluable collection is a mine of documents and researches concerning the Eastern Churches. It brought to light many precious monuments of old Byzantine theological discussions. For many years it gave a detailed account of the religious, literary and moral life of the Eastern Churches. At times it was forced to take up the cudgels for the defense of Catholic truth against the attacks of Russian or Greek controversialists. Yet it was not derelict in observance of the laws of Christian charity and fellowship. It avoided the venom of polemics imbued with hatred. Even Russian divines were forced to bear witness to the loyalty of the editor of *Bessarione* and its contributors. In 1915 the *Khristianskoe Chtenie*, the official organ of the Ecclesiastical Academy of Petrograd, devoted a paper to the writings of Cardinal Marini, and spoke in terms of the highest respect of his generous efforts for the reunion of Christianity.

It suffices to read over the index of the first fifteen years of *Bessarione* to estimate at a glance the riches collected in it. And the admiration for its editor would grow stronger if it were known that for many years, at a sacrifice which perhaps cannot well be disclosed, Cardinal Marini carried on valiantly a publication which does honor to the learning, zeal and loftiness of aims of the Catholic Church.

After half a century of noble efforts Cardinal Marini has been called by His Holiness Benedict XV. to lead the crusade for the reunion of Christianity. In spite of his advanced age he can apply to himself the beautiful words of St. Ignatius to Polycarp: "Stand firm, as does an anvil which is beaten. It is the part of a noble athlete to be wounded, and yet to conquer. And especially we ought to bear all things for the sake of God, that He also may bear with us. Be ever becoming more zealous than what thou art."[5]

And we can close this paper in no better way than by citing the last lines of a classical poem in the Cardinal's honor by the learned Hellenist, Silvio Giuseppe Mercati:

Ac Nicaenus uti longe lateque refulsit
Artibus et libris, ingeniisque, suis,
Sic te laudabit librorum copia semper
Quam nosti, et studiis nobilitata tuis.
Plaudite voce viro, modo quem Benedictus honorans
Romano fecit murice conspicuum!
Sic summum Christi et Sanctorum perfice votum,
Sic magni comple Bessarionis opus. A. Palmieri.

[5] "Epistola ad Polycarpum," iii.

THE SAINTS OF CATHOLIC SCOTLAND.

SOME three years ago, when the Chapel of St. Andrew and the Saints of Scotland in Westminster Cathedral was being decorated by the generosity of the Marquess of Bute, the present writer was privileged to assist in the compilation of the list of saints' names now inscribed upon those marble walls. To many persons—Catholics, even—that enumeration has been matter for wonder; it has seemed almost beyond belief that so many holy ones, linked close to the history of Scotland, should have become so absolutely forgotten that their very names, for the most part, were unknown. It is indeed a matter for lament that until recent years many such saints should have attracted so little interest; still more is it to be regretted that the writers who have helped to perpetuate their memories must be sought for, as a rule, among non-Catholic antiquarians—we Catholics, the saints' own brethren in the faith, taking but little interest in their histories or cult.

It may help forward this tardy appreciation, now at length beginning to stir in the minds of Catholics, if some brief notes on the subject be here offered. The names selected for the adornment of the chapel in question were carefully chosen from a larger number as representing saints authentically vouched for by reliable sources. It would encroach too much upon valuable space to attempt to touch upon even these. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to restrict our inquiry to the saints of Scottish origin alone, and of these only the better known. Dr. Hill Burton, sometime Historiographer Royal of Scotland, used to delight, as his Catholic widow told the present writer, in the gibe—without foundation, as will be seen—that all the Scottish saints were Irish! It is true that the intimate connection between the west of Scotland and adjacent Ireland in early ages led to numerous Christian missionaries passing over to preach the Gospel to the pagan races of the mainland; from this fact comes the preponderance of Irish names in the calendar of Scottish saints. Of these saintly men and their deeds it may be possible to speak on another occasion; in this paper we will confine our researches to Scots alone.

A preliminary remark suggests itself as to the sources of information upon which we have to rely. Of books or manuscripts on the subject there is a regrettable dearth. The "Breviary of Aberdeen" (1509), compiled by the illustrious Bishop of that see, William Elphinstone, founder of Aberdeen University, is the chief fount of information.[1] Others consist of Irish ecclesiastical records. But

[1] "Breviarium Aberdoneuse." (Bannatyne Club, 1854, reprint.)

alongside of these and forming strong corroborative evidence are the traces of the cult of ancient saints in the dedication of churches, in holy wells, fair-days and the innumerable place-names still in use. This will be recognized in passing.

The earliest saint of Scottish birth, and indeed the first authentic Christian missionary in the country, was St. Ninian. One of the best known of Scottish saints, his history need be but briefly outlined. St. Bede, in his History calls the saint "a most reverend Bishop and holy man . . . who at Rome had been regularly instructed in the faith and mysteries of the truth."[2] St. Aelred, a later biographer, gives further particulars. Ninian, he tells us, was the son of a Pictish chieftain of Galloway and was born about A. D. 360. After a youth of true piety, he journeyed to Rome, where Pope St. Damasus gave him competent instructors in all Catholic learning, and Pope Siricius ordained him, consecrated him Bishop and sent him to evangelize the pagan peoples of the west of Scotland. Not only did the saint convert the people of Galloway, but also the southern Picts, inhabiting the country north of the Forth; he ordained priests, consecrated Bishops, portioned out the country into missionary districts and founded at Whithorn a monastery destined to become the centre of learning and school of sanctity for Ireland as well as Scotland. From St. Martin of Tours—a relative, as it is said—he obtained workmen to erect the first stone church in Scotland. From its walls of shining white it gained the name of "Candida Casa" ("White House"), which gave the title, still borne by the Bishop of Galloway, to the see established by St. Ninian, as well as that of "Whithorn" to the town which grew up around it. At St. Martin's death, before the building was finished, the founder determined to call the church by that saint's name, but later ages changed it for that of Ninian. So popular was the devotion to this saint that in Scotland alone the churches dedicated to him are computed to have numbered at least sixty-three. In Ireland, too, his memory was deeply cherished. Though many writers give A. D. 432 as the date of his death, that is by no means certain.

It is a departure from the resolve to speak of Scottish saints alone if we interpolate here some remarks upon the mission of St. Palladius in the closing years of the life of St. Ninian; but it seems desirable for more reasons than one. From St. Prosper of Acquitaine we learn that Pope Celestine raised Palladius, the Roman deacon, to the episcopate about the year 431, and sent him as Bishop to the

[2] "Hist. Eccles.," lib. iii., c. 4.

Christian Scots.[3] At that date, Ireland was known as Scotia, and a well-founded tradition tells of St. Ninian having assisted Palladius in his missionary efforts in Ireland in the founding of a church and monastery there by the great Scottish Bishop. From many Irish records it is clear that Palladius visited that country, though some historians relate that he quitted it eventually on account of the people being ill disposed towards him. Scottish tradition, however, maintains that St. Palladius was a missionary in Scotland, where he carried on the work begun by St. Ninian. As proof of this, Scottish writers adduce the facts of the baptism of St. Ternan (to be mentioned later) by Palladius and the foundation by him of the church at Fordun, in Kincardineshire, where, as the historian Boece relates, his relics were translated to a silver shrine by Archbishop Schevez, a thousand years later.[4] The ruins of his chapel at Fordun and a holy well there, called by his name, as also "Paldy's Fair," formerly held annually on July 6, are further proofs. The contradictory traditions seem to be reconciled by the testimony of the "Vita Prima S. Patritii," written before the eleventh century; it is there stated that the saint on leaving Ireland was driven by a tempest to the east coast of Scotland and landed at Fordun.[5] Other Irish writers hold the same view and have been followed by the Aberdeen Breviary. The Arbuthnott Missal, too, contains a hymn in celebration of his missionary labors. The chief reason for alluding here to St. Palladius is the fact of his mission in Scotland having been referred to, as a traditional belief, in the Bull "Ex supremo Apostolatus apice," by which Leo XIII. in 1878 restored the Scottish hierarchy. The same Pontiff recognized, in 1898, the immemorial cultus of the saint.

Whatever difference of opinion may cast doubt upon the actual presence of St. Palladius in the country, there can be no denying the missionary labors of his disciple, St. Ternan. Scottish tradition tells of his baptism by Palladius, by means of a miraculous spring of water provided for the purpose. This, like many such embroideries of reliable history, need not detain us. What is certain is that Ternan took up the work commenced by St. Ninian in the northern district of which he was a native. He fixed his residence, after he became Bishop, at Abernethy, but other churches in the district were later placed under his patronage, a testimony to his missionary labors in those parts. Arbuthnott, in Kincardineshire, where an ancient Romanesque church of St. Ternan is still to be seen, was one of

[3] "Lib. contra Collat.," c. xxi.
[4] Hist. lib., viii., fol. 128.
[5] Forbes: "Kalendars of Scott SS.," p. 428.

these. A manuscript missal, the only Scottish book of the kind that has survived the Reformation, was used in this church and is known as the Arbuthnott Missal, from the fact that Robert Arbuthnott, proprietor of the estate, caused it to be drawn up some time before his death in 1509 by the then vicar, James Sibbald.[6] This missal contains a proper Mass and Office for St. Ternan, and St. Palladius, as already noted, is referred to in its pages. St. Ternan died at Abernethy, but was buried at Banchory, on the Dee, distinguished by the additon of the saint's name from another Banchory in the district; the former is known as Banchory-Ternan, and the church, dedicated to him, possessed in Catholic ages not only his relics, but a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel which had belonged to him, magnificently bound in gold and silver, and the saint's bell. The latter is thought to have been identical with an ancient bell discovered in recent times during the construction of a railway; unfortunately, owing to ignorance, it was not preserved. St. Ternan was titular of the church at Slains, Aberdeenshire, and of chapels at Findon, Kincardineshire, and Taransay, in the island of Harris; at Findon is St. Ternan's Well and at Banchory a fair was formerly held on his feast day, June 12, and may possibly still survive.

Thenog (or Thenew), mother of St. Kentigern (or Mungo), lived in the sixth century and was honored among Scottish saints; her feast day was celebrated on July 18. Her history is involved in much obscurity, for the legends that had grown up around it and were committed to writing six centuries later can scarcely be accepted as sober history. She is said to have been the daughter of a pagan ruler of Southeast Scotland, and that having been deceived and betrayed, she was about to become a mother. Her father in anger ordered the girl to be placed in a little coracle and set adrift on the open sea. The boat was launched at Aberlady, on the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, but it drifted inland towards the northwest and came ashore near Culross, in Fifeshire. A saintly hermit who lived there—Servan (or Serf) by name—befriended the outcast and the infant to whom she gave birth. He baptized both and educated the boy, who became renowned in Scottish annals as the illustrious Mungo. Thenog is said to have given herself to a life of prayer and penance. After her death she was invoked as a saint and her remains were honored in Glasgow Cathedral, where they were enshrined with those of her saintly son. A chapel was built in a later age on the spot where she landed, and its ruins are still to be seen. Another chapel was erected to her memory in the city of

[6] Forbes: "Arbuthnott Missal" (1864).

Glasgow; the street in which it stood (part of the present Argyle street) gained the name of St. Thenew's Gate, and the chapel with its holy well hard by became a favorite place of pilgrimage. The chapel is mentioned in documents dating from 1426, and traces of it were still to be seen as late as 1736. Up to the end of the eighteenth century the well was a place of resort; votive offerings of metal eyes, ears, hands and feet still hung upon the old tree near it—witnessing to the power of the saint's intercession. A Presbyterian church occupies the site of the ancient chapel; it bears the name of St. Enoch's, a corrupt form of St. Thenog's, which had passed into St. Tennoch's in the course of ages. The square in which the modern church stands has given its designation to St. Enoch's railway station. St. Thenog's feast is given in the Aberdeen Breviary with a proper Office.

In this connection it seems desirable to treat upon St. Servan—known also as St. Serf—before passing on to the less debatable ground occupied by St. Mungo, his accredited disciple. Until comparatively recent times the story of the charity shown to the forlorn Thenog and her child passed without question. But modern historical critics pointed out an undeniable anachronism in the story which tended to cast doubt upon any connection between Serf and Kentigern. If St. Serf, as had been stated by Fordun and others, was, like Ternan, a disciple and fellow-worker with St. Palladius, who died about the middle of the fifth century, he must have been born about the beginning of that century, and at the birth of St. Mungo (given as 518) must have been a centenarian at least. This might pass, but other records mention St. Serf, the founder of the church of Culross, as a contemporary of St. Adamnan, and the head of the Culdees in the seventh century.[7] The only possible explanation which can meet the case is to suppose that two saints bearing the same name lived at Culross at different epochs. Color is given to this suggestion by the fact of the absolute silence of any connection between St. Serf and St. Kentigern in one ancient life of the former still extant.[8] Whatever be the case, the name of Serf was held in honor at Culross and the neighborhood. The saint's cave became a place of pilgrimage, and the locality in which it stood, known as Dysart ("Desert"), gave its name to the town which sprang up there. Churches were dedicated to St. Serf at Monzievaird, in Perthshire, and Alva, in Stirlingshire; holy wells called after him were venerated in each of these places. Fairs held on his feast day at Abercorn and Aberlednock seem to point to dedications to him

[7] Skene: "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots," pp. 210 and 412.
[8] Skene: loc. cit.

there also. But it was at Culross that his memory was especially cherished. The Cistercian monastery founded there in the thirteenth century united his name with that of Our Lady as titular; a fair was held there also on his festival. But more striking still, the custom prevailed at Culross from time immemorial of a procession of young men through the streets, all carrying green branches, on the 1st of July (St. Serf's Day) and of the dedication of the remainder of the day to holiday sports and amusements; the Town Cross, too, round which the procession was accustomed to pass, was gayly decorated with garlands and ribbons. These festivities, evidently Catholic in origin, continued up to the time of George III. To avoid too many public holidays, they were transferred to the King's birthday, and even survived the accession of Queen Victoria. St. Serf's feast is placed on July 1 in the Breviary of Aberdeen.

Another saint whom tradition connects with St. Ternan and who must therefore have flourished in the late fifth or early sixth century was St. Merchard, Bishop. Born of pagan parents in the district of Kincardine-O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, he became a Christian early in life and is said to have been ordained by St. Ternan, who associated him with himself in missionary labors. Tradition speaks of his having journeyed to Rome later in life and having been there consecrated Bishop. One of St. Merchard's churches was in Glenmoriston, Inverness-shire; the writer is familiar with its site and the ancient burial ground, still in use, attached to it. The local tradition tells that the saint when laboring as a missionary in the neighboring glen of Strathglass, in company with two disciples, discovered by revelation three bright new bells buried in the earth. Of these he gave one to each of his companions and retained the third for his own use. Each was to take a different direction and found a church in a spot where his bell should ring thrice of its own accord. Two churches were thus built, one in Strathglass and the other in the Isle of Skye. St. Merchard scaled the hills towards Glenmoriston. The point where he came in sight of the glen is still called "Suidh Mhercheird" ("Merchard's Seat"), and there his bell is said to have first sounded. Descending to the valley of the River Moriston, he came to a spot near Ballintombuie, where his bell rang the second time; the place is marked by a spring of excellent water, still called "Fuaran Mhercheird" ("Merchard's Well") by Protestants as well as Catholics. The old churchyard by the river, where his church was built, bears the name of "Clachan Mhercheird." Whatever additions may have been made to the authentic story of the saint's labors in that glen, it is beyond doubt that a very ancient iron bell was preserved in the churchyard for many centuries, even after the

church had fallen to ruins in the seventeenth century. The narrow-pointed spar of granite which supported it may still be seen. The bell was removed by one of the lairds to his own residence, but so great was the dissatisfaction expressed by the people of the glen that he eventually restored it. Unfortunately it was wantonly hidden away by some half-tipsy strangers more than forty years ago, and has never since been found. A Scottish priest informed the present writer that he had questioned one of the delinquents in after years, but the man could not recall what they had done with the relic. Devotion to St. Merchard was very strong in that district in Catholic ages and the saint is still regarded by Catholics as the local patron; the small chapel in the glen, built when Catholics were far more numerous, bears his name. The saint's remains were venerated at Kincardine-O'Neil, where a church was erected over his tomb. A fair was formerly held there for eight days, during the octave of his feast, which the Aberdeen Breviary places on August 24. He is sometimes referred to as Yrchard.

The renowned apostle of Strathclyde, St. Mungo, or Kentigern, must not be passed over, although his name has been more generally kept in remembrance than those of other Scottish saints. The legend of his education by St. Serf has been already mentioned. Mungo's title to veneration rests upon his unwearying labors for the district of Scotland which he evangelized. The ancient kingdom of Strathclyde extended from the River Derwent, in Cumberland, to the Clyde. St. Ninian had long before preached the faith there, but in the course of two hundred years, owing to constant strife and warfare, it had almost disappeared. St. Mungo was to bring it back again by his unwearied labors, fervent prayers and the purity and austerity of his life. He took up his abode at Cathures, now known as Glasgow, where many disciples gathered round him. Eventually raised to the episcopate, he ruled his flock with all the ardor of an apostle. The persecution of a wicked king drove Mungo into exile. After preaching in Cumberland, where many dedications still bear witness to his zeal, he made his way into South Wales, where St. David, the great monastic founder, received him with affection. St. Mungo became the father of a flourishing monastery at Llanelwy, where more than nine hundred monks are said to have kept up by constantly renewed choirs day and night unceasing praise of God. Recalled to Glasgow, he left his monastic family in charge of St. Asaph, whose name took the place of the original designation, Llanelwy, and became, as St. Asaph's, a centre of piety and learning and the seat of a bishopric. St. Mungo closed his career at Glasgow in extreme old age. He was laid to rest in the spot where the

beautiful Gothic cathedral, still almost entire, was built over his tomb. There, in the magnificent undercroft, his resting place is pointed out to this day, although the splendid shrine, which kings delighted to visit out of devotion, was destroyed when Puritans ousted the Catholic religion. St. Mungo's dedications, in England and Wales, as in Scotland, are too numerous to recall here. The date of his death is variously stated, but was probably 612, and certainly on the octave of the Epiphany, January 13. His feast, formerly kept on that day, is now observed on the 14th.

Of the two saints who follow, one is even better known than St. Mungo, and needs little mention here; the other is illustrious by reason of the connection between them. These are the great St. Cuthbert, the apostle of Lothian, and his master and teacher, St. Boisil. St. Cuthbert is generally classed among English saints, on account of his having been later raised to an English bishopric, but he has never been claimed as an Englishman by birth. The tradition of the church of Durham was that the saint was of Irish race, but this view does not tally with St. Bede's account of Cuthbert, and the careful Bollandists for many reasons reject that tradition. The most reliable authorities are of opinion that he was born of lowly parentage in the neighborhood of Melrose. It was while tending his flock on Lammermoor that he had that vision of the heavenly glory of St. Aidan, the monk-Bishop, which turned his thoughts towards the monastic state. Later on he entered Melrose as a novice, and was received gladly by Boisil, the prior, who was enlightened to predict for the youth a glorious future in the Lord's service. After years of monastic training, of teaching both by word and example, and of zealous missionary labors, which were most abundant and fruitful, Cuthbert was made Bishop of Lindisfarne, and for the two years he filled that office was a model of every virtue and a pastor full of zeal and charity. In the pages of St. Bede we have an authentic record of Cuthbert's life and character, written not more than forty years after the saint's death by one who was practically a contemporary and who styles him a saint.[9] St. Cuthbert died in 687; he had been more than thirty years a monk. Eleven years after death his body was found still incorrupt. Incursions of the Danes rendered his tomb at Lindisfarne unsafe from desecration, and for two hundred years his body was conveyed from place to place, until it was laid to rest in Durham Minster. When Henry VIII. destroyed the sacred shrines of England St. Cuthbert's incorrupt body was secretly moved by the monks of Durham to a secure hiding place whose exact locality has been handed down by

[9] "Vita S. Cuthb." (opera ed. Migne, p. 733.)

tradition through certain chosen members of the Order of St. Benedict even to this present day.

St. Cuthbert's honored master, St. Boisil, was prior of Melrose, under the holy Abbot Eata. Melrose must not be confounded with the later Cistercian abbey of that name, founded by David I. Old Melrose was an earlier monastery which followed the rule of St. Columba, and had been founded by the same St. Aidan whose sanctity and glory had been revealed to the young Cuthbert. Boisil is styled by Venerable Bede "a monk and priest of surpassing merit and prophetic spirit;"[10] he it was who welcomed Cuthbert to Melrose, and being deeply learned in the Scriptures, became his master and devoted friend. In 664 a terrible epidemic known as the "yellow plague" ravaged Scotland, carrying off numbers of the inhabitants. Boisil and Cuthbert were both attacked and in danger of death. But from the first St. Boisil foretold that he would die and St. Cuthbert recover, and so it fell out. Before the end, Boisil prophesied the future greatness of his beloved pupil and his elevation to the episcopate. In the few days remaining before Boisil's peaceful death the friends were occupied in finishing the study of the Gospel of St. John, upon which they had been previously engaged. St. Boswell's, near Melrose, took its name from this saint, and the church was dedicated to him. The present village of the name has sprung up at a little distance from the ancient place, which has now entirely disappeared with the exception of the old church, restored a century ago. St. Boisil's holy well is near it, and an annual fair, held on July 18, seems to have some connection with the saint, although his feast in Scottish calendars occurs on February 23. St. Bede has written in great praise of St. Boisil's personal holiness of life. His remains were translated to Durham Minster in 1030 and deposited near the body of St. Cuthbert. Some other zealous Bishops who labored in various parts of Scotland must not be overlooked. St. Caran, a saint of the seventh century, was held in honor in the northeastern districts. At Fetteresso, in Kincardineshire, are the ruins of an ancient church dedicated to him. At Drumlithie, in the same county, is a holy well called St. Caran's. A fair was formerly held on his feast day, December 23, at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, which seems to indicate the dedication of the church to this saint, though no other evidence is forthcoming. It may be remarked that it was at Anstruther that Knox preached one of his inflammatory sermons against idolatry which resulted in the destruction of the altars and images in that beautiful building. There are traces of the veneration of St. Caran in Strathmore (Caithness) also, but he

[10] "Vita S. Cuthb."

is thought to have been an east country saint. No particulars of his life are known to us; his feast is noted in the Aberdeen Breviary.

The next saint is far better known, and traces of his cultus are not far to seek in the northern counties of Scotland, where he labored and prayed. This is the illustrious Bishop, St. Nathalan, patron saint of Deeside, who was of Pictish race and flourished in the seventh century. He was born of a noble family at Tullich, Aberdeenshire, and from his earliest years was distinguished for fervent piety. In spite of his rank he loved to labor in the fields as a means of fostering prayer and subduing the passions. In a moment of impatience he once murmured slightly against God's providence, and as a penance he resolved to make a pilgrimage to Rome, wearing a heavy chain which he secured by a lock and then threw away the key into the River Dee; the spot still bears the name of "Pool of the Key." One legend tells of his buying a fish for food when in Rome and finding the key within it; but this is not the only saint of whom the like wonder is related. In Rome Nathalan became a cleric, and after years of study was sent at his own desire to preach the faith to his countrymen. He was consecrated Bishop and returned to Scotland, where he labored as a missionary all his life. Three of the Deeside churches—built at his own cost—were founded by him, Tullich, his native place; Bothelney (now called Meldrum) and Cowie or Collie. Irish records allude to him as visiting that country, and the foundation of the monastery of Dungiven, in Ulster, is attributed to him. Many wonders are related of St. Nathalan; distributing all his corn to famishing neighbors on one occasion, he sowed his fields with sand, and a copious harvest, it is said, resulted; by the fervor of his prayers he stayed a raging pestilence with which Bothelney was threatened. The latter miracle earned for the saint the observance of his feast day there in after years as a general holiday, when no work was permissible; the day (January 8) continued to be thus kept even in Protestant times, when the reason for it had long been lost sight of. There are many traces of St. Nathalan in Deeside. Meldrum was once known as Bothelney, said to be a corruption of "Bothnethalen" ("dwelling of Nathalan"); Nauchlan's Well is a spring near the old church, and the saint's fair was annually held there until comparatively recent times. A huge slab of granite, now forming the lintel of one of the doors of the church at Tullich, formerly lay within the building. It has an antique cross engraved upon it, and it is conjectured that it may have formed part of the saint's tomb originally. St. Nathalan died about A. D. 678. His feast was restored to Scotland by Leo XIII., and is kept on January

28, as the actual day of his death falls during the privileged octave of the Epiphany.

Very little is known for certainty about St. Talarican, the Scottish saint of about the same period. The Breviary of Aberdeen actually styles him an Irishman; but Dr. Forbes,[11] a competent authority, maintains his Pictish origin from the character of his name and from the fact that no saint who can be identified with Talarican is mentioned in Irish calendars. Beyond the fact of his having labored strenuously in the north of Scotland—evident from the dedications to him which survive, and his care to offer Mass daily, there are no particulars of his life extant. The large district of Inverness-shire, known as Kiltarlity, where the ruins of Beauly Priory may still be seen, took its name from this saint. The church of Fordyce, Banffshire, where "St. Tarkin's Well" exists, and the saint's fair was annually held; a former church and burial ground called by his name near Loch Portree, in Skye; the traces of another church in the island of Taransay—these are St. Talarican's chief memorials. He died early in the eighth century; his feast falls on October 30. His cultus was restored by Leo XIII.

Another saint of the eighth century, St. Baldred, has been erroneously styled the disciple of St. Mungo, but there is evidence that he lived more than a century later. He retired to a hermitage on the Bass Rock, the lofty conical islet in the North Sea opposite North Berwick; from thence he made occasional missionary excursions to the mainland. He has been called the apostle of East Lothian; it seems certain that he founded at least three churches in Haddingtonshire—Aldhame, Tyningham and Prestonkirk. At the site once occupied by the former village (which no longer exists) is St. Baldred's Cave on the seashore. At Prestonkirk, where the church bears his name, is a holy well whose water, as a Protestant authority relates, is renowned for its excellence for making tea! The saint is patron of Tyningham church also, and his chapel, though ruined, is still discernible on the Bass Rock. An eddy in the Tyne is styled "St. Baldred's Whirl." Simeon of Durham gives the date of St. Baldred's death as 756, and Alcuin, writing in the eighth century, also mentions him.[12] A curious legend, which is scarcely likely to meet with acceptance from modern critics, is recounted in the Aberdeen Breviary in the lessons of the saint's office on March 6. At the death of the saint, it is said, his three churches on the mainland each laid claim to his body. Grace dissensions would inevitably have been caused had not the saint settled the dispute in a manner which

[11] Forbes: "Kalendars" (St. Talarican).

[12] Blair-Bellesheim: "Hist. Cath. Ch. in Scotland," Vol. I., p. 173.

gave universal satisfaction. When the rival claimants appeared to bear away the precious remains, they found side by side on the shore three bodies exactly similar, and each party carried back to their own church what each had ardently desired to possess.

It should be borne in mind that the pious and learned compiler of the Breviary in question does not vouch for the absolute accuracy of the legends there set forth. He has merely embodied the traditional lore which he had found in existence in the late fifteenth century. With regard to the legend in question, an explanation of its origin readily occurs: relics of St. Baldred treasured in each of the three churches might easily acquire the popular designation of "St. Baldred's body" in each case. The legend in its later form might thus take shape in the course of passing ages. Similar cases are to be met with in regard to the sacred remains of other saints; a relic of a head, especially if preserved in a reliquary of appropriate form, tends to become in popular speech "the head" of the saint in question. Have we not heard, to our amusement, the oft-repeated accusation that the Catholic Church tacitly permits the veneration of various arms, fingers and even heads of some particular saint in various localities at the same time? Though other saints who flourished at about the same period as the above might be treated upon, it may be more satisfactory to pass on to others of greater interest found in a later epoch. St. Duthac, the next to claim our attention, lived in the eleventh century. Though born in Scotland, he passed over to Ireland for the sake of Scriptural studies. After returning to his own land he was made a Bishop and gave himself to the spread of the Gospel in the districts of Moray and Ross. He is said to have been particularly zealous in hearing confessions. An Irish record relates that he died at Armagh,[13] but this is not in accordance with Scottish tradition. His tomb at Tain, in Ross-shire, became one of the chief Scottish places of pilgrimage, and the Breviary of Aberdeen tells of his body having been found incorrupt there, seven years after his death, and of miracles wrought by his intercession. Some Scottish writers place St. Duthac's death two centuries later than the Irish tradition, but it has been pointed out that the saint's visit to Ireland for study is inconsistent with the state of that country in 1220, though it is quite compatible with circumstances in the earlier century. The discrepancy may perhaps be explained by allowing that St. Duthac may have died at Armagh about 1065, but that his remains were translated to Tain in the thirteenth century. But another view suggests itself: Ardmanach was the name by which the district around Tain was formerly

[13] "Chronicon Hyeuse."

known; it is possible that "Ardmacha" of the Irish annals may be a corruption of this. Tain bore the Celtic name of "Baile Dhuich" ("Duthac's Town"). The burg arms still retain his figure with the inscription, "Sanctus Duthacus." Two annual fairs were called after him, one in March—"St. Duthus in Lent," the other in December; as his feast day was kept in March, it seems probable that the fair held on the sixth day after Christmas commemorated that later translation of his body "to a more honorable shrine," referred to by the Aberdeen Breviary, which seems to strengthen the tradition of his earlier birth. St. Duthus' Cairn at Tain recalls the saint's memory, as well as a holy well in Cromarty parish. Loch Duich, Kintail, Kilduthie, in Kincardineshire, and Arduthie, in the same county, are named after him. Aberdeen Cathedral possessed some of his relics, and his bell was honored at Tain in 1505. Leo XIII. restored St. Duthac's feast to Scotland, and his memory is celebrated on March 8.

The difficulty with regard to accurate dates, already referred to in other instances, occurs in relation to St. Bean, our next saint. Tradition makes him Bishop of Mortlach, but modern historical critics deny the existence of such a see.[14] The evidence of the foundation of a Bishopric of Mortlach adduced by the historian Fordun—certain characters belonging to the See of Aberdeen—can no longer be accepted; the charters in question have been shown by internal evidence to be undoubtedly spurious.[15] The Bollandists, however, incline to the view put forward by Robertson that though there was no See of Mortlach, St. Bean fixed his abode there. His connection with that Banffshire locality is proved by the dedication of the church to him, and the existence there previous to 1757 of an ancient stone statue traditionally reported to represent him.[16] The place-name Balvanie ("Dwelling of Bean the Great," as its Celtic form, "Bal-beni-mor," indicates) is further evidence of the fact. The churches of Fowlis Wester and Kinkell, both in Perthshire, were other dedications to this saint and an annual fair held at the former place on St. Bean's feast, old style, as well as a sacred spring bearing his name are further proofs of his cultus there. He died on October 26, about the end of the eleventh century.

A curious blunder in the Roman Martyrology concerning St. Bean may here be mentioned. On December 16 is commemorated: "Aberdone in Hibernia sancti Beani Episcopi" ("At Aberdeen in Ireland the blessed Bishop Bean"). The explanation is not far to

[14] Hill Burton: "Hist. of Scot.," Vol. I., p. 367 (note).
[15] "Reg. Episc. Aberdon." (pref.), p. xl. seq.
[16] Russel's ed. "Keith's Scott. Bishops," p. 102.

seek. An Irish Bishop of the same name was honored in that country on December 16, and the two came to be regarded as the same person. This led to the insertion in the Usuard of Molanus on that date of the following: "In Hybernia Beani episcopi primi Aberdonensis" ("In Ireland, Bean, first Bishop of Aberdeen"). A slight change in the wording produced the present extraordinary statement of the martyrology. St. Bean's cultus was recognized by Leo XIII. in 1898.

Regarding our next saint, we find the unusual instance of a Scotsman whose tomb in England became the bourne of an exceedingly popular pilgrimage in Catholic ages. St. William, honored later as a martyr, was a native of Perth in the latter part of the twelfth century. For many years he followed the trade of a baker. To atone for a period of irreligion in his youthful years, William began to lead a life of notable piety and charity. He made it a custom to bestow upon the poor in alms a tenth part of the bread he made. Finding a deserted infant lying abandoned in the street, he carried home the child and reared him as though he had been his own son until the lad grew to manhood. Desiring to make a pilgrimage to the holy places in Palestine, William set out, accompanied by this foster-child, by way of England. The two had passed through Rochester and were on their way to Canterbury, when the holy man's companion, at a lonely spot near Maidstone, savagely attacked his benefactor with a blow from his staff, and having felled him to the ground, slew him with an axe. Robbing the body, he left it lying there and took flight. There the body lay for some days, until a mad woman in her wanderings discovered it. In childish sport she crowned the head with flowers and afterwards transferred the wreath to her own brow. In an instant she became of sound mind, and flying to the Cathedral, related to the clergy all that had happened. Touched by the miracle, they bore the body to the Cathedral for honorable burial. The circumstances of his death gained for William the title of martyr and led to the petition of Bishop Laurence de S. Martino to Pope Innocent IV. for William's canonization; this was granted in 1256. The recognition of William's sanctity led to the erection of a shrine in the Cathedral for his remains and a continually increasing concourse of pilgrims thither. From their generous offerings a new choir and a central tower and spire were added to the Cathedral. Among the pilgrims was the English monarch, Edward I., who made his offerings there in 1300. Pope Boniface IX. in 1399 granted an indulgence to pilgrims to the shrine. A little chapel, erected at the spot where he had been slain, was evidently visited by pilgrims, as its name, "Palmersdene,"

implies. Its ruins are still to be seen, near St. William's Hospital, on the road to Maidstone. The relics of St. William of Rochester, as the saint came to be styled, met the fate of all such sacred remains in the general demolition of shrines in 1538. His feast was kept on May 23, which was probably the anniversary of the discovery of his body.[17]

The last Scotsman canonized before the Reformation was St. Gilbert, Bishop of Caithness, who flourished in the thirteenth century. He was of noble birth, being son of William, Lord of Duffus. Entering the Cistercian abbey of Melrose, Gilbert became a monk. Later on he was raised to the episcopal See of Caithness, which he occupied for twenty years. His Cathedral at Dornoch was a humble building dedicated to the Irish saint, Finbar, who had been a missionary in those parts. The extreme poverty of the diocese and the unsettled state of society had prevented the erection of a worthier sanctuary. This became Gilbert's first aim; under his direction and at his sole cost a beautiful Cathedral arose at Dornoch, an early English building, with aisles, transepts, central tower and lofty spire. The saintly prelate took a delight in laboring with his own hands in the work of erection and superintended the manufacture of glass for the windows in the glass works he had established for the purpose at Sideray. When the material building had been completed, St. Gilbert's next care was the formation of his cathedral chapter. He established ten canons and adopted the use of Lincoln in the sacred offices. The magnitude of his work may be better estimated by bearing in mind the half-savage nature of the people of his diocese at that period. Two of his predecessors had been either burned or stoned to death by an angry mob in return for what was considered excessive zeal on the part of the clergy; it was left to St. Gilbert, by his holy and wise administration, to tame, to some extent, such rebellious spirits. St. Gilbert dedicated his completed church to St. Mary the Virgin, a century after his death, which took place in 1245. It had come to be styled SS. Mary and Gilbert, for the many miracles attributed to him had led to his being regarded as a saint. In honor of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Gilbert, Pope Pius II. conferred upon the Cathedral the privilege of "Sanctuary," and the contemporary monarch, James III., confirmed the Papal grant by civil legislation in 1464. The relics of the saint were venerated in Dornoch until the Reformation; there is record of accused persons clearing themselves of charges by swearing "on the relics of St. Gilbert" and "touching the same relics" in the chapter house in 1545.[18] The Cathedral was destroyed by

[17] Bollandists XVII., 268. "Nova Legenda Angliæ" (Oxford, 1901), II., 457.
[18] "Origines Paroch. Scotiae," p. 609.

fire in an affray between hostile barons in 1570, ten years after the overthrow of the Catholic religion in Scotland. It was rebuilt in modern times; the ancient tower has been incorporated into the present building. No portion of St. Gilbert's shrine remains except a mutilated statue which is thought to have been part of it. The Breviary of Aberdeen gives St. Gilbert's feast on April 1, the day of his death.[19]

In this brief review of the chief saints of Scottish birth whom their fellow-countrymen delighted to honor in past ages it has to be confessed that there is a scantiness of detail as to many of them which is to be deplored. This is to be accounted for by the wholesale destruction of an immense number of documents referring to Church history, when lawless hordes were permitted and even encouraged to pillage and demolish all church property at the Reformation period. Father Thomas Innes (died 1744), one of the first in a later age to draw attention to the ancient Scottish Church and her history, writes thus on the subject:

"The registers of the churches and bibliothecs or libraries were cast into the fire; and these were so entirely destroyed that if in Scotland there had happened a debate about the consecrations or ordinations of Bishops and priests, either before or about the time of the Reformation, I do not believe that of all our ancient Bishops and priests, ordained within the country, there could have been found the register or act of consecration of any one of them—so careful were the Reformers to sweep clean away all that could renew the memory of the religion in which they had been baptized."[20]

The Protestant Archbishop Spottiswood in his history bears similar testimony. Writing about eighty years after the events he describes, he says: "Thereupon ensued a pitiful vastation of churches and church buildings throughout all parts of the realm; for every one made bold to put to their hands, the meaner sort imitating the ensample of the greater and those who were in authority. . . . The registers of the church and *bibliothèques* were cast into the fire. In a word, all was ruined."[21]

It is subject for thankfulness that some scraps of ancient records have been spared from the wreck to tell us the little that we are able to gather regarding the early saints of Catholic Scotland.

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[19] Vide "Records of the Bishopric of Caithness" (Bannatyne Club).
[20] Innes: "Critical Essay" (ed. Grub), p. 312.
[21] "Hist. of Church of Scotland" (Bannatyne Club), Vol. I., p. 372.

PALESTINE AND ITS RELIGIONS.

PALESTINE will ever be for all Christians the most interesting country in the world, but the great war now raging even on that sacred soil, with the surrender of Jerusalem to the British troops, has made it doubly interesting for the moment. It was originally the country of the Philistines, from whom its name is derived. The western part is called in the Bible the land of Canaan, the eastern part the land of Gilead, and the name of the Holy Land is justly given to the whole of Palestine, for Jews and Moslems as well as Christians regard it as holy. It is a small country, full of ruins and equally full of the most sacred memories. It has suffered much, for it has known many wars and been the scene of battles, in which the Hittites and the Amalikites, the Philistines and the Israelites, the Romans and the Greeks, the Assyrians and the Babylonians, the Moslems and the Christians of all nations, the Saracens and the Crusaders, and now the Turks and the British have taken part. It has ruins of cities built by the Canaanites and the Philistines, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens and the Crusaders. There is no country in the world that teems with interest for the historian, the theologian and the antiquarian as does Palestine; nevertheless it was not until the nineteenth century, which with all its many faults had a few virtues, that really definite geographical knowledge of the country was gained, largely through the labors of the Royal Geographical Society and the Palestine Association and Restoration Fund. It is, however, with the Christian religions of Palestine rather than with its history or geography that we intend to deal here.

The Christians now living in Palestine and Syria are descended from the heathen or Gentiles, to whom the Gospel was first preached by St. Paul and the Apostles. In ancient times the gods of the old Greek mythology were worshiped in the cities, but in the country villages local gods took the place of Apollo and Diana, hence the word "pagan," which means rural or country. Almost every village had its little local god, so when the country became Christian the inhabitants took kindly to the doctrine of invocation of the saints, and instead of the local god the local saint became the object of worship and local saints soon began to multiply. As there were two types of government, viz., Greek for the cities and Syrian in the country places, so there were two types of Christianity; there was the Greek Church, in which the services were in Greek, and the

"Fifty Years' Work in the Holy Land." Colonel Sir C. M. Watson.
"The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine." F. J. Bliss, 1912.
"Mediæval Towns—Jerusalem." By Colonel Sir C. M. Watson, 1912.

Syrian churches, in which the liturgy was in Syrian or Aramaic, the language which our Lord is believed to have spoken. These two types survive to the present day. On the one hand we have the Greek Orthodox Church and the Greek Uniates, who became reconciled to the Holy See in 1724, and on the other hand we have the Syrian Church, which has three divisions: the Maronites, the Syrian Jacobites and the Syrian Catholics. The Maronites, who are the largest body, form the national Church of Mount Lebanon. The Jacobites are heretics or Monosyphites; they are more powerful in Mesopotamia than in Palestine and Syria, but even in Mesopotamia there is now a great inclination among them to submit to Rome. It was from them that the Syrian Catholics did submit to the Holy See first of all in 1546, but from then onward at various times congregations of the Jacobite Christians have been reconciled to the Catholic Church, and recently, particularly in Mesopotamia. The Syrian Church is rightly very proud of saying Mass in the language our Lord spoke when He was on earth. The Syrians and the inhabitants of Palestine all have a deeper sense of religion and a more profound consciousness of the presence of Almighty God than is usual among Western peoples. Dr. Bliss,[1] whose residence and work in Palestine enables him to judge, asserts this most emphatically. The inhabitants of Syria and the Holy Land are eminently religious, and all orders from the shepherds upwards are intensely interested in religion, whatever their faith may be. They are keenly interested in doctrinal questions, and the lower orders have a surprising knowledge of the differences between the various Churches. Seeing that their country was the one chosen out of all the world to be the home of our Lord when on earth, this is not to be wondered at; it is only what we should expect, but it is certainly a comfort in these days of unbelief to have it confirmed by one who has spent a lifetime in studying the people and their religion.

The Maronites are the largest Christian body in Syria; they themselves say they were never in schism, but as a matter of fact they were reconciled to the Holy See in 1182. Their liturgy and ritual were always Syrian. They are the most Catholic of all the Eastern Churches in communion with Rome. Their Mass is said in full view of the congregation and in Syriac, but the Syrian version is a translation of the Latin Mass; they retain their old Eastern liturgy for baptism, marriage and burial. They use unleavened bread as we do in Holy Communion; confirmation is administered in later years, not to infants immediately after baptism, as in the other Eastern Churches. The priests are allowed to marry, but there is now a great tendency to prefer celibate priests for the parishes. The Maronites are governed by a Patriarch, who is styled the

[1] "The Religions of Modern Syria and Palestine." F. J. Bliss, 1912.

Patriarch of Antioch and the whole East. He is supposed never to leave the fastnesses of Mount Lebanon, and never does unless a summons from Rome bids him, and then he has to obey. He is elected by the Maronites, but his election has to be confirmed spiritually by the Holy Father and civilly by the Sultan. The Maronites, nevertheless, say of their Patriarch, "He is our Sultan." There are now about 300,000 Maronites living in the Lebanon, but there are also about 100,000 in Beyrout and others scattered in other parts of Syria and in Aleppo, Damascus, Cyprus and Egypt, and a few in Jerusalem and Nazareth. The Maronite Patriarch has great powers; he can establish new fasts and feasts; he can make certain changes in the ritual; he can consecrate the chrismatic oil, a very great privilege, perhaps granted on account of the difficulty of transport to these mountainous regions. The Maronite people elect their own parish priests. There is a convent of mission priests near the Bay of Juneh, who in Lent and Advent and other seasons give eight-day missions to the parishes, traveling about to the various villages, and all the people in the village are expected to make an eight days' retreat when the missioner visits them. The inhabitants of the Lebanon are of medium stature; the women are handsome, with pink and white complexions; the men have olive skins and both men and women have round faces with dark eyes and good teeth. They are a warlike race, frequently fighting with the Druses, who also inhabit the Lebanon and vie for supremacy there with the Maronites. The great tendency of the Maronites now is to approach more and more closely to Rome, both in doctrine and practice, except that they cling firmly to the use of the Syriac language in the Mass. In all the Greek Churches the people do not as a rule kneel in church, except during Lent, and the Maronites do not kneel between Easter and Pentecost, neither do they prostrate during that time, because they say they are "risen with Christ." When a Maronite Patriarch dies he is buried seated in a chair, as is the universal custom when a Bishop is buried in all the Eastern Churches, and a very ghastly one it is. The Maronite Patriarch's corpse is carried round the church seated in a chair several times during the burial service, and often taken thus to his native village, to be buried there.

There are five Eastern Churches in Syria and Palestine, three of which are in communion with Rome, namely, the Maronites, the Syrian Catholics and the Greek Melchite Catholics; the other two Churches are the Greek Orthodox, which is second in size to the Maronites, and the old Syrian or Jacobites. Both the Syrian Churches are confined mostly to Northern Syria; the Greek Catholics predominate in Central Syria and the Greek Orthodox are spread all over Syria and Palestine. A recent movement in the Greek Orthodox Church in Syria and Palestine is the predominance of Greek

Bishops and priests over Syrian, and a struggle is going on between the native or Syrian party and the Ionian or Greek clique. All the Uniate Churches are under the authority of the Apostolic Vicar of Aleppo, who is appointed by the Holy See since 1890. The Uniates of Jerusalem and Palestine are under the jurisdiction of a Latin Patriarch appointed by Rome after election by the Bishops, and the approbation of the Porte. The conversion of the Syrian Catholics and the Greek Catholic Melchites is due to persistent efforts for several centuries of Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries, who lived in Palestine and Syria and gradually, by teaching persistently Catholic doctrines, converted the people. The Greek Catholic Melchites are the most intellectual of the Christian bodies in Syria and Palestine; they are also the most Eastern; it is only since 1857 that they have observed Easter at the same time as the Catholic Church and followed the Roman calendar. They use practically the same service books as the Greek Orthodox Church does, with a very few alterations in some of the prayers; their ritual also is very similar to that of the Orthodox Church; in doctrine, of course, they agree with the Catholic Church. They are under the jurisdiction of a Patriarch of Antioch, and the Greek Orthodox also have their Patriarch of Antioch, and there is great rivalry between the two Patriarchs and the two Churches and much bitterness. The Patriarch of the Melchites is elected by their Bishops subject to the approval of Rome and the Porte. There are a good number of Greek Catholics in the Lebanon and in a remote village there the first printing press ever seen in Syria was set up. They have a patriarchal college for boys in Beyrout, and a training college for them in Jerusalem. Melchite is a nickname given to them in the seventh century: it means royalist and was given to them for adhering to the Emperor, who supported Catholic teaching against heresy.

Besides all these Christian bodies and some Armenians there are of course a large proportion of Moslems inhabiting Palestine, since up to December, 1917, the Turk was the ruling race there. The consequence of this is that we find one village wholly Christian and another neighboring one Moslem; for instance, Bethany is now Moslem, and Bethlehem Christian. Jerusalem itself is divided into three quarters, one Christian, one Jewish and one Moslem.[2] All visit each other's shrines: the Moslems take their insane to St. Anthony's cave in the Lebanon to be cured and the Christians take theirs to a well belonging to the Moslems, in or near Damascus. In the Christian processions on Good Friday, Moslem women who are barren pass under the handkerchief of St. Veronica, in the hope of bearing children. Moslems will have their children baptized as a sort of charm, and also with the extraordinary idea that baptism

[2] "Mediæval Towns—Jerusalem." By Colonel Sir C. M. Watson, 1912.

has a physical effect in washing away the evil odor which Moslems emit, and are conscious of so doing, till they have been baptized, when it is said to disappear. The antagonism between Moslems and Christians is stronger in some parts of Palestine and Syria than in others. Moslems never forget that their faith is the faith of the conquerors, and Christians that theirs is the faith of the conquered.[3] A century ago sumptuary laws were in force in the Holy Land, and at Damascus no Christian could ride a horse or wear any color except black, but that is now all changed. The Druses, who mostly inhabit the Lebanon, are a sect of Moslems, founded by one Darazi at the end of the tenth century, who preached the divinity of a mad caliph named El Hakim at the foot of Mount Hermon, which is the cradle of the Druses. They call themselves Unitarians and now execrate Darazi, their founder. Their secret doctrine is contained in six volumes of three treatises, written by one Hamzeh, whom they venerate highly. There are about 150,000 of them, mostly living in the south of the Lebanon, where they are constantly fighting with the Maronites and Arab tribes, and when not so occupied they rebel against the Turkish authority. Their last rebellion was crushed in 1911.

It is a strange thing, but it is said on the authority of an American missionary that in Syria and Palestine Islam is seen at its best. The world of Islam is supported on five pillars, viz.: 1, confession of faith; 2, prayer; 3, fasting; 4, alms, and 5, pilgrimage. The Moslem believes that the Koran contains the very words of God, spoken in the first person and revealed to Mahomet by the archangel Gabriel. In Jerusalem Christians and Moslems get on better than in any other city. As all the prayers of Islam have to be said in Arabic, an unknown tongue to three-fourths of Mohammedans, the Syrian Moslems have an advantage over others of the same creed, as the language of the Syrians to-day is Arabic; it is only in a few villages that the Aramaic and Syrian dialects remain, and that in remote mountain districts, whither the inhabitants were driven by their conquerors. The number of Moslem saints is enormous; in Aleppo alone there are said to be no less than two hundred and ninety-one. There are shrines not only over all Syria and Palestine, but wherever Moslems are the ruling nation and in some places where they are not. All the old prophets have shrines, all the founders of Moslem orders of monks and dervishes and numbers of holy local and obscure men. Some of the Moslem saints were "sufis," that is, contemplative men seeking like Christian mystics union with God. Moslems pay vows to saints and pray to them and invoke them and flock to their shrines in all kinds of sickness and troubles, pilgrimage being, as we have said, one of the five pillars of their religion.

[3] Bliss.

Sometimes Moslems and Christians venerate the same saint under a different name; in Palestine there are several Christian shrines dedicated to the prophet Elias, and others sacred to St. George, and the Moslems venerate at the same shrine a mysterious personage called the Kudr, whom they worship as the Ever Green or Ever Living One. No image or picture is allowed in Moslem shrines; that they would consider idolatry. A shrine varies from a few stones built up in a circle to a handsome tomb or little chapel, which often dominates some height, and before it a lamp or lamps are kept burning, and if it is an important shrine, a guardian lives by it to keep the lamps burning and to receive the offerings of pilgrims. There are nine Moslem orders represented in Palestine and Syria, most of them dating from the Middle Ages, including dervishes and fakirs and wandering dervishes, who live by begging, and dancing dervishes. There are three orders of dervishes; the fakir or wandering dervish is the lowest, and the sheikhs are the highest, and these wear as a distinguishing mark a red turban.

At certain seasons, particularly during the Greek Holy Week, twelve days later than ours, and during the second and third weeks in September, the dervishes are very active in Palestine and Syria, giving demonstrations of their powers of curing snake-bites, of walking unhurt through fire and whirling for hours in their dances and inaugurating tremendous processions, especially on Good Friday, when the Christian procession of the dead Christ takes place. This, of course, is no mere coincidence, but is done with the intention of drawing attention to themselves instead of to the Christian procession. To this Good Friday procession come pilgrims from Bagdad, holy men from all parts, Damascus merchants and Bedouins from beyond Jordan; the pilgrimage lasts from five to six days, and the pilgrims are fed with the food which has been given generously to the various shrines visited. Poor people from Jerusalem are provided with donkeys by the Moslem priests, and the procession follows the whole of the Via Dolorosa, winds round the Mount of Olives and starts before noon on Good Friday and is headed by a black flag. In other parts of Palestine similar demonstrations are allowed to take place at the same time. The dervishes frequently wound themselves with their swords in the course of the procession, to be cured by some holy sheikh. The Jews in Palestine now number about 800,000; those in Syria amount to 600,000. They mostly speak Hebrew, though many come from Russia and Roumania; very rarely do they speak Arabic. Dr. Bliss says that the Zionist movement finds very little favor with the Jerusalem Jews of the present day, or with the Jews of Palestine generally, many of those who are orthodox Jews looking upon it as a political movement, rather blasphemous than otherwise, and they rightly and sensibly say that

Almighty God, if He wishes to do so, can and will bring back the Jews to the Holy Land without any assistance from man in His own way and in His own time. As we should expect, there are a good many monasteries and convents in the Holy Land. The Eastern Churches have, strictly speaking, no religious orders, such as exist in the Catholic Church; all their monasteries are independent of each other, and were originally founded for some particular purpose. For instance, the Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre, whose head-quarters are in Jerusalem, was founded for the preservation of the holy places, and although not a religious order in the Catholic sense, independent houses with the same end in view are scattered all over Palestine. The convent of Mount Sinai was founded for the same object. All Orthodox monks follow the rule of St. Basil. The Jacobite Syrian monks, originally divided into four classes, now have only two divisions, the Cenobites and the Inclusi. The principal of these convents is the Convent of Constantine, or as it is generally called, the Convent of the Greeks. It is in the very centre of Jerusalem, and is so large that it covers a vast area of ground. No less than eight Bishops and nine archimandries or abbots live there, besides a large number of priests, deacons and lay brothers. Between Jerusalem and Jericho is the Convent of St. John, from which all Syrians are excluded, much to their indignation, only Greeks being admitted. The cells of some of the hermits belonging to it are approached by ladders, so steep are the mountains on which it is built. This convent has no less than three churches, one being dedicated to St. Thecla and the other two are the churches of St. Helena and Constantine.

At a place called Sedannyya is a convent of twenty-five nuns, dedicated to Our Lady, where in 1860 Christians who fled there from Damascus from the Moslems, who were massacring them, were preserved by a white dove, which hovered over the convent walls. The nuns of this convent wander about the neighboring villages, collecting oil for the feasts of Our Lady and for use in the convent. There are about forty monasteries in the Lebanon belonging to the Maronites, including fifteen nunneries, all these establishments being quite independent of each other. From the very earliest days of Christianity, hermits and monks have dwelt on the Lebanon, whose lonely mountains and inaccessible heights attract them. There are here a large number of Syrian Catholic and Armenian Catholic monasteries. The Lebanon range extends for 120 miles from north to south, and is about from thirty-five to forty miles wide, so it covers a fair amount of territory. Altogether one-sixth of the land here belongs to the various religious orders, the Maronites owning about four-fifths of the whole. One famous convent dedicated to the Blessed Virgin is said to have been built in the

fourth century by the Emperor Theodosius. It is the titular seat of the Patriarchs, who visit it during the summer months. The most popular and the richest of the Lebanon monasteries is situated over a gorge, with high mountain walls around it, at a place called Qozhaya; close by it is the celebrated cave of St. Antony, in which the saint is said to have slept when he came from Egypt to visit the hermits and monks of the Lebanon. This is the great place of pilgrimage, where the insane and those believed to be possessed by devils of all creeds, Christians, Jews and Moslems, are brought to be cured and exorcised by the priests, who use very drastic means to drive out the evil spirits.

Among the Catholic orders who have establishments in Palestine and Syria may be mentioned the Franciscans, who for centuries have had charge of the holy places in Jerusalem; the Carmelites, who are once more established on Mount Carmel; the White Fathers. of South Africa, who have a seminary in Jerusalem for training priests for the Greek Catholic Melchite Church, and the Jesuits, who have labored in the Holy Land from the sixteenth century. They have a university at Beyrout and a printing press there, from which many learned works are issued, and they founded a seminary in the Lebanon in 1734, which is now in the hands of the Lazarist Fathers. In Beyrout the Christian population outnumbers the Moslem and the Christians are in ascendancy there.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, England.

A CENTURY OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

CATHOLIC schools in St. Louis antedated, of course, the coming in 1818 of Bishop Dubourg to his newly selected see city, for settled by the Catholic Laclede, coming later under Spanish control, such educational institutions as existed, if not virtually connected with the Church, were yet closely associated with it. But when on the feast of the Epiphany, 1818, the trading-post on the western bank of the Mississippi River became the episcopal seat of the Diocese of Upper and Lower Louisiana, Catholic education was automatically established. The scholarly Bishop Dubourg while in Rome, whither he had gone for his consecration, knowing from his experience as president of Georgetown College and later as adminstrator of his future see the need of religious teachers as well as of priests in the New World, secured for his diocese a community of Vincentians, with the intention of placing them over the seminary and college it was his intention to open. Of the little band the saintly Father Felix de Andreis was the superior and Father Joseph Rosati a member—names immortally associated with the Church in Missouri.

Starting in advance of the Bishop, the party reached Baltimore in the summer of 1816 and traveling by stage and flatboats, continued their journey to Bardstown, Kentucky, where, under the guidance of Bishop Flaget, they prepared themselves for the work awaiting them on the further frontier. They assisted in the meanwhile in teaching in St. Thomas' Seminary, which had been founded by Bishop Flaget in 1811. Thus when Bishop Dubourg took possession of his diocese he had with him the nucleus of that higher education which, distinguishing St. Louis from the beginning, has grown with her growth and stands her pride and her glory. The Bishop immediately opened his seminary, its first home being a small log house near the Cathedral, which was also of logs. At Perryville, some eighty miles from St. Louis, a colony of Kentuckians of Maryland descent have established themselves and true to the dictates of their Catholic ancestry, they petitioned Bishop Dubourg to build his seminary among them, offering a tract of land as an inducement. The offer was accepted and to the Barrens, as the settlement was called, the Vincentians went and, aided by the happy farmers, built the first seminary west of the Missisippi. In these days when we apply the test of the material to our seminaries, colleges and academies, no less than to our commercial buildings, it is well to take a look at that new home of the Vincentians—men who had left the comfort and culture of Roman life

to bring Christianity to the far West. In the life of Father de Andreis by Bishop Rosati we find the following description of it:

"The first college building was a log cabin, 18 by 25 feet. This cabin was at once the chapel, dormitory, study room, kitchen, recreation hall and tailor shop; yet everything had its time and place and all was done with as much order as in a regular seminary. Charity, piety and poverty went hand in hand, and that poor beginning must have been as pleasing a spectacle to the angels as it was a subject of admiration to the people of the surrounding country. There could be seen at the same time Father Rosati on one side teaching a class; on another the good lay brother cooking a scanty dinner, and, in a corner, Mr. Cellini trying to make sausages, while to complete the picture, a cow would occasionally put her head in at the door, to petition, in her own noisy way, for something to eat. During the first winter, as the cabin was badly built, and still worse roofed, the rain, and especially the snow, would penetrate through the innumerable openings, and some mornings the buffalo robes and blankets under which the inmates were peacefully slumbering would be found covered with a considerable quantity of snow. Poverty did not permit them to furnish their windows with panes of glass, so they substituted paper or white muslin."

An addition of two stories, with attic and basement, was soon built, and within a few years after its opening the college had an attendance of eighty students. Its course of studies, we read, covered six years and embraced Latin, Greek, history, mathematics (including analytical geometry and calculus), chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy, geology, English (embracing rhetoric and English literature), French, Italian, Spanish, German, Christian doctrine and music. For candidates for the priesthood a three years' theological course was added to the six years of classics. This course embraced moral and dogmatic theology, Sacred Scripture, canon law, homiletics, pastoral theology, liturgy, ecclesiastical history, plain chant and sacred eloquence. As preaching the Gospel to the neglected is as important a part of the life-work of the Vincentians as teaching, and as from every hand came the cry for their ministrations, Saturday of each week saw the professors leaving the chair for the saddle. The various settlements were regularly visited by them, and when the summer vacations dismissed them from their duties in the school they would set forth on long missionary travels, often having to break the way through the forests and canebrakes. Nor did they confine their spiritual activities to their own race. As far as the institution of slavery permitted, they helped the negro and opened missions among the Quapaw Indians in Kansas. Various parishes were confided to their care, and in

the evangelization of Missouri the sons of St. Vincent de Paul have their glorious share. Equally do they share in the upbuilding of the episcopate beginning with Bishop Rosati, who succeeded to the See of St. Louis in 1824, down to Monsignor Glass, consecrated Bishop of Salt Lake in 1915, the society has given many great and good Bishops and Archbishops to the Church in North America.

One of the missions attended by the professors of the Barrens was that of Cape Girardeau. Coming into possession through purchase of a desirable piece of property, they decided to separate the college from the seminary, removing the former to the Cape. This was done in the spring of 1844, and St. Vincent College of Cape Girardeau entered upon its notable career. In 1859, at the request of Archbishop Kenrick and the Bishops of the province, it was converted into a seminary for the exclusive use of ecclesiastical students, and was maintained as such until the war between the States brought a consequent falling off in aspirants for the sacred ministry. While St. Vincent did not close its doors during that time of trial, still its purely ecclesiastical status was not observed and the collegiate and commercial departments were resumed. As time passed, however, the ecclesiastical body grew beyond its accommodations and either a new building must be erected or another home sought. The latter was decided upon, and the foundation of the great Kenrick Seminary was laid, when in 1893 the seminary was removed from the Cape to St. Louis. Under His Grace Archbishop Glennon, now happily ruling, a splendid home for the seminary was built at Glennon Park, Webster Groves, a suburb of St. Louis, and there, with the Vincentians still guiding its destinies, the work of supplying priests for the Church of the West, begun by Bishop Dubourg in a log hut, is carried on. The St. Mary Seminary of the Barrens is conducted by the Vincentians for their own students, there being also located there the mother house of the Western province of the society. St. Vincent College at Cape Girardeau is also maintaned by them in a flourishing condition.

Bishop Dubourg's educational interests did not overlook the needs of women. He showed his solicitude for them in obtaining from Blessed Mother Baret a little foundation of her Religious of the Sacred Heart for his diocese. Led by Venerable Philippine Duchesne, the band reached New Orleans on May 29, 1818, and the desire of her apostolic soul for work among the Indians seemingly at last to be fulfilled, Mother Duchesne's first act on landing was to kneel and kiss the ground. What makes the story of success interesting is the struggle that leads up to it, and the harder that struggle, the more threatening the defeat, the keener its appeal to

us. Though you may never have turned your hand over, though yours has been the goodly inheritance of pleasant places, and to wish is to have, still the state of power was secured for you by the struggles, the failures, the successes of the race and your heart leaps at their recital. Unless you are unworthy of your heritage, you would barter your life of ease and ennui for a place in the long glorious line of fighters. I would not say that all the glory belongs to Philippine Duchesne and the many like her who out of their lives builded Church and State, school and home in the centuries that are gone by. Here and to-day the old gallant fight is being made. On the frost-bound regions of the Northwest, the burning sands of New Mexico, the wastes of Arizona, in hardships, in loneliness, in apparent failure, the pioneer toils as his forefathers toiled in the Middle West and the East; there the missionary and the Sister carry on their hard work, with the same faith and courage of their spiritual ancestors. But all of them, the settler in his shack, the priest in his poor church, the Sister struggling with her Indian and Mexican pupils find that faith and courage renewed as the story of Mother Duchesne comes to them across the years. She belonged to a French family of wealth and importance; she was highly educated and had ever led the sheltered life of her class. In her convent in France, if she had none of her former leisure and luxury, yet her duties as teacher were not arduous, and she suffered no privations as to food, raiment and the other necessities of being. But from the hour she set foot on Missouri soil suffering became her portion. At St. Charles, a hamlet on the Missouri River, she opened her convent, the first of the Society of the Sacred Heart outside of France and the first of any order of women west of the Mississippi River. For her and her gently nurtured companions there was the life of the pioneer, raw, harsh, lonely. By the labor of their own hands they supplied the rude fare for their table; they learned the use of hammer and saw; they herded and milked their cows. Besides this, they taught their school. At Florissant, to which, owing to conditions, they removed about a year later, although the St. Charles house was afterward reopened and flourishes to-day, they received their first novices, that guarantee of continuance. There also they were brought into close touch with the pioneer priests, going to and from the Bishop's farm nearby, and invaluable was the service Mother Duchesne and her community rendered those weary toilers in the Master's new field.

Louisiana received the Religious of the Sacred Heart within a short time; convents were opened in St. Louis; New York and other Eastern States rejoiced in their advent until to-day their houses bind the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Great Lakes and the

Gulf, flourish in Canada, Mexico and Cuba—all the outgrowth, New Zealand included, of the branch planted by Mother Duchesne, in poverty and humiliation and pain, in St. Charles on the Missouri one hundred years ago. Of their work in the school, of their work in the world, through their retreats for women and their splendidly organized society of Children of Mary, of these it it needless to speak. They are too well known. From her convent the Religious of the Sacred Heart exerts an influence undreamed of through the girls she has trained for the various walks, ever widening and multiplying, for women. In the home, in the world, in the cloister the hidden nun lives on in the life her consecrated hands helped to mould, because that Philippine Duchesne set the banner of the Sacred Heart in the Diocese of St. Louis, one hundred years ago.

May 29, 1823, is a day marked in the annals of Missouri. Without prearrangement it brought to the State two other religious orders destined to work marvels for it—the Jesuits from Whitemarsh, Maryland, and the Sisters of Loretto, from Loretto, Kentucky. Not that the Jesuits were now making their first appearance on the frontier! Long before Laclede had set up his trading-post on the far bank of the Mississippi the sons of St. Ignatius had blazed the way through and beyond it in their quest of souls. But now they came to establish their society firmly in the soul and take charge of the St. Louis College, which in the first year of his residence Bishop Dubourg had founded in the city. Like the other episcopal buildings, this was of log and stood in the Cathedral yard. It was taught by the priests of the Cathedral, with Father de Andreis as director, and was patronized by the sons of the leading citizens, irrespective of creed. But Bishop Dubourg sought for it permanence and development such as the Jesuits were admirably fitted to give. Yielding to his solicitation, the superior of Whitemarsh sent a community under the Rev. P. J. Verhaegen to St. Louis. The Bishop gave to them his farm at Florissant, where they opened their novitiate and conducted for a time a school for Indian boys. On assuming control of the St. Louis College the Jesuits purchased a new site and erected a substantial building in the fall of 1828. In 1832 the General Assembly of Missouri granted the institution a charter, and thus the St. Louis University, probably the first university west of the Mississippi and certainly the first in the Louisiana Purchase, came into existence. The dream of Bishop Dubourg, though his eyes of flesh did not see its fulfillment, was realized.

To attempt even a cursory review of the work of the university would extend this paper far beyond its space. A divinity faculty was organized in 1834; faculty of medicine, 1836; in 1889, the

graduate school of philosophy and science; in 1890 the St. Louis Dental College was affiliated; in the same year a school of advanced science and the faculty of law were inaugurated; the school of commerce and finance came next; a school of telegraphy was installed in the fall of 1917 to meet the exigencies resulting from the entrance of the United States into the war. A school of elementary nursing was also opened, and a course in pedagogy added. The standing of the university is of the very highest. Time and again honors have come to its graduates in various fields of endeavor. They are to be found in positions which in themselves are a guarantee of character and ability. It has been a determining factor in the community during the century of its existence. As for the work of the Jesuit Fathers outside of the university, it is interwoven with the history of Missouri and the far West. From St. Louis went De Smet and his companions to labor among the Indians; others followed the white Catholics who helped to blaze the trail for civilization on to the shores of the Pacific.

When we turn to the work of the Sisters of Loretto, who as we have seen entered Missouri simultaneously with the Jesuits, we find an illustration of a spirit as indomitable as that animating the sons of St. Ignatius. Their first mission in the State was at the Barrens, where the Vincentian Fathers had their seminary. The hardships that they met and conquered, their bravery in rising out of every disaster won the admiration of all. They were called to aid the Jesuits among the Osage Indians in Kansas and readily answered, nor is any tribute too high for their accomplishments among the red men—a work which they are still carrying on in New Mexico and Oklahoma. When Bishop Lamy begged for religious for his distant Diocese of Santa Fé, the Sisters of Loretto responded, and to-day their schools and academies flourish in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Oklahoma, as well as Kansas. They also teach in public schools in some of those States. In Missouri alone they have charge of twenty-two parochial schools, eleven of these being in St. Louis, while they have flourishing academies in St. Louis, Kansas City, Cape Girardeau, Florissant and Springfield. At Webster Groves, not far from Kenrick Seminary, is their new Loretto College, established in 1915, the only women's college in Missouri with a four-years' course. The professors of the seminary lecture before the classes in Sacred Scripture, religion, psychology, social science and metaphysics. The Sisters composing the faculty received their degrees at the Catholic University and other leading universities. They have the other departments.

In the early years of Bishop Rosati's episcopate other orders came

in: the Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg, who taught school in connection with their work for the orphans; the Sisters of St. Joseph, who, arriving in 1836, opened the first free school in the State, as well as the first Catholic school for the deaf in the United States; the Sisters of the Visitation, who founded their convent first at Kaskaskia and which they later removed to St. Louis. Under his illustrious successors in the see, religious education continued to be fostered. Unless the condition is insurmountable, the parochial school is found in every parish. In St. Louis are the diocesan high schools for boys and girls. A diocesan school board is over the schools of the diocese, and all are required to come up to the standard. Many of the teaching orders of men and women are represented in the parochial schools of Missouri, while academies and colleges for boys are to be found in St. Louis and other cities of the State.

Reviewing the results of the century that has elapsed since Bishop Dubourg took up his residence in St. Louis, who shall limit the possibilities before the Church in the West in the days that are to come! We must avail ourselves of those opportunities or prove unworthy of the heritage bequeathed us by those noble men and women who laid the foundation of Christian civilization on the western shore of the Father of Waters.

Anna C. Minogue.

St. Louis, Mo.

BRITTANY AND ITS PEOPLE.

ONE of the most interesting corners of France is Brittany. It may be designated a corner, since in its peninsular form it is set away by itself within the embrace of the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. But its individuality is not alone geographical; it is as well ethnological and historical. The Bretons are a people differentiated from the French in language, customs and ideals. They hold kinship with the Celts of Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Brittany, whose ancient name was Armorica (Armor by the Sea), was originally peopled by the race of the dolmen-builders, a brown-eyed and dark-haired people, who strewed it with their monuments. Little remains or is known of the Armoricans. It is supposed that the Bigaudens, as they are called, who occupy the promontory of Sizun and Pont l'Abbé, directly south of Quimper, are descendants of the Armoricans. From Pliny and Cæsar we learn little about the first inhabitants of Brittany, or, as it was then called, Armorica. Pliny calls Brittany "the looking-on peninsula of the ocean." In the time of Cæsar the country was divided into five distinct tribal divisions nearly corresponding to the present five departments of Brittany. Of these the Venetii, who occupied Morbihan, gave battle to Cæsar, who defeated them in the great naval engagement before Dariobrigum and so finally subjugated the Armoricans. But it was in vain that the Romans endeavored to replace among the Armoricans the cult of Druidism with the worship of the Roman gods. The Armoricans only abandoned the religion of the Druids to embrace Christianity, which was introduced into Brittany during the fourth century by the disciples of St. Martin of Tours. The monks who came to Brittany from England and Ireland during the sixth and seventh centuries completed the work.

In speaking of the establishment of Christianity in Brittany it should be noted what a prominent part the Irish missionaries bore in the work. When Ireland through the teachings of St. Patrick turned from Druidism to the Cross, the spirit which stirred into religious life the Celt of Ireland soon reached the shores of Brittany, and as a consequence missionary colleges for the training of young men for the priesthood were established there almost coeval with their foundation in Ireland. Indeed, the work of the evangelization of Ireland seems to have sent a religious thrill through Brittany. It may be added, too, that not only did Irish missionaries carry the torch of faith into Brittany, but large numbers of the Irish from the south of Ireland—from Wexford and Ossory—passed over and settled in Brittany during the close of the fifth century

along the west and north coast. Indeed, the coastline of Cornouaille and Léon was studded thick with them. It was unfortunate for Brittany that her position made her a prey to invasion early in the centuries. Now the Huns ravaged her interior, now Saxon, Frisian and Dane preyed upon her coasts. Then, too, as in Ireland, want of cohesion among the chieftains or princes weakened her resistance in battling with an invading foe. Yet Brittany has marched down the centuries full of honor, wearing the garb of heroic achievement. Her history is starred with brilliant deeds on land and sea. It is true she has at times yielded—as what people or nation has not?—to the capricious vicissitudes of fortune. But the life of Brittany and the ideal of the Breton people have been a logical unit through the centuries. There are nations that develop, but lose sight of their ideal. They march rapidly, but blindly. This cannot be said of Brittany. She has ever held tenaciously to her moral centre. Other peoples have stained their escutcheons; she has not. Brittany is an embodiment of Celtic moral life. She is an embodiment, too, of Celtic idealism.

What is her history through the centuries? Briefly, it is this: Till the middle of the tenth century Brittany was engaged in continual warfare with Danes and Northmen, who harassed her shores. These Vandals from the North pillaged and destroyed the churches of Brittany and turned the country into a waste. At length the Bretons, in 938, with Alan Barbetorte, godson of Athelstan, King of England, at their head, succeeded in driving out the Northmen. The country was then reorganized. Hitherto the colonists had been divided into tribes, each of which was a *plou* and into which no Gallo-Roman could enter. But after the victories of Alan Barbetorte, the *plous* were not reconstructed and the feudal system succeeded to that which was tribal. Brittany was now broken up into a hierarchy of counties and seigniories and the King abandoned the royal title and contented himself with that of duke. The great counties were those of Léon, Cornouaille, Coher, Porhoet, Penthièvre, Rennes and Nantes. Five barons defended the eastern frontier, holding their fiefs under the Count of Rennes; these were Chateaubriand, La Guerche, Vitré, Fougères and Combourg. When William the Conqueror became King of England, Brittany was nipped between France and Normandy and became an object of ambition to both and a common battlefield. It will be remembered that Henry II., King of England, married his son, Geoffrey Plantagenet, to Constance, daughter of Conan IV., the heiress of Brittany, and Geoffrey was crowned at Rennes in 1169. It was Arthur, son of Geoffrey and not John Lackland—or, as the French designate him, Jean Santerre—who on the death of Richard Cœur de Lion

was the rightful heir to the English throne. To get rid of Arthur, John had been first imprisoned in the tower of Rouen and then cruelly murdered. But Shakespeare's story in the play of "King John" —which, by the way, is a political, not an historical play—of Constance, mother of Arthur, dying broken-hearted is not true. Constance married Guy de Thouars and had by him a daughter and heiress, who was married to Pièrre de Dreux. In 1491 the history of Brittany as an independent country ceases. On December 6 of that year Anne, Duchess of Brittany, in the Chateau of Langeais, in Touraine, married Charles VIII., King of France. The contract safeguarded the liberties of Brittany which, however, afterwards were violated.

The so-called Reformation—which was rather a rebellion than a reformation—of the sixteenth century made little headway in Brittany. When Henry IV., King of France, came to the throne in 1589 he was a Calvinist. There were at this time in Brittany three parties mutually antagonistic—the leaguers, supporters of the house of Guisé, the Huguenots and the Royalists. Nantes became the headquarters of the league. The Huguenots from Vitré and the Castles of the family of Rohan, who had espoused the new faith, swept the country, ravaging and burning. Nine years of war ensued between 1589 and 1598, during which Brittany was almost depopulated. But the attempt to graft Calvinism on the Catholic tree of faith planted in Brittany by co-laborers of St. Patrick proved a failure.

When we pass to the French Revolution of 1789 we see what a noble stand the Breton peasantry made against the bloodthirsty ruffians who had grasped the reigns of power. As Baring-Gould, the English author, in his work on Brittany tells us: "Liberty, equality and fraternity in the mouths of these latter meant tyranny, robbery and massacre. Again the soil of Brittany was drenched in blood. The curés were hunted like wild beasts and when caught were hung, guillotined or shot. Under the Reign of Terror the moderate Breton deputies who belonged to the party of the Girondins had to fly for their lives. The Convention sent down into Brittany, Carrier and others, the scum of humanity, to 'purify' the country. Twenty-eight Girondists were guillotined at Brest. Any one who was held suspect was at once sent to his death. The Loire at Nantes was choked with the bodies of inoffensive men, women and children drowned in the Noyades." We have already said that the Bretons have tenaciously held to their ideals and battled for them. With the deep fervency of the Celt, whose meaning of life is ever interpreted in terms of piety and faith, the Bretons live in the world of the spiritual and the beauty of its mansions has entered their souls. They are linked to heaven by a childlike faith

and seem to have ever before them their baptismal and confirmation vows. Men wiser in sin and vainer in reason charge them with superstition, but they are content with their allegiance to God. Him they will serve despite any mandate of Cæsar.

There are five departments in Brittany: Côtes-du-Nord, Finistère, Morbihan, Ile-et-Vilaine and Loiré Inférieure. Of these Finistère is the most populous. The country is divided into two sections: Upper and Lower Brittany. In the latter the Breton or Celtic tongue prevails, the French being an acquired language. Brittany of to-day has a population of about 3,400,000. The increase in its population surpasses that of any other part of France, as may be seen from the fact that against this 3,400,000 inhabitants it had but 2,947,348 in 1872. The Breton tongue is yet the habitual language of 1,500,000, of whom about 500,000 know no other language. The Breton is not a uniform language, but comprises four dialects—that of Tréguier, Léon, Cornouaille and Vannes. As regards these dialects, Brizeux, the French poet, holds that the dialect of Vannes is of greater character and originality than the other dialects of Brittany. The five departments of Brittany have distinguishing characteristics. The Côtes-du-Nord is the most productive from an agricultural point of view, for the inland valleys are rich in grain and the seaboard districts in a great variety of fruits. Finistère, whence France still draws her best sailors, is the most wildly picturesque and also the richest in mineral wealth, possessing large silver and lead mines. Morbihan supports numerous herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Loiré Inférieure is the best watered district and grows vines as well as quantities of cereals, and Ile-et-Vilaine is noted for its fine breed of oxen and its extensive manufactures of linen and woolen fabrics.

In traveling from St. Malo to Cape Frehel in the summer time one is reminded very much of the Mediterranean, and as one passes into the Tréguier country, leaving behind smiling fields and flashing rivulets, one is prepared for real Finistère, where we are ushered into the region of mediæval France and its traditions. This is the Calvary country, with its plains dotted with prehistoric dolmen, and Menhir with its Calvary and saint cut often from the living granite. Then follow the rockbound coasts of the country of Léon and Cornouaille. Farther down below the Léon country, even below rocky Cornouaille and the luxuriant fields of Quimper and Quimperlé, we come upon the mysteries of the little so-called Sea of Auray. This is the ancient Morbihan region, dwelling place of the Celts, whose ancestors lived among the dolmens, the cromlechs and the enormous stones in alignment and ranged in irregular circles. We are now in the very heart of Druidical Brittany. Then follows

the Vannes district and the savage desolation of the Landes filled with feudal ruins. As regards these dolmens and menhirs found in Brittany, antiquarians hold that they were family or tribal tombs of the Druids or a prehistoric people, and the so-called alignments are monuments erected by the tribe to the honor of the dead interred in the dolmens, the circles of stone being perhaps the places where the bodies were cremated or where the sacrifices were made upon the altars. Carnac, a lonely, small place situated on the flat shores of Quiberon Bay, a short distance from Auray, derives its name from the two Breton words, "carn," signifying stones, and "ac," a town. It is worth noting that all the local names in this region of Carnac are derived from funeral ceremonies. Thus in the Breton tongue Plouharnel means place of ossuaries, or bone houses; Kermaris, place of the dead, and Kerliscan, place of ashes. Five of the most important cities in Brittany are St. Malo, Rennes, Brest, Vannes and Nantes, though these five cities are by no means of most importance as centres for the study of Breton life. You reach St. Malo by boat from Southampton, in England, and this old mediæval city, with its walls and gates, is an excellent place to begin a tour of Brittany. Indeed you should begin with a study of the Malduin before you enter the heart of Brittany. By the way, the Malduin is a sailor—essentially so. Something about the old walled city of St. Malo with its six gates, its high tides, its countless sails moving unceasingly hither and thither like winged birds upon the deep, its atmosphere of the sea together with that free, social and jovial character of comradeship which is the dower of marine cities that have been dreaming for centuries, now lulled, now awakened by the songs of the deep—something about this old quaint and historic city tells you without the memory of history that here, indeed, the great Malduin explorer, Jacques Cartier, was born. In the Cathedral of St. Malo, which is partly Gothic and partly Renaissance—St. Malo was an episcopal see before the French Revolution—you read within the chancel upon the floor these words: "Ici s'est ajenouillé Jacques Cartier pour recevoir la bénédiction à son depart pour la decouverte du Canada le mai 1535. Honore Mercier, Premier Ministre de Quebec, souvenir de la visite 1891." "Here knelt Jacques Cartier to receive the blessing at his departure for the discovery of Canada, May, 1535. Honore Mercier, Prime Minister of Quebec, souvenir of his visit, 1891."

How this commemorative inscription, full of patriotic import to every Canadian heart, recalls the beautiful lines penned by that gifted Irish balladist, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

"In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;

In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas.
A year passed o'er St. Malo, again came 'round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away,
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent,
And manly hearts were filled with grief and gentle hearts with fear
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year."

Rennes is the ancient capital of the Duchy of Brittany, situated in the department of Ile-et-Vilaine, and is composed of two towns, Upper and Lower, separated by the river Vilaine. It is a Cardinal's see and has a Cathedral, which, however, is a heavy piece of architecture. Rennes contains a university which in its courses devotes special attention to the study of Celtic. It has several excellent libraries and a museum containing some very fine French and Flemish paintings. Like Nantes, Rennes suffered terribly during the French Revolution. Brest is situated on the west coast of Brittany and possesses perhaps the finest harbor in Europe. It was but a fishing village gathered around a mediæval castle on the site of an old Roman camp when Cardinal Richelieu resolved on giving France command of the seas and fixed on Brest for a great dockyard in 1631. His undertaking was not followed up by Mazarin, but Colbert pursued it with energy and extensive docks were executed. Brest has witnessed many a fortune of war. From its harbor issued a fleet of eighty ships of the line under Tourville in the naval campaigns of 1690 and 1691. In 1694 an Anglo-Dutch fleet in vain attempted an attack on Brest. In the eighteenth century its quays and fortifications were extended. Issuing from Brest the fleet commanded by D'Orvilliers met July 27, 1778, the English fleet. Vannes is situated only three miles from the inland sea of Morbihan, on the Conteau. The name Vannes is from the Breton "givened," and means wheat. It was the ancient capital of the Celtic Venetii, who colonized the Adriatic and gave its name to Venice. It became a Roman town called Duriovigum and from it ran six Roman roads over the country to Rennes, Corseuil, Hennebont, Locmariaquer, Arzal and Rieux. Christianity having made some progress among the Venetii in A. D. 465, Perpetuus, Metropolitan of Tours, assembled a council at Vannes and a Bishop Paternus was consecrated for it. Northmen invaded and destroyed Vannes by fire in the tenth century. Thereafter it became the stronghold and residence of the dukes of Brittany. Nantes was founded long before the Roman invasion of Brittany and has been intimately bound up with Brittany as the true if not nominal capital of Brittany. It was in

Nantes that "la bonne Duchesse Anne" was married to Charles VIII. in 1491. Here was issued the famous Edict of Nantes, which gave freedom of conscience to the Huguenots after the long wars of the League.

In order the better to study Brittany and its people, it would be well for the tourist to select certain centres and from these centres make excursions. For instance, St. Malo could be selected, St. Brieuc, Morlaix, Tréguier or Paimpol. These are excellent points to gain an intimate knowledge of the Côtes-du-Nord. Then in Finistère, Quimper could be made a centre, and in Morhiban, Auray would be a good point from which to make brief excursions. Brittany is dowered with a great deal of history and with no small share of legend and myth. The Celts are above all a people of legends. They it is who have given life and glamour to history. Without them there would be no story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Without them there would be very little folklore or fairy lore. It is the Celtic strain in Shakespeare that has given us "Midsummer Night's Dream." However absurd and extravagant then as may be those legends of Brittany, we look upon them as a part of our childhood lore and willingly yield to the sway of their wand. But the two distinctive sides of the Breton worthy of the closest study are the religious and social. In these the Breton is most individual. There is nothing in any other part of Europe just like the Breton Pardon. The nearest resemblance to it is the Patron of Ireland, which, however, has disappeared largely from the life of Ireland.

"These pardons," writes Charles le Goffic, "have remained unchanged for over two hundred years and nowhere will you find anything so deliciously obsolete. They have no resemblance to other festivals. They are not pretexts for feasting, like the 'Flemmis Kermesses,' neither are they revels like the Paris fairs. No, their attraction comes from a higher source. They are the last vestiges of the ancient feasts of the dead and there is little laughter in them, though much prayer."

In truth, pardon in Brittany signifies the feast of the patron saint of a church or chapel, at which an indulgence is granted. The pardons do not extend farther east in Brittany than Guingamp, the date of whose celebration occurs on the first Sunday in July. There are five distinct kinds of pardons in Brittany: St. Yves, at Tréguier—the pardon of the poor; Our Lady of Roumengol—the pardon of the singers; St. Jean-du-Doigt—the pardon of fire; St. Ronan—the pardon of the mountain, and St. Anne de la Palude—the pardon of the sea. The pardons begin in March and end in October, but the majority of them are between Easter and Michaelmas. We attended

in June, 1903, the pardon of St. Jean du Doigt, which is situated about twelve miles north from Morlaix, almost on the seacoast. The Church of St. Jean du Doigt is a very interesting one, consisting of a collection of structures such as were wont to be grouped about a parish church. There is a holy well, a Calvary, an ossuary and an open oratory, where Mass is celebrated before an enormous crowd on the occasion of the pardon. Again in July, 1913, we attended the great pardon of St. Anne D'Auray, which takes place on July 24, a few miles from Auray, a little town in Morbihan. This is decidedly the greatest pardon in Brittany. It continues for two days and closes on the afternoon of the second day with a procession of the pilgrims with banners around the Scala Sancta and a sermon by some well-known Breton ecclesiastic. On the occasion of the celebration in 1913 the sermon, which was a most eloquent one, was preached by Monsignor Duparc, Bishop of Quimper. The Bishop of Vannes and Monsignor Pichon, Archbishop of Port au Prince, in the West Indies, were also present. We have said that the Breton pardon resembles somewhat the patron of Ireland. Indeed, the Breton resembles very much his fellow Celt in Ireland in the dominance of his spiritual character, in the purity of his morals, in his deep attachment to his Church and his respect for her priesthood, in his kindness and hospitality, in his sensitiveness of nature, in his courage, in his candor and in his love of the simple joys of life. It should not be forgotten that almost every pardon has a character of its own and a description of one by no means attaches to all. To see the genuine pardon one should go to the Breton-speaking portion of the country. In many of the other parts this religious gathering has degenerated into an ordinary village feast.

It is very probable that another quarter of a century will see the last of the pardons. It will not, however, be due to the decay of religious feeling among the people, for this will never go out in Brittany, but rather the Governmental opposition and the ill behavior of the tourists. These combined will perhaps induce the clergy to discourage them. As to the conduct of the Bretons themselves at these pardons, it is beyond reproach. One may wander till late among the thousands there enjoying themselves—for a Breton pardon has at times a social as well as a religious side—and see neither rudeness nor drunkenness. "One marvels," says a writer, "at the wondrous faces that greet the eye at those pardons; the pure, sweet and modest countenances of the girls and those not less striking of the old folk" It is the soul which is everything in these people and their physiognomy is modeled by it. Goodness, kindness, as well as cloistral spirituality stream from their faces. Indeed, the people of Brittany are intensely religious. With them religion is a

passion. It enters into their everyday life. The great drama of Calvary is kept ever before the eyes of the people, and it is beautiful to see a Breton peasant make a supreme act of faith as he reverently uncovers his head in passing a cross by the wayside. There are those, it is true, who believe that the Catholic faith will finally die out in Brittany, but such people do not understand the spiritual constitution of the Celt. He is above all a man of faith—faith which at times crosses the borderland and reaches into the dim regions of the mystic. This strong spiritual life is evident everywhere in Brittany and it has had for fruit the fashioning of a people along moral lines, making the Bretons strong where other races more advanced in so-called civilization give evidence of decay. Truly the Breton is the Sir Galahad of France, for "his strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure."

The genius of the Celt is subtle, full of feeling, full of magic and that witchery of the spirit which leads in captivity the senses. In truth, the Celt is a very literary necromancer, and the Breton is an exponent of all this Celtic enchantment. We do not wonder then that Brittany has been the mother of great thinkers and writers, of explorers, of great sea captains, of soldiers, of poets and of saints. Such a land of prayer and passion, of heroic actions and mystic dreams could not but create personalities of the highest order from the philosopher who treats profoundly of the essence and attributes of God to the idle dreamer who sits by the stream and builds with delicate and deft art a tender lyric fashioned from the lisping accents of his half awakened heart. A glorious array of names, then, crowd the memory as we think of Brittany in the past. Peter Abelard, dialectician, philosopher and theologian, who was born in the little village of Pallet, ten miles from Nantes, in 1079 and died in 1142, was among the great teachers and thinkers of his day. He became a wandering scholar, and among his teachers were William of Champeaux and Roscelin, the Nominalist. Abelard became a teacher at Paris and was idolized by his pupils, amongst whom were John of Salisbury and Arnold of Brescia. At a council held at Seus in 1141, St. Bernard being present, the teachings of Abelard were condemned, but the venerable monk, Peter of Cluny (Abelard's case being referred to Rome) obtained a mitigation of it and reconciled him with St. Bernard.

In the little town of Sarzeau, situated on the peninsula of Rhuys, between Morbihan and the sea, was born in 1668 the novelist and dramatist, René Le Sage, whose work, "Gil Blas," while not entirely original, is the finest example in literature of the picaresque romance adopted from the Spanish. Le Sage is the precursor of the modern romance and the legitimate ancestor of Balzac and Flaubert.

This gifted Breton writer died in 1747. Another Breton of distinction was Lavour d'Auvergne, soldier and author, who was born at Carhaix, in Finistère, in 1743, and was killed in battle while serving in the army of the Rhine in 1800. He was interred in the Pantheon in Paris in 1889. His chief work bears the title, "Nouvelles Recherches sur La Langue l'Origine et les Antiquités des Bretons." Between Combourg and Dinan is La Chenaie, the birthplace of Félicité Robert de Lamennais, political and religious writer, born in 1782, author of "Pardes d'un Croyant," "The Words of a Believer," but as Guizot, the historian, said, "the words of a believer who had lost his faith." Lamennais' life closed in sadness in 1854. St. Malo was the birthplace of the initiator of nineteenth century romanticism in France—Francois René de Chateaubriand, whose "Genius of Christianity" and "The Martyrs" entitle him to rank with the best French prose writers of the nineteenth century. Chateaubriand's life and lot were cast in stormy times. Born in 1768, he was an eye-witness of the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors. After his voyage to America in 1791, to which may be attributed something of the richness of coloring in his works, he enrolled himself in the army of the emigrés and entered Paris on the 18th Brumaire—that is, during the second calendar of the First French Republic—for at this time Dantan and Robespierre were revising civilization, with, of course, the aid of the Goddess of Reason. In 1802 Chateaubriand became a member of the French Academy and Napoleon appointed him Secretary to the French Embassy at Rome. He died in 1848. In connection with the spirit which pervades the literary work of Chateaubriand at this time, it should be noted that nearly all the writers of this period embody in their work something of the same unrest, as witness the "Childe Harold" of Byron and the "Werther" of Goethe. It is what the French call *le mal du Siècle*. Perhaps Chateaubriand's great value in literature is that he delivered the world of his time from materialism. In 1828 Chateaubriand craved that the city of St. Malo grant him enough of space to contain his coffin. "I shall repose on the shore of that sea which I loved so well," wrote the author of "The Genius of Christianity." His tomb is on Grand Bay, which forms a little islet when the tide at St. Malo comes in. Nor must we forget to add to the distinguished names that belong to Brittany those of Brizeuc, the poet, and La Villemarqué, French antiquarian and Celtic scholar. Both belong to Brittany by birth and genius, and to Brittany and its people they devoted their fine gifts most generously.

A modern Breton writer of our own day whose scholarship, research and literary style have won the attention of many scholars

is Ernest Renan, philosopher and orientalist. He was born in 1823 in the quaint old town of Tréguier, where the foremost saint of Brittany, St. Yves, patron saint of lawyers, lies buried. His death occurred in 1892. Turning away from the Catholic Church, for whose priesthood he had pursued his first studies, Renan early joined that body or band of European scholars who about the middle of the last century sought to rob the Founder of Christianity of His Divinity. The German skeptic, Strauss, had already entered this field and had given to the world his "Life of Christ." The translation of this work from German into English by the English novelist, George Eliot, had been no small factor in ranging the author of "The Mill on the Floss" on the side of Positivism. Renan went to the Holy Land to search out for the beginnings of Christianity. His work, it may be said, is of much greater danger to Christian faith than is that of Strauss, because of its apparent fairness and his readiness to attribute to Christ the highest form of the divine in man while denying that the Founder of the Christian religion was the veritable Son of God. Renan's two chief works are "The Origin of Christianity" and "The Life of Jesus." It is worth noting that Renan's grandson, M. Psichari, who was killed in battle in the present great war, became an uncompromising Catholic and has left behind him a work, "Le Voyage du Centurion," which in a measure atones for the denial of faith in his father. Let us here add three more names to the illustrious past of Brittany—one a famous French warrior, Bertrand Du Guesclin, born at Dinan in 1320; another a great sea captain, René Duguay-Trouin, born at St. Malo in 1673, and the third the bold and renowned and hardy explorer and discoverer, Jacques Cartier, born at St. Malo in 1491.

A still greater name than all these belongs to Brittany, that of the Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick. It is true that it has been claimed that St. Patrick was born in Scotland, but to-day it is generally accepted that St. Patrick was a Breton by birth. It is, however, difficult to establish in what part of Brittany Bonaven Taberniae, the birthplace of St. Patrick, was. Canon Fleming, of London, England, holds that Brittany in the days of St. Patrick included much more than ancient Armorica, that it extended across the north of France to Boulogne Sur Mer, and that it was in the latter place that the Apostle of Ireland was born. As regards Brittany and its extent, it is worth noting that Sulpicius Severus, the historian of St. Martin of Tours, in referring to the Council of Ariminum, held A. D. 359, tells us that three Bishops from Brittany attended it. If we only knew where these Bishops haled from we might know something of the extent of Brittany.

We have already spoken of the religious side of Brittany, its

pardons and Calvaries and crosses by the wayside. From Breton faith have sprung up and taken form its temples dedicated to the service of God, but while its Cathedrals in some instances are very noble structures, they do not measure up to those in other parts of France, the finest Gothic specimen being decidedly the Cathedral of St. Carentin at Quimper. There yet remains the social side of Brittany—the music, the costumes and the dancing. All three are most individual and unique. No people in Europe have better conserved their traditions than the Bretons. They stand as a rock against the craze and vice of modernizing, and in this they are happily inspired and led by their Breton bard, Theodore Botrel, a man of genius and patriotism, who organized some years ago at picturesque Pont Aven, in Finistère, where the poet lives, a fête which is known as "Le Pardon des Ajoncs d'Or." This is almost purely a social fête, and from every quarter of Europe tourists and visitors come to witness this charming festival, where prizes are awarded for the best Breton dancing, the best Breton plays, the best Breton singing and the most beautiful Breton costumes. We attended this delightful fête in 1913, the celebration of which always takes place on July 26.

As regards Breton costumes, they are certainly the most beautiful to be found anywhere in Europe. We have seen the costumes of the island of Zeeland, the Tyrolese and the Arlesian in Provençe, but the costumes of Finistère in Brittany have more character in them and seem to be the outcome of the utility and taste of centuries rather than that of the caprice and fashion of a day. Of course these Breton costumes may be easily traced to the Middle Ages. Perhaps the isolation of Brittany and the tenacious and conservative character of its people have been the chief factors that have contributed to the conservation of the Breton costumes. And so varied are these costumes that it may be said that in Lower Brittany there are as many varieties in costumes as there exist parishes. The Breton dances are very individual and the Breton, like his brother Celt in Ireland, is fond of celebrating every fête and gathering with a dance. Whether it be in street or field or hall, one sees peasants dancing what is known as the *gavotte*. Two musicians usually supply the music, one with the binion, the Breton bagpipes, and one with an instrument known as the bombarde, which is a kind of flageolet. At an ordinary Breton country dance the musicians occupy the heads of barrels. The pipers are gaily decorated in broad-brimmed black hats, festooned with ribbons. At a warning scream from the pipes the couples begin to form for a new dance. A long line of dancers hand in hand stand motionless before the binions, who drone softly for an interval. Then all at once the tune begins and in a

moment the whole line breaks and forms into fours, moving in a stately manner in a sort of polka. The dancers keep good time, going through a variety of figures, but always returning to the "grand ronde," dancing together hand and hand with great precision and animation and sometimes with much grace. Emile Louvestre has traced this "grand ronde" dance of Brittany to Druidic origin and the movement of the stars.

No poet of any country has so entered into the spiritual and social life of the people as has Theodore Botrel, the bard of Brittany. He has felt the Breton pulse beat under every passion. Botrel is their true minstrel, striking every chord in their tender and sympathetic hearts. He has caught up the very soul of Brittany in song and he is welcomed and hailed everywhere as their prophet and leader. In his Introduction to Botrel's "Les Chansons de Chez Nous," Le Braz, author of "The Land of Pardons," gives us the following picture of a gathering of fishermen assembled at Port Blanc to hear Botrel interpret his songs of Brittany. "Particularly significant is the memory I have of a certain occasion at Port Blanc. Botrel had announced that he would sing for the fishermen and their families. They came in whole tribes—men, women, children, to the place of meeting, which was the principal room of an inn, lighted by tallow candles, the windows open to the night air, on which came softly the great organ notes of the sea. Strange faces were there, hardened by the northern cold or burned by the sun of the tropics. Only the women were seated, their hands crossed on their aprons. Everybody had come long before the time and was waiting with a rapt, eager air. The bard took his place. He had hardly begun singing "The Paimpol Maid" when suddenly, spontaneously the whole company joined in with a great crescendo of rough, nasal voices like the noise of the tide rushing in upon the rocks."

We have already spoken of how truly Theodore Botrel voices the Breton soul in song. He is the interpreter of every phase of Breton life and reveals it in all its heroic strength, in all its delicacy and tenderness, in the rugged aspect of its honest toil, in the strong and unswerving faith that upholds it in its great conserving force that makes for truth and justice and the perpetuation of those virtues whereby a people and a nation live. There is in the Breton as in the Norwegian something that links his nature with the mystery and drama of the sea. Mayhap his childhood has passed where the white sails come and go and in time he comes to regard the ocean with a feeling of filial kinship and reverence, not fear. Look at the great fleet of fishing boats that quit each year the Breton coast for Newfoundland and Iceland. The Iceland fleet starts on February

20 and is absent till the autumn. Its headquarters is at Paimpol, on the northern coast in the Bay of St. Brieuc. As many as one hundred and eighty vessels set out together, and a most interesting ceremony to witness is the blessing of the fleet, which takes place with solemnity before its departure. It may be worth noting here that Paimpol is the scene of Pièrre Loti's novel, "Les Pêcheurs d'Islande."

In connection with these strong and daring-hearted Breton fishermen who annually set out from Paimpol for the waters of Iceland, leaving their Breton homes, their mothers and sisters and sweethearts behind, Theodore Botrel has written the following beautiful poem, which we give in translated form, though as such it is bereft of much of its true spirit and beauty:

"THE PAIMPOL MAID."

Leaving the country of the broom,
The Breton lad must go one day
As fisher in the Arctic seas
To Iceland's banks so far away.
Hark the poor lad's lay,
Which he hums all day:
"Fair Paimpol and its lofty cliffs,
Its pardon—all are dear to me.
And, oh, I love the Paimpol maid
Who waits me there in Brittany."

The boats are starting from the bay,
The curé says, "My boys, good-bye.
Pray often to Monsieur St. Yves,
Who watches us from the blue sky."
Hark the poor lad's lay,
Which he hums all day:
"Ah, be not angry, great St. Yves,
The skies are not so blue to me
As the eyes of the lovely Paimpol maid
Who waits me there in Brittany."

Well guided by the little star
The Captain says it seems to him
His snowy sails do often shine
Like white wings of the Seraphim!
Hark the poor lad's lay,
Which he hums all day:
"Thy snowy sail, my old Jean Blais,
Can never shine so bright to me

As the white coif of the Paimpol maid
Who waits me there in Brittany!"

The sailor brave casts the long line,
Throws the harpoon and toils his best;
With fishy odors all around
Lies down to take a little rest.
Hark the poor lad's lay,
Which he hums all day:
"Before a cheerful fire of gorse
How much more happy should I be
Beside the pretty Paimpol maid
Who waits me there in Brittany."

At times the ocean, unsubdued,
Will waken with a cruel air,
And when at night the roll is called
Full many names are wanting there.
Hark the poor lad's lay,
Which he hums all day:
"To battle with the English fleet
Needs more than simple boys like me.
I'll tell my pretty Paimpol maid
Who waits me there in Brittany!"

And when the great wave comes for him
And with a mighty voice doth call
Making the sign of Holy Cross
The gallant lad resigns his all.
That fearful day
When death takes him away,
Clasping his medal with a kiss
He falls into the deep deep sea,
Still dreaming of the Paimpol maid
Who waits him there in Brittany!

In terminating this paper on "Brittany and Its People," may we say, with Mrs. Arthur G. Bell, in the closing lines of her "Picturesque Brittany." "Its warm-hearted, conservative people, with their tenacious ideality and their unworldly devotion to their primitive ways, have altogether won our affections. Long may it be before so-called progress stamps out their individuality or the growing skepticism of their French neighbors destroy the childlike faith that is the purifying leaven of their simple lives and thanks to which their country even at this late day still deserves her beautiful name of "Le Pays des Pardons."

THOMAS O'HAGAN.
Toronto, Canada.

A SUMMER TOUR OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA.

A sleeping beauty, hammock-swung,
Beside the sunset sea,
And dowered with riches, wheat and oil,
Vineyard and orange tree;
Her hand, her heart to that fair prince,
Whose genius shall unfold
With rarest art her treasured tales
Of life and love and gold.

THE Fourth of July stands out in letters of red on the American calendar, for on that important day in 1776 we declared our nation free from outside control, and on the same day in 1848 the far West was acquired from Mexico. Our acquisition of California came at a propitious moment; gold was being discovered and the inrush of the "Forty-niners" became the forerunner of that highway of transportation known as the Central Pacific Railroad. The construction of the "C. P.," which was completed in 1869, was regarded as one of the great wonders of the world—and it was, for the unknown West was looked upon as the habitat of wild men and wild beasts. Even some of our leading lights inveighed against the squandering of millions on an enterprise that was doomed to certain failure, and San Francisco bankers who invested in the project exercised great circumspection in talking with depositors, as the "C. P." was thought to be the creation of a Utopian mind, or perhaps a mind actuated by an itching and sordid palm, the new land being the mecca for legions such as these. However, it's an ill wind that does not redound to the benefit of some one, and 1870 marks the inauguration of the Commonwealth we see to-day. It is estimated that the 100,000,000 acres of the State are capable of sustaining the entire population of the nation, and her fruits are sold in almost every market on the globe. Agriculture is also a valuable asset, fields and orchards yielding products of an annual value of $350,000,000; moreover, rich mineral lands, magnificent waterways and varied industries proclaim California as the future Empire State of the Union. Monterey, nearly one hundred miles below San Francisco, on the coast, was long the Spanish capital, but the newcomers moved the seat of legislation to Benicia, and later on to Sacramento, the new Capitol being regarded as the last word in imposing architecture.

A FORECAST.

Dared I but say a prophecy,
As sang the holy men of old,
Of rock-built cities yet to be
Along these shining shores of gold,
Crowding a-thirst into the sea,
What wondrous marvels might be told!
Enough, to know that empire here
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star;
Here art and eloquence shall reign,
As o'er the wolf-rear'd realm of old;
Here learn'd and famous from afar,
To pay their noble court, shall come,
And shall not seek or see in vain,
But look on all with wonder dumb.

So sings Joaquin Miller, the well-known "Poet of the Sierras," and in order to fully understand the area of this province of magnificent distances, it becomes necessary to draw one or two comparisons. One we have in mind is the gap separating New York from Chicago; or again, if an aviator were to fly from Montreal, Canada, to the Southern city of Richmond, Virginia, he would be traversing about eight hundred miles, or the distance between the northern and southern lines of the Golden State, and it naturally follows that the aspect of the country is diversified in more ways than one. In the north, Mount Whitney flings its snowy crest 15,000 feet into the translucent blue, while down south in the Imperial Valley the farmer tills his acres a hundred feet or so below the level of the sea, and there is no spot this side of the Plutonian shore more caloric than the Imperial Valley in the festive days of August, when the mercury sometimes climbs to 125 degrees; however, the air is very dry, winter is beyond reproach and irrigation has made this part of the Colorado Desert bloom like the proverbial rose. Up at the lumber port of Eureka it is likely to sprinkle almost every day of the week; down at Barstow rain is worth its weight in wheat. Snowfalls are a *rara avis* on the northern coast, and this is due to the Japanese Current, which warms the atmosphere and converts the ivory flakes into rain before they reach terra firma. Hence it follows that while Portland, Maine, lying some distance from the Gulf Stream, is frequently snowbound, Portland, Oregon, farther north, has a much heavier precipitation of rain. Summer nights are tinged by wintry blasts at Redding; the oil fields of Bakersfield remain as warm as a baker's oven. At least a dozen peaks of the ragged Sierra Nevadas soar nearly two miles towards the celestial dome;

the Mojave Desert is as level as a billiard table. The traveler flashing the glass from an observation car speeding through San Bernardino county beholds waving fields of wheat and oats on the mountain ridges aloft, and the olfactory organs are regaled with the redolence of semi-tropical fruits and flowers carpeting the landscape roundabout him.

But before descanting upon the wonders and beauties of the Golden State, let us render homage unto those noble men who brought into being a vast empire within whose borders could be comfortably ensconced Italy and Portugal; and this reminds us that Estevan Cabrillo, though in the Spanish service and a confrère of Cortez, was born in Portugal. Cortez was the first to scan and survey the Gulf of California, but the expatriated Portuguese was the first mariner to swing the binoculars on the Pacific Slope, and this he did in the year of grace 1542. Owing to the paucity of European immigration to the vast province of Mexico and difficulties confronting northbound travelers, Spanish priests did not venture to the far North until 1769, when Father Junipero Serra established the first of a chain of twenty-one missions, extending from San Diego on the coast to Sonoma in the north. Nine of these stations lie close to Pacific's undulating roll, along the romantic "El Camino Real," and of course these missions on the King's Highway are better known to tourists than those beyond the beaten path. The Franciscans did fine work in redeeming the natives from paganism to Christianity, and these old-time missions hold an honored place in the life of modern California. A giant cross, erected by popular subscription, surmounts Mount Rubidoux, an eminence affording a magnificent view of Riverside and the fragrant orange valley and mountain ranges, eloquently testifying to the affection of the populace for the memory of California's favorite son.

A non-sectarian service is held on this mountaintop every Easter, and last year a vast concourse of twenty-five thousand people assembled there at sunrise to honor the Franciscan who blazed the trail for Christianity and civilization a dozen years before the founders of our Republic put into being the noblest Roman of them all. Our Western friends, many of whom dwell in palaces dwarfing to mediocrity the most ornate homes of Carthage, are temperamentally exuberant and generous of heart, and it is lamentable, to say the least, that they have allowed several of the good Serra's monuments to crumble into spectral mounds of débris; but let us hope that the day is not far distant when these old adobe walls shall once again resound with fervent supplications to Him in whose honor and glory they were erected in the days of eld.

Mr. George Clark, an ardent admirer of Father Serra, dedicated this beautiful elegy to Bishop Conaty, late Bishop of Los Angeles, in which diocese the Franciscan began his work:

THE CROSS ON MOUNT RUBIDOUX.

Alone in rugged strength upon the ridge
Of yonder mount, all boulder-strewn and bare,
There stands, defying all elements,
A cross whose arms extended bless the vale.
So stood the one to whom the cross is raised;
But look you, man; Serra did more than stand—
He bravely strove; why, had he been content
To sing his morning Mass—to lift the cup—
To break the sacred wafer in the air—
No cross would speak his name from yonder mount.
But Serra strove, thro' years of arduous toil,
To lift the sullen savage to the Christ;
To fold him in the arms of Holy Church;
To teach him ways of gentleness and truth;
To tame his passions, and to make a man
From an ignoble brute.
For this he strove,
And striving, gained a name that shall endure
When yonder cross is crumbled into dust.

Pullmans roll into the Slope on eight transcontinental railroads, excluding the Canadian Pacific, with its terminus at Vancouver, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is building its Western outlet at Prince Rupert, five hundred miles north of Vancouver. The most agreeable route in summer is the Western Pacific or the Northern Pacific, either of which connects at Denver with the Denver and Rio Grande, which runs through the gorgeous mountain canyons of Colorado to Salt Lake City. A comfortable winter line is the Santa Fé, which enters California at the Needles and runs via San Bernardino and Riverside into Los Angeles; the Southern Pacific runs via New Orleans and El Paso, crossing the Colorado River at Yuma and entering the Golden State from the south. The morning train on the Santa Fé passes through San Bernardino county shortly after sunrise, thus giving the visitor his first glimpse of California grandeur, and as the train rolls along through peach orchards, orange groves, grape vineyards and verdant fields of almost every product known to man, the tongue fails to express the majesty of the panorama stretching before the

fascinated eye. At 9 o'clock we descry upon a mission-like station the name "Los Angeles," a town much larger now than in the Andalusian epoch, when it was known as "Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles," or in plain American, "City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels," for such it was christened back yonder in 1781, when California was a province of New Spain. Jehus of every size and degree stood prepared to waft us away to the "best hotel in the city"—and that is saying volumes, as the town contains many fine hostelries and the prices are reasonable; in fact, even in this costly era a large room and bath may be secured for $1.50 a day, an excellent breakfast for 50 cents and a good dinner for 75 cents. Up to two years ago perhaps the most appetizing meal in all the world was to be had at the big Hotel Roslyn for thirty-five cents! It is quite true that the more aristocratic cafés charge fancy prices, but it is not compulsory to patronize them, and the popular hospices are elegant enough for a prince of the blood. The tourist who uses judgment gets his money's worth, even though the town contains as many parasites as "boosters," and "boosting" is an attribute of every loyal Los Angelean; to be otherwise might result in an emasculated frame for the hapless individual who fails to proclaim in strident voice the superior merits of the Southern metropolis. Competition is terrific, and this redounds to the benefit of transients. What the half-million natives do for a living is one of the riddles of the universe, industries being as few as snowflakes, but many of the residents are "well-fixed," and this income from elsewhere, together with the fruit and tourist trade, accounts for a large part of the vast army who neither toil nor spin. However, it should be remembered that the climate brings many people to the Coast, and jobs are as scarce as rivers in the Mojave Desert. Discreet westbound place-hunters always secure a return ticket ere leaving their homes "back East."

The town grows so fast that the census men are always thousands behind the actual population claimed by the citizens thereof; and it should be recalled that the port of San Pedro, twenty miles from the old Mexican Plaza, is incorporated within the limits of the city, being connected by a narrow strip known as "The Shoestring," thus making Los Angeles an official port of entry. The street car system is said to be "the finest in the world," and it cannot be disputed that it has few equals; this undoubtedly applies to the Pacific Electric, which runs fast-flying excursion cars to the coast resorts, to the missions, to Mount Lowe and many interesting points at the very moderate fare of one dollar, and the ticket includes a reservation in a plush-seated car and a loquacious conductor whose prodigious knowledge would make

Pliny the Elder appear as vacuous as Banquo's ghost. One of the most agreeable trips is to San Bernardino, Redlands and Riverside. As climatic conditions are somewhat vacillating, the mornings and nights frequently being hazy and cool, cautious travelers fetch along their overcoats, especially when they spend a dollar on the "Balloon Route" trip, taking in Venice and Santa Monica on the coast and likewise the frigid yet majestic suburb of Hollywood, where dwell in rose-covered homes the *haute monde* of the city.

The natives assert that Westlake and Eastlake Parks are just a few acres torn from the elysian fields above, and it may in truth be said that Universal City, ten miles from town, is the most unique "city" on the map, for this is where the "movies" are made. In the 1,700 acres comprising the "city" (and it has its own civic functionaries) there are policemen, restaurateurs, postmen, telegraphers, canyons, mountains, vales, rivers—everything germane to making of first-class moving pictures, the investment representing millions of money, and the admission fee to the public, twenty-five cents, being perhaps the cheapest entertainment on record, for at mealtime we behold giants and pygmies, comedians and tragedians, lords and ladies, virgins and villains carrying their own dinner from the cafeteria and masticating it just like ordinary mortals eat theirs. Universal City is unique among the corporations of the earth, the only exception being the Garden of Hesperides, commonly alluded to as Pasadena, a pleasant hour's ride by omnibus or trolley. Many men of many millions dwell here in palatial homes, but it is only fair to say that the cosy bungalows of the struggling bourgeois are also there in countless numbers. Boulevards of exquisite beauty crowd each other at every turn, but Marengo avenue, not altogether satisfied with the stately palaces on either side, calls upon nature for assistance, and hence we find double rows of the most luxuriant pepper trees shading the lawns and the inquisitive rubber-necks who ride on top of the sight-seeing cars that are always passing up and down this famous thoroughfare. Moreover, the sunken gardens on the Busch estate represent the ransom of a king, and were very evidently planned by landscape gardeners of no mean repute. Mr. Busch was a brewer of ambrosia well known to revelers who sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, and he put the profits to laudable use when he flung his gates ajar to those who care to tread the fragrant aisles of his enchanted gardens. When Easterners are shoveling snow without and coal within our Pasadena friends are enjoying their Tournament of Roses; but there is consolation in knowing that the balmy climate of this section of the Golden State is not conducive to the best interests of the human race, at least we are so informed

by wise men whose high mentality is beyond dispute. However, the carefree natives seem oblivious to all admonitions regarding their physical well-being.

Another city that sprang up like asparagus after an April shower is handsome, prosperous and out-of-the-way San Diego, 125 miles by the Santa Fé route down on the coast, and it is advisable to be on the alert when the strident-voiced conductor announces "San Dee-ay-go!" for Old Town, that venerable patriarch founded by the Spaniards on the sunny shores of California in 1769, lies two or three miles this side of the rich San Diego watering place with which we are so familiar. There is a woeful contrast between Old and New, but every trolley from the *sang froid* town the other side of the hill brings its group of sightseers to gaze upon the time-honored site Fray Serra established seven years before we were yet a nation. Dilapidation and débris are on every hand; even the first mission is numbered among the things that have passed to perdition—and this, too, in a Commonwealth with the bulging purse of Fortunatus! The very best these poor rich could do to memorialize the coming of Christianity has been to collect some of the tiles from the fallen roof and shape them into a rude cross to mark the site of the early church, and this exquisite artistry is surrounded by a railing sadly in need of a coat of paint! Richard Henry Dana mentions Old Town in his "Two Years Before the Mast," and Ramona and her Alessandro were married here, according to Mrs. Jackson's well-known and charming fiction; perhaps this is why the trolleys are labeled "Ramona's Marriage Place." The present church was dedicated in 1813; and in order to disprove the charge that all the padres were a lazy lot, their olive orchard, cactus hedges and irrigation ditches still remain for those who wish to view them. Spanish is the prevailing speech of the few remaining aborigines, who dwell in adobe shacks that have seen better days. A résumé of New San Diego would require a volume to portray; suffice to say it is second to none on the globe as a summer resort, winter resort, or resort for all conditions of human kind, more especially those who possess a plethora of things mundane. There are the usual million-dollar inns, beautiful manors, attractive cottages, enchanting palm-lined drives, big stores, fruit warehouses and a widespreading beach, with a clientele drawn from the four points of the compass. The farmers of this section are numbered among the most affluent followers of the plough.

Northbound tourists may leave San Diego by sea or journey on to San Pedro and sail on the boats running to San Francisco and

Seattle, or perchance they may select the inside route via Bakersfield on the Santa Fé, in order to visit the Yo-semite National Park, within hailing distance of Lake Tahoe; but a most agreeable ride is the Southern Pacific Ocean Route, stretching along the shore of the Pacific for miles and miles, while on your right the Santa Ynés Mountains soar up and up into the diaphanous reaches of space, to finally reach Santa Barbara, whose famous mission was founded in 1786. The present church is the fourth of its line, and though several million-dollar hotels and gorgeous homes dwarf it architecturally, "The Mission" towers above everything in the vicinity; the sombre-garbed Franciscan Fathers are held in high esteem by residents and visitors alike, and from the lofty belfry a captivating cyclorama greets the eye from every side. Towards the west we behold the low and greenish islands of Santa Barbara Channel and the foaming whitecaps perennially crashing against the gently sloping shore; immediately below us hundreds of automobiles roll along the palm-lined Ocean Boulevard; to the rear we scan the gray and emerald ridges known to the citizens as Sant-ee-ne's, Spanish nomenclature for St. Agnes. Fifteen thousand members of the human family dwell here in comfortable habitations, and a good baker's dozen of them, judging by their luxurious estates, are not greatly perturbed by a twelve per cent. levy on their incomes. Of course, down around State street we find the facetious shopkeeper and his ilk, just as we find them everywhere, and in the lower part of town there are still extant a few adobe structures that bring us back to the days of the *ancien régime*. but Spanishtown is slowly receding before the oncoming children of Cathay—and the Chinese farmers are, excepting the Japanese, the most energetic tillers of the soil in the Golden State. As an illustration of the floral wealth of the community, at the Flower Fair held last June one hundred and sixty-three varieties of roses were exhibited.

The auto route from Santa Barbara traverses an amphitheatre of orchards, magnificent farms, verdant hills that kiss the stars, vales exhaling ambrosial zephyrs and roads not outranked by the drives of England or France, for the suburban thoroughfares of California are counted among the very best on this continent; they are well oiled and kept in excellent condition, with the result that automobiling is a pastime indulged in by all classes of society, and motorists are frequently met who first saw the light in Japan, Italy, Portugal, Germany, Ireland, Russia and elsewhere, the Golden State being a cosmopolis of gigantic girth. Finally San Luis Obispo is reached, and in this quiet little inland town we find many traces of other days. "Obispo" was a Spanish trading post;

so let us pause to read a passage describing the happy life and charming manners of the Castilians ere the advent of the roaring siren of the rails. To quote from Nordhoff, the noted traveler:

"The people are kindly and amiable, and though their pursuits (chiefly cattle raising) might be thought to tend to loud and rough ways, and do so where our own people manage cattle, here all went on quietly and decorously as though it was Sunday. The animals are handled firmly, but with great care and humanity. Spanish Californian houses are always scrupulously clean: their life has the merit of fitting the climate and the pursuits of the people. There remains in it, too, something which is too often lacking in our Eastern houses, a degree of trust and confidence and affection between master and servant, with not the least familiarity, however. I saw men—Indians—whose fathers had been in the same service, and of whom the proprietor told me that he would not hesitate to trust one of them with $50,000 to carry to the nearest town. The Spaniards know how to manage the Indians. Their self-restraint and courtesy have great effect."

The happy faculty which the Spaniards possessed of cultivating habits of industry among the Indians is thus illustrated:

"Life on one of the old Spanish ranches was not so simple as we have been accustomed to think. Various handicrafts had been introduced by the priests, and the Indians were employed not only at the mission, but by the more substantial rancheros. They milked cows and made cheese; they dressed and tanned sheep and calf-skins for clothing; they wove blankets; they made wine; they raised grain enough for their bread, and the Indian women ground this on stones; they preserved the hides of cattle for the Boston ships, and at the San Fernando Mission, near Los Angeles, I saw huge stone and cement tanks in which they melted down and kept the tallow, which was also sold to the Boston men." And a counterpart to this picture of a wholesome and industrious life—in which the Indians were a substantial part and from which they derived great benefits—is that of the beautiful spirit of hospitality shown by the Spanish rancheros of those days: "When I went out to see Don Tomas, he received me at the door; he showed me my room, and in a few minutes he came bearing in his own hands a basin of water for my use. But behind him came half a dozen servants, to show me that what he did he did out of respect and welcome to me and that servants were at hand to do it if he did not choose to trouble himself."

We have remarked that California is a land of contrasts, and here's irrefragable evidence that the statement is beyond all cavil

(more especially during this cycle of the high cost of living): "In those days men used to travel from San Diego to Monterey and never spend a cent of money. When night came, you stopped at the nearest house. After supper you were shown your room. In the morning a clean shirt was at your bedside, and if you were known to the family, it was customary to place near the bed, on a table, also a sum of money, a hundred or two dollars, from which the visitor, if he needed it, was expected to help himself. (Lest my readers might think this incredible, I will add that General Vallejo has fully confirmed to me these and other particulars.) The next day a fresh horse was brought out and the traveler went his way. He usually carried with him a blanket, a hair rope to stake his horse and a riata or lasso; and in a bag, tied to his saddle, a small supply of pinola (a nourishing food, popcorn, parched and ground on a stone)."

Such a picture of bygone days is full of charm. It reflects light on the faith which developed in the people of Spanish blood those virtues which found their expression in such habits and traits of character. A change, however, came with the coming of the railroad; but it was not so much the railroad as other influences which estranged the people from their inherited philosophy of life and thus also from their former ways.

Monterey lies off the main line, and the two-hours' wait at Watsonville is more than offset when the sightseer reaches the ancient capital, for here we behold in all its grandeur "the silver livery of advised age," as our friend Henry VI. was wont to say. The Spaniard handed over his dynastic rights in 1848, but the air of Castile still suffuses the atmosphere about us. Picturesque adobe houses of days agone are still in evidence, and the palpable carefreeness of the 6,000 inhabitants is antithetical of everything American. Some of the shops are of fair size, and the balmy climate and captivating surroundings have brought in families of affluence, and these, together with the farm products shipped to San Francisco, principally by water, keep the town in operation. All California resorts have "something different" to offer the visitor, and now de descry emblazoned on the windows of a clean and Oriental café the inviting words: "The best one-dollar dinner on the Coast;" but let the gourmet decide as to the truth or falsity of the claim: Abalone chowder, baked yellowtail and broiled salmon steak from the bay, roast goat from the hills, chili con carne and hot tomales, mushrooms, asparagus, figs, plums, grapes and claret from the garden—and the stoic-looking descendant of Confucius seems to be well up on the roster of income taxpayers,

too. Abalone is a shellfish that loiters around the coast, and though very tough in its pristine condition, a Chinese chéf can transform it into many delectable dishes. As regards the roast goat, all of us in song and jest through all the ages know that Billy has had most of the left-handed compliments. All that the goat has done to redeem his character counts for nothing, but the most fashionable men and women wear on their feet and hands the skin of the kid; the finest of shawls, some of the most popular winter garments are the product of the hill-browsers. Dainty offspring of the "upper ten" are fed with the milk of the goat; it produces the finest cheese, and its nether extremities furnish French lamb chops and English shoulders of mutton costly enough and luscious enough to grace the menu of the Grand Hotel. The old capital has its Parnassian songsters, but none more sublime than our good friend Daniel O'Connell:

MONTEREY.

In a mantle of old traditions,
    In the rime of a vanished day,
The shrouded and silent city
    Sits by her crescent bay.
Gardens of wonderful roses,
    Climbing o'er roof and wall,
Woodbine and crimson geranium,
    Hollyhocks, purple and tall,
Mingle their odorous breathings
    With the crisp salt breeze from the sands,
Where pebbles and sounding sea-shells
    Are gathered by children's hands.
Women, with olive faces,
    And the liquid Southern eye,
Dark as the forest berries
    That grace the woods in July.
Tenderly train the roses,
    Gathering here and there
A bud—the richest and rarest—
    For a place in their long, dark hair.
Feeble and garrulous old men
    Tell, in the Spanish tongue,
Of the good, grand times at the Mission,
    And the hymns that the Fathers sung;
Of the oil and the wine, and the plenty,
    And the dance in the twilight gray—
"Ah! these," and the head shakes sadly,
    "Were good times in Monterey!"

Monterey is one of the most picturesque of the historical cities in America. Under Franciscan rule the place thrived, but during the time Mexico was struggling for independence the Spanish ruler Cortez in 1822 deprived the friars of their authority and turned their possessions over to the secular clergy. The year 1845 completed the destruction of the Franciscans, and the war between the United States and Mexico ended Mexican rule; nor should it be forgotten that it was here in 1846 that John Drake Sloat raised the Stars and Stripes and claimed the soil as American in the name of the United States. Robert Louis Stevenson had a cottage near the bay, and the rose bush planted by General Sherman at the home of his sweetheart, Señorita Bonifacio, has flourished until it has covered the wall of the adobe house and fails to the ground in masses of bloom. The famous strategist never returned to Monterey, but his first love waited and tended the rose bush, and until the year she died she could be seen almost any day standing beneath the latticed arbor dreaming of the happy days of yore.

Every train and many automobiles frequently bring their quota to "look things over;" some take in the wonders of the Seventeen Mile Drive, a drive up hills, down dales, around curves, through forests, along cliffs and amidst scenery bewitching enough to send skeptics into ecstasies of delight. But all eventually visit quiet little Carmel Valley, five miles away, to view the second mission established by Junipero Serra, San Carlos on the Carmel, founded in 1771. Here the good Fray worked among the natives, and after thirteen years of arduous labors, closed his eyes in eternal sleep in 1784. He died alone and unattended, and thousands yearly come to kneel and pray above his tomb before the altar of the small stone chapel so dear to the heart of one who rendered faithful service to the living God.

CARMEL.

In Carmel pines the summer wind
Sings like a distant sea.
O harps of green, your murmurs find
An echoing chord in me!
On Carmel shore the breakers moan
Like pines that breast the gale.
O whence, ye winds and billows, flown
To cry your wordless tale?

A good auto road runs from Monterey to the prune-laden Santa Clara Valley, and we are agreeably surprised to find San José a

thriving and handsome city of 40,000 souls. The town is up-to-date in every respect, and the climate, comfortable homes and general surroundings are warranted to lift a croaker from his doldrums. Fast-flying electric cars radiate in every direction, even to San Francisco, and quiet but pretty Santa Clara is reached through a tree-lined avenue known as the Alameda; moreover, the trolleyite going to Los Gatos, a nice little spot amidst the hills, may from time to time stretch out a hand and steal a luscious orange from myriads of swaying branches that sometimes touch the car.

Mission San José de Guadelupe, contrary to popular belief, is twenty miles from the city of San José, which, by the way, was the first white man's town to be laid out in California. The Mission is merely a small settlement, and the old church has almost entirely disappeared, though the ruins have been restored in the past few years, until now the building has a new appearance with its roof of modern tiles and a coat of very white paint. The Franciscans and their work here and elsewhere are only dust, but the activities of the church are by no means at an end. Close to the street on the Mission land are a modern steepled church and a rectory, and in the rear stands the convent of the Dominican Sisters, set in a garden such as befits—

"Pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

A short distance away, near Irvington, we reach an ancient cemetery, and within the moss-grown walls we descry a cross with this inscription: "Here sleep four thousand of the Ohlone Tribe, who helped the Padres build this Mission San José de Guadelupe. Sacred be their memory."

WILLIAM S. LONG.

Camden, N. J.

FRANCE IN THE LEVANT.

WHEN in 1783 Rivarol wrote his "Discourse on the Universality of the French Language," he was far from suspecting the nature of the chief service which his mother tongue, despite its relative decline, was destined to render France in the nineteenth century. Having conceived the future world as one vast philosophical federation of states without national aspirations and dominated by a universal tongue—the French of course—he foresaw neither the intense nationalism of the following century, nor its concomitant, commercial rivalry, which rapidly gave rise to a general scramble for colonies.[1] Great indeed would have been the astonishment of Rivarol and his contemporaries could they have returned to our "universal federation" a few years ago, during the period of keenest competition between the various peoples, languages and civilizations—a competition which is certain to be renewed, especially in commerce, after the world war. And inasmuch as commercial prosperity has come to be invariably associated with territorial expansion, one vital question for every great power will probably still be how to extend, or at least hold, its "spheres of influence" in disintegrating countries. For the coming treaty of peace, though it be framed by the master-minds of all time, cannot do away with the struggle for existence among nations. It does not lie within the power of men to alter the laws of political economy.[2]

To be sure, the old imperialisms will at first proceed cautiously with their plans for trade expansion. There will be a temporary lull in the struggle for seacoast and inland territory. But as soon as the nations have set their houses in order the rivalry is likely to be renewed along the same general lines as before: political, economic, intellectual. In the struggle for supremacy in decadent countries each expanding nation must still depend on its diplomacy, its commerce and its schools. More and more on its schools,

[1] Failure to understand the value of colonies was general in France in the eighteenth century. Montesquieu believed that they only weakened the mother country to no avail for either. Similarly Voltaire regretted that "two civilized nations should be at war over a few acres of snow-covered territory in Canada." Bernardin de Saint-Pierre declared that he would feel that he had rendered his country a great service if he succeeded in preventing even one compatriot from emigrating to the colonies. In short, the most influential French writers of the time regarded all the efforts at colonial expansion of Henry IV., of Richelieu and Colbert as "l'illusion qui berce nos politiques."

[2] "La guerre!" exclaims Victor Margueritte in "La Terre natale" (1917), "elle renaitra, c'est entendu, sous d'autres formes, celle de la concurrence et du libre échange. Lois de vie, et non de mort."

doubtless; for while the golden days of colony-grabbing in broad daylight are past, "pacific penetration" of a moral and intellectual nature bids fair to remain a favorite procedure. And in this form of expansion, teachers, physicians and missionaries can accomplish more than military and naval forces.

It is here that the propagators of the French language can be an incalculable asset to France after the war, just as they were in her marvelous colonial expansion. Most of us fail to realize to what extent France owes her present colonial empire—a territory equal to the United States without Alaska—to her foreign mission schools. As a rule, it was on their acquired rights that she based her territorial claims. Had it not been for her missionaries, who paved the way with their schools, hospitals and dispensaries, France would to-day possess neither Indo-China nor Madagascar, neither her most valuable islands in Oceanica, nor more than half of her territory in Africa. Without them her influence in Egypt and China would be greatly diminished. It was her missionaries who, continuing the traditions of the Crusades, and favored by the exceptional position of their country as protector of the Christians in the Levant, have established for France in Palestine and Syria, in Asia Minor and European Turkey spheres of "moral influence" which no other country can duplicate even approximately.

These conquests of the French language, though not made in the sense understood by Rivarol, have already done much to promote its "universality." Through no other agency has the civilization of France been so generally disseminated. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, our greatest authority on the subject, declares in all truth that "from the old countries of the Far East to the young States of the two Americas, French missionary institutions are the chief—often the only—centres of French culture and influence." Similar views have been expressed by such eminent writers as Brunetière, Albert Vandal, Gabriel Charmes, Etienne Lamy, Georges Goyau, Pierre Foncin, Gaston Deschamps, Georges Poignant and a score of others. That their opinions are justified will be the conviction of any one who takes the trouble to examine "France Abroad" ("La France au Dehors"), that monumental work in six volumes by J. B. Piolet. From books of this nature our misconception of still another side of French life becomes at once manifest. Here we learn that the missionary spirit of traditional France, far from being decadent, as frequently supposed, was never so active or so fruitful as in the second half of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding the shortsighted opposition of the home Government during the last twenty-five years of the period.

The noble work of the French mission schools in every part of the world is an attractive subject, but no other country so deserves to claim our attention at present as the Levant. This because of the uncertain fate of all Allied property in the Ottoman Empire since Turkey entered the war. Exactly what is happening to the property and institutions of France in Turkey nobody in the Allied countries really knows; but for that very reason their extent, their history and their prospects in the coming peace conference are a subject of timely interest.

The present unrivaled moral prestige of France in the Levant is her reward for a thousand years of apostolate, first as the bitter foe, then as the reluctant ally of Islam. France, as the founder of the Papal States in the eighth century, led the Crusades with a zeal unknown to the other peoples of the Occident. The courage of her knights, their chivalrous generosity and their heroic sacrifices naturally gave them the first claim to whatever conquests were made. In this way the foundation of French influence was established. During the relatively short existence of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, of the Latin Empire and their minor conquests the "Franks" made upon the Near East an impression which time has never completely effaced. For centuries after the withdrawal of the Western Christians certain of the subject peoples of Islam yearned for the return of their French liberators—a hope that probably would have been early realized had all the Christians coöperated, but in the following centuries France discovered in her Christian neighbors far more formidable enemies than the Moslems. Scarcely had she begun to recuperate from the disastrous Hundred Years' War with England when she found herself engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Charles V., whose mighty empire threatened to squeeze her as in the jaws of a vise. It is not surprising, therefore, that Francis I., who had been utterly defeated by the Emperor at Pavia in 1525, should have sought to enlist the aid of allies, regardless of their religious creed. For, after all, was not the equilibrium of Europe vastly more important to mankind than possession of the Holy Places, or even the fate of the Christians in the Levant? Such was Francis' justification for leaguing himself with the head of Islam, the only power prepared to strike Austria by land and Spain by sea. Moreover, the French, having found their Moslem adversaries valiant in combat and chivalrous in truce, had learned to respect them.

The intentions of Francis I. in concluding this momentous treaty with the Sultan Suleiman in 1535 were in reality not blameworthy. Far from abandoning the Christians in the Orient, he purposed to

become their protector—that is, at the same time the political ally of the Sultan and the natural defender of his Christian subjects. Yet the alliance grieved the French people, for they regarded any compact with Islam as a betrayal of Christian civilization, hence contrary to the traditions of their race. Still, the agreement was exceedingly favorable to France, since it virtually gave her a monopoly of the political, commercial and religious interests of all the Christians in the Ottoman Empire.

The political concessions, as the first category of the "Capitulations" may be called, not only granted the ambassadors of France precedence over all others, but placed her subjects under the jurisdiction of her consuls—a privilege not enjoyed by any other nation. The commercial privileges gave the French the right to carry on trade anywhere in the Sultan's dominions, whereas other nations might do so only "sous la bannière de France." Likewise in matters of religion: the French received the privilege both of practising their religion freely and of visiting the Holy Places. Of other nations only the "friends of the Emperor of France" might do the same.

This monopoly of privileges might be called the official consecration of a situation that had existed since the Crusades, for ever since that time the French, in spite of their failure to hold the Kingdom of Jerusalem against the Sultan Saladin, had been regarded throughout the entire Levant as the traditional representatives of Christian civilization. After the loss of Jerusalem contact with France had been maintained through the princes of French descent who ruled from the beginning of the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean. On the island of Cyprus eighteen successive Frankish sovereigns of the house of Lusignan reigned until 1489, governing in accordance with the famous "Assises de Jérusalem," a code of exceptionally just laws, drawn up in French, which served also as a model for Rhodes, Antioch and other parts of Syria. Thanks to these circumstances, the tradition of France as the champion of justice had survived from the Bosporus to the Red Sea. This enabled Francis I. to gather together all the threads of earlier French influence and weave them into the substantial fabric known as the Protectorate over the Christians. And though the Valois pact with the Sultan, always an anomaly—an alliance of crowns, not of peoples—grew distasteful to the last Bourbons of the Old Monarchy, yet the upright Louis XVI., tempted by Catherine II., who, of course, coveted Constantinople, refused to betray his Moslem ally for Egypt or the Netherlands. But after the Revolution the position of France in the Orient became less secure through the dissemination among Turkey's

Christian subjects of the "principles of 1789." Greeks, Serbians, Rumanians, Bulgarians and Armenians, imbued with the spirit of liberty, demanded their national independence. This France hoped to obtain for them gradually by a policy of compromise—which naturally pleased neither side. Her attitude was the *juste milieu* between England's and Russia's, the former seeking in her own interest to save the Turkish Empire at all cost, the latter, for a like reason, to partition it, even though it were the best of governments.

Meanwhile for other reasons Turkish dissatisfaction with her former ally was growing. After France had herself seized Algeria (1830) and as the friend of Mehemet Ali declared that Egypt must be free, the Turk began to wonder what sort of people the French were, who at the same time protected, neglected and despoiled Islam. The famous words of Napoleon's proclamation from Cairo: "The French are the true Mussulmans," must have seemed bewildering to him. Owing to these events, France never fully recovered her former influence with the Porte, though up to 1870, especially after the Crimean War, her prestige in the Levant, all in all, was equal to that of England. Her moral prestige, indeed, is still predominant. Influence with the Sultan and prestige among his subject peoples are not necessarily synonymous.

After 1870 the Turkish question, hitherto chiefly diplomatic, began, as a result of the growing commercial rivalry among the nations, to assume more and more an economic aspect. Yet even then diplomatic influence remained essentially the key to commercial expansion in Turkey, at least in the sense of important industrial concessions. For ten years—until 1880—circumstances favored England; since 1880, owing at first to Gladstone's affront to the Turk, they favored Germany. For the influence of England once impaired, misunderstandings between Turkey and France naturally resulted to the advantage of Germany's expansion in the Orient, which became noticeable soon after 1870. In 1876 Prussia raised her legation in Constantinople to the rank of an embassy. Two years later, after the Congress of Berlin, Bismarck succeeded in filling with Prussian officers the Turkish military mission left vacant by France since her disasters of 1870. This diplomatic success brought the Germans orders for cannon and other supplies—practical compensations which they have insisted on rigidly in all subsequent relations with the Porte. They are not, like the French, content with mere "gloire."

Thus Germany, by pressing every advantage and not hesitating to use all phases of diplomatic intrigue, quickly made marvelous strides in Turkey. Starting from nothing, as Etienne Lamy ex-

presses it, in the thirty years following 1870 she not only built up in Turkey a commerce equal to that of France, but acquired such influence with the Porte that in 1902 Abdul Hamid granted her the Bagdad Railway concession. This, as Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., has recently shown in his admirable book,[3] was one of the chief causes of the present war. For when the Kaiser unmasked his heavy artillery through the blatant Pan-German press, it became patent to the most naive observer that Germany aimed at nothing less than the complete economic and political control of all Asiatic Turkey. Even before the war she already regarded Syria and Mesopotamia as virtually hers.

This does not mean that the French had been idle in Turkey. On the contrary, their commercial interests—exports and imports, railway and mining concessions, port and harbor constructions, public utilities, flour mills, tanneries, silk mills, etc.—though not perhaps organized with German thoroughness, grew steadily from year to year. As to their schools and benevolent institutions, these far exceeded in value those of all other nations combined. In 1912, according to the latest statistics available, the exports of France to Turkey amounted to over 100 million francs. Her investments in Turkish railways (750 miles) represented 600 million francs. Her mining concessions, tramways, harbor improvements, schools, hospitals, public utilities and general commercial enterprises were valued at approximately 1,100 million francs. These sums, when added to the French holdings of Turkish securities, or about 1,800 million francs, make three and one-half billion francs (700 million dollars) as the grand total of French financial interests in Turkey. France has always been Turkey's chief creditor. Moreover, the new railway concessions obtained by the French just before the war would have doubled in length their previous lines had peace endured. Certain parts of Asiatic Turkey, especially Syria, are saturated with French influence, despite the ambitious pretensions of Germany.

These facts speak well for a country that has suffered so many political reverses as France. Though both her diplomatic influence and her commerce have declined, relatively, in Turkey since 1789, disfavor with the Porte was the inevitable consequence of her rôle as the champion of justice. No other nation could have succeeded even so well in the same capacity. The chief mistake made by France was her attitude of irresolution after 1870. This may have seemed dictated by necessity, but the Porte did not appreciate it.

[3] "The War and the Bagdad Railway." Lippincott, 1917. To Professor Jastrow I am further indebted for numerous suggestions and valuable bibliographical information.

For example, her failure to prevent, or at least to exact reparation for the Armenian massacres could not but injure her prestige among the oppressed Turkish subjects, though they understood that France was herself a victim of circumstances. At any rate, Germany alone, who from the rôle of a silent witness to those outrages has adhered to our own days to that of a cynical abettor, profited from them, just as she did from the war between Turkey and Greece, in which she happened to stake on the winning horse.

Notwithstanding this partial relative decline of France's diplomatic prestige and commercial rank in the Levant, her moral influence, as previously noted, remains intact. With the exception of a slight check due to diplomatic weakness, it has flourished as the others have declined. France's protectorate over the Christians in the Levant—that is, Catholic Christians, since 1774, the year in which Russia obtained the right to "protect" the Porte's Orthodox subjects—has survived all the changes in her government. With the exception of the Third Republic, latterly, every régime, even the Revolutionary government, which sought to "dechristianize" France, apparently prized the protectorate as a valuable heritage. Its vitality is further attested by the assaults it has withstood at various times from Protestant and Catholic countries alike: Germany, England, Italy, Austria. One intrigue that for a time seemed to give serious promise of success was the effort to induce the Vatican to establish legations in Constantinople and Pekin, so dispensing with the services of France. Germany in particular exhausted all the ingenuity of Prussian duplicity in her efforts to supplant France. But thanks to the good sense of Cardinal Rampolla and to Lefebvre de Béhaine, the able French representative at the Vatican, Germany's only substantial success (now happily nullified) was in China, where, as in the Levant, France had become the protector of the Christians. And in 1898, just before the Kaiser started on his pompous trip to Jerusalem, Leo XIII., in an autograph letter addressed to Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, gave recognition anew to the French protectorate in the Orient.

In view of this loyalty of the Church to France, William II. could not dislodge her, though in 1901, with the aid of the Porte, he succeeded in violating temporarily her protective rights. This violation, however, was regarded as of no consequence by the French Government. After tearing up the Concordat (1905), France voluntarily permitted Italy to assume protection over those missions in the Levant where Italian subjects predominated. She even went farther. At a time when various nations were intriguing to annul the French protectorate, the spirit of violence at home, by expelling the relig-

ious orders, only played into the hands of her rivals. For where were the religious orders to train their personnel for their hundreds of schools and charitable institutions in foreign countries? When in the spring of 1914 this personnel had been reduced by one-half, anti-clericals of all shades realized at last that such a policy was national suicide. Parliament, apparently taking the view of Gambetta and Jules Ferry that "anti-clericalism should not be an article of export," adopted an amendment authorizing the seminaries necessary for training such missionaries to reopen in France. Though much harm had already been done, probably none was irreparable.[4] At least so all friends of France sincerely hope; for even if the present war ends with a decisive victory for the Allied arms, the Eastern question will remain a contest for influence, though doubtless on a reduced scale. In that event France is likely to profit greatly from her schools and charitable institutions in the Turkish Empire, which for years have been inculcating in millions of Moslems respect for her ideals.

That she should so profit is only natural, for as Joseph de Maistre used to say, the French mind is truly apostolic. It is also the most universal, and hence truly catholic. France is at the same time the oldest and the most modern of the Latin nations. French missionaries have always sought to civilize mankind. And as they alone have in modern times fully succeeded in their difficult work, we infer that they, more than the others, possess the true vocation.[5] At any rate, France has contributed proportionately far more both in workers and in money than any other country. Her 9,000 men and 12,000 women engaged in foreign missionary activity are respectively eight and twenty times the contribution of German Catholics, who are more than half as numerous as those of France. In other words, the French religious orders furnish two-thirds of all mission priests and four-fifths of the teaching and nursing Sisters. Equally generous is their contribution in money, which, for instance, amounts to almost three times that of Germany. Thanks to her large, well-

[4] It is an undeniable fact that ever since the outbreak of the war France has had to bear the resentment that this unwise policy awakened in certain countries, particularly Spain and Canada. Louis Bertrand, who carefully investigated the attitude of the Spanish people in the second year of the war, came to the conclusion that this anti-religious policy of the French Parliament and Government had turned against his country not only the Catholics, but all the people with religious convictions in the world. Somewhat earlier Victor Giraud, in an article on post-bellum France, after calling attention to this same injury abroad, declared that the expulsion and proscription of patriotic Frenchmen could never again be tolerated.

[5] Four-fifths of the 1,400,000 Catholics in China, according to Georges Goyau, are French converts.

trained force of zealous workers, French missionary activity has spread during the last sixty years to every country in the world, more particularly to China, India, Oceania, Africa and Turkey.[6]

Perhaps because of the historical associations we have noted, it is in Turkey that French missions have attained some of their best results. Prior to the Crimean War, to be sure, it was difficult to open schools there, though hospitals, dispensaries, asylums and orphanages had, with restrictions, been permitted for some time. These institutions, by helping to dispel Mohammedan prejudice and distrust, gradually paved the way for education, and after the war French religious orders, which already possessed property in every important centre of the country, hastened to organize schools, despite the vexing official delays that only those who have done business with the Porte can fully realize. From Contantinople to Bagdad, and from Salonica to Aden, at first chiefly in the coast regions, then farther inland, everywhere the network was extended. Thus after providing for such cities as Sofia, Adrianople, Constantinople, Smyrna, Angora, Sivas, Diarbekir, Van, Mosul, Bagdad, Aleppo, Antioch, Tripoli (in Syria), Beirut, Antura, Saida, Damascus, Jerusalem, Alexandria and Cairo, the missionaries, adopting a sort of zone system, opened schools in the minor towns around each nucleus. A methodical thoroughness worthy of German "efficiency" characterized this work.

All grades of instruction, from the most elementary to secondary and higher education, were offered, besides practical, technical and professional training. Thousands of waifs have been reclaimed by the Sisters from the dangers of starvation and disease and given a respectable start in life. Other thousands, after going through a practical school, have entered some one of the Government services: customs, post and telegraph, lighthouse, railways, the tobacco monopoly, etc. From still other schools have come engineers, doc-

[6] French missionaries, while devoting their lives to the pressing moral and physical needs of mankind, have at the same time done much for the advancement of learning. Besides making valuable contributions to linguistics, ethnology, anthropology, archæology, botany (more than 200 new plants bear the name of Father Sacleux), zoology and entomology, they have enriched France with priceless collections of specimens. No other country possesses a collection of Chinese entomological specimens comparable to that of Messrs. Oberthür at Rennes. Nor is it likely that any other savant has produced a work equal to Father Zottoli's "Cursus litteraturae sinicae," a Latin translation in five stout volumes of the Chinese classics. Numerous French missionaries have distinguished themselves in the study of Chinese, Arabic, Syriac, etc. Particularly noted for their learned teachers are the Jesuit University of St. Joseph, in Beirut, and the Dominican College of St. Stephen, in Jerusalem, the two foremost French schools in the Levant.

tors, lawyers, consular and diplomatic officials, though frequently Turkish students desiring to prepare for one of the last-named careers prefer to study in France. In fact France, "la grande pourvoyeuse d'idées" for the Orient, constantly draws from Turkey and the Balkan States thousands of people who feel obliged to seek a counterpoise to German Kultur.

We do not mean to imply that the French alone support educational institutions in Turkey, though their enrollment of 120,000 pupils in 1914 was probably twice that of all the other foreign nations together. There are scores of excellent schools maintained by the Jewish society called the "Alliance israélite universelle;" these, however, from a linguistic point of view, count as French and their teachers are trained in France. Then, too, the English, Americans, Russians, Italians and Germans are all represented. Only the American institutions are of special interest to us. Besides their well-known colleges in Constantinople, in Beirut and Harput, the Americans conduct a number of less important schools. But in spite of great merits, these schools have not had the success of the French. Without the least intention of belittling our achievements, the French assert that our schools, albeit richly endowed, do not, like theirs, appeal to all races and creeds. It cannot be denied that the American School of Medicine at Beirut, though founded in 1866—seventeen years before the French faculty of the same place—was soon outclassed by the latter in enrollment. Fortunately, both sexes have enjoyed the rain of foreign manna. One of the most gratifying features of the French schools is the attention they devote to the education of girls, who represent about two-fifths of the enrollment. "Thanks to the French religious orders," declares Georges Poignant, "the education of girls has in the last fifty years become as thorough in Syria as in France." The same might be said without much exaggeration of certain other parts of Turkey. More than any other factor, the education of women has tended to raise the standard of morality and civilization in Turkey. In general the beneficent influence of the thousand or more French schools in the Turkish Empire has been many-sided and profound. Society everywhere reflects it. All the educated inhabitants of Syria, for example, speak and think in French, which has become not only the interracial language of Turkey, but also its official language in all foreign connections. Thus the Bagdad Railway concession, though granted to a German syndicate, bears an official French title. The Turkish language, except in administrative circles, is not understood in Syria (south of Aleppo). Italian, formerly much spoken in the Levant, has declined; and inasmuch as Greek is little

used in polite society, this virtually leaves only vulgar Arabic and French. Now that Russian is no longer a dangerous competitor, French may still become in all truth "queen of the Eastern Mediterranean."

Such is France's position in what remains of the Turkish Empire almost four hundred years after the Valois pact with Suleiman the Magnificent. During these eventful centuries, which have witnessed the varying fortunes of so many countries and peoples, France has maintained a remarkably constant policy in Turkey. In fact history records few if any alliances that lasted so long. But even without the irreconcilable differences between the Turk and his oppressed subject peoples, which France so generously undertook to adjust, the rapid economic transformations of the nineteenth century would have made the unchanged continuance of the alliance impossible. How could France, with such powerful rivals, maintain a diplomatic and commercial monopoly in a vast empire like Turkey? Yet it is our conviction that after the war France can and will regain almost entirely her former diplomatic and commercial rank in the Near East. Her moral monopoly—the pacific primacy of charity—she still does hold and most worthily, thanks to the apostolic genius of her people.

This primacy German commercial travelers can never wrest from her, provided the French Government does not resume its unwise policy of fifteen years ago. Its greatest danger would be a reconciliation of the Vatican and the Quirinal, making it difficult for the Holy See to preserve the French protectorate in the Orient. This preponderant moral position, to say nothing of her vast financial interests in Turkey, assures for France a strong case in the coming peace conference, which will unquestionably have due respect for such claims. Everything, indeed, is in France's favor: priority of rights, dating from the Crusades and consecrated by international treaties; constant tradition; preponderance as a creditor; centuries of service in the interest of suffering mankind and as the champion of justice; respect and gratitude of the subject peoples; confidence of the Powers. Why should her legitimate aspirations not be realized? Has she not contributed more than any other in human lives and treasures to combat the material infirmities and intellectual cecity of Islam?

By the "legitimate aspirations" of France, I mean first of all an unrestricted protectorate over Syria—a Syria extending from the Taurus Mountains in the North to Palestine, and bounded on the east by the Desert, so including Alexandretta, Aleppo and Damascus. This territory, as we have seen, has become the economic and

intellectual patrimony of France. To give Syria to England, as recently suggested by Professor James H. Breasted,[7] would be not only unnecessary, but unwise and unjust. Unnecessary because the occupation of this territory by France would, by preventing invasion from the "bridgehead" in the north, remove the danger to Suez; unwise because it would make England disproportionately powerful in the Levant; unjust because of France's well-earned claims to Syria. Unsatisfactory and unjust, too, would be the internationalization of Syria—a solution proposed by Professor Jastrow[8]—since such an arrangement likewise, by putting France in a class with the other Powers, would rob her of the fruits of her noble efforts. Moreover, after twice purchasing Morocco—which together with Algeria and Tunis makes her one of the leading Arab Powers—France should (to quote Count Cressaty)[9] possess also "the heart and brain of the Mussulman world." Yes, France deserves Syria; she must not let it slip from her grasp, as she did Egypt, through unwarranted timidity. Besides, she must recover her former judicial rights implied in the "Capitulations," which the Porte, on entering the war, declared annulled forever. Her schools and charitable institutions can thus resume their beneficent work both in Syria and those parts of Turkey that shall continue under Ottoman rule. No other arrangement would do justice to France and at the same time so well safeguard the interests of mankind in the Levant.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

Philadelphia.

[7] *The Nation*, June 8, 1918.

[8] "The War and the Bagdad Railway." Professor Jastrow does not specifically mention Syria, but inasmuch as he suggests placing Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia under an international protectorate, I take it that he would include Syria also.

[9] This eminent authority is extensively quoted by Charles Vincent in his article on Syria which appeared in the *Revue hebdomadaire* of May 15, 1915.

THE SINGER OF IRISH MELODIES.

"We found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also, open, at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet and frame forever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of 'Alps in the sunset'; though not handsome perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag-end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so."

THUS did Gerald Griffin describe the man who reproduced in English verse the rhythms of Irish folksongs, Tom Moore, whose melodies were as melancholy as the Irish mountains and as beautiful. For it is thus as a person rather than as a writer that we must always think of Tom Moore. In spite of their continued success, which has well endured even after many years, the value of the songs was largely in Moore's own singing of them. From the very boudoir education of his youth, his music lessons and his writing of verses were all pointed toward displaying his talent in the drawingroom. This he did so effectively on one occasion as to make Lord Byron weep by singing "When he who adores thee." With sweet pathos and a sincere sentiment he often sat down to a pianoforte and held spellbound a salon full of distinguished people. At one dinner his distinguished private audience included Rogers the poet, Lord Clifden, Charles Fox, Lord and Lady Gage, the Lubbocks, Lord Davy and Jekyll. At another it was Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth, Robinson and Charles and Mary Lamb. At fifty-four years of age he records singing a good many songs, and finally escaping amidst a general demand for more songs. But he was not at all vain about the attention given him; he could render "The Boys of Kilkenny" even without a pianoforte, "in order not to appear fine;" he could pay generous compliments to the true and solid merits of Wordsworth, Macaulay and Sydney Smith; he could be fêted in an Edinburgh theatre and speak only of his excellent host, Sir Walter Scott; he could even forego music altogether and carry on a bookish conversation with Dr. Parr on Erasmus and Homer. He was a poet, was Tom Moore, in the older and better sense of the word, a maker of rhythmical lines.

"Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well."

So it was that Moore awaked again the harp that he found on Tara's walls with the dark chain of silence hung round it. In the days when singing was all the vogue, when Vernon was rattling off rollicking hunting songs to Vauxhall crowds, when Dibdin was touring the provinces and alternately amusing large audiences with musical entertainments, nautical and otherwise (who does not remember "Tom Bowling"?). Tom Moore was being courted by "the first gentleman of Europe" and was paying pretty compliments to Frances Anne Kemble, was gracing the brightest salons of the land with his sprightly wit and charming voice, and in addition was grateful to know that his own countrymen in Erin were repeating his musical numbers even in the humblest cottages of Ireland. It may be true that, as he himself said of the "Irish Melodies," "It is impossible for these verses to be detached from the beautiful airs to which they were associated without losing even more than the *animæ dimidium* in the process;" yet it is likewise true that his own attractive personality brought them much of their fame. Not to a mere poet did a young lady at a country ball pay the compliment of wrapping up her hand in her shawl that no one else might touch it that evening; the compliment was paid to the Irish character which would not be blinded by a British social success, which several times publicly gave evidence of Celtic loyalty, of spirited independence and of that warmth of heart and open kindness so typical of all true sons of Erin. Living not far from London, he left his little cottage and his family from time to time to go up to town and sing his songs once in a while; and in similar fashion, with his heart across the water, he found, as so many others, that absence strengthens our love for the land where we were born, and brought to England the political sentiments of his people in sweet and melancholy music whose echoes have not died with a hundred passing years. Words and philosophy and picturesque portrayal all lose their interest; sincere sentiment never. The songs therefore live; and this Moore himself foresaw, for he told Longman in 1827 that "in a race to future times (if anything of mine could pretend to such a run) those little ponies, the 'Melodies,' would beat the mare 'Lalla' hollow."

There are no particularly romantic chapters in Moore's life, yet our whole thought of him is tinged with romance. The poems are romantic in one sense in the manner of the new so-called "romantic movement," for he introduced a tremendous number of new stanza forms and rhythms into English poetry, introduced and in his great success popularized them. Of the manner of the eighteenth century his work retains some traces. His Fancy, Virtue, Hope, Right,

Spirit of Love, Liberty and Treason were the conventionalized virtues of the time and had little of the airy fantasy of Blake nor the fiery philosophy of Shelley. Another characteristic of the late eighteenth century was the Oriental theme; and yet this links him up with the Southey of "Thalaba" and the Byron of "Lara" and "The Giaour." He read and liked Rogers' poems as early as 1793, and yet in many ways his work is more daringly original, more of the romantic movement itself. Although "The Corsair" preceded "Lalla Rookh," Moore's was the poem which gave the greatest impetus to Orientalism. The whole of the scenery was fantastic. Its mango trees, red lotus, tamarind, silken plantains, tower of dark superstition, its glare of tropical day and glow of tropical night, its picturesqualities —these set a fashion for many days. For one could not forget the vividness of such views as that of the veiled prophet in the midst of a combat, in which

> "the Silver Veil
> Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
> Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
> Catching the tempest's momentary light."

This poem, which has now practically gone out of favor along with most other long narratives in verse, was for many years the most popular piece of poetry in English. It was, in the beginning, the subject of one of the most curious agreements ever made between poet and publisher, Longman undertaking to pay Moore three thousand guineas for an Eastern poem and to take it for better or worse, at any time that suited the author's convenience, and without any power to suggest changes or alterations. Yet the publisher must have been amply repaid, for the number of British editions was stupendous, not to mention the American piracies and the Continental translations. The tale itself, or rather series of tales, is typical of the class which imitated it; there are proud maidens, single warriors who accomplish veritable miracles; there are Oriental hangings, shaded lamps, gleaming scimitars, jeweled trappings, soft zephyrs, glittering veils and gold and precious stones by the score. However this poem "Lalla Rookh" charms because of its distinct flavor, it has within it two of the main qualities which stand predominant in the "Irish Melodies," qualities which give them the most of their charm and strength. For the lovely melancholy and for the proud spirit of liberty, we like the "Irish Melodies." "The Veiled Prophet" is a tale of lost love—

> "The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
> Where sensibility still wildly play'd
> Like lightning round the ruins it had made,"

and the haunting sorrow of it is one of the essential traits of the whole romantic movement. Nor need we be much reminded of the sentimental, fond regrets of the "Irish Melodies" dwelling on the last rose of summer, the shades of former years, the light of other days, remembrances of lips that bloom no more, the haunting sound of night music on the water, on gloomy and therefore to him romantic spots, past scenes of delight. Love to him was not a wild, "passionate thing," as Shelley depicted it in "Alastor" or in "Epipsychidion" or Byron in "The Siege of Corinth." It was not even the dangerous thing which Jeffrey thought he read and so assailed in the *Edinburgh Review*. It was not the light, flippant thing we would imagine from the poem, which begins:

> "Oh! 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove
> We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
> And that when we're far from the lips we love
> We have but to make love to the lips we are near."

His love was a sighing for past happiness with but little strong desire; the girl of his soul is usually in tears, because love in poetry to him was not emotion remembered in tranquillity, if you please, but lorn, lost happiness remembered with emotion. As witness:

> "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
> And lovers are round her, sighing;
> But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
> For her heart in her grave is lying."

The second essential quality in the work of Thomas Moore, which appears in "Lalla Rookh" as well as in the "Irish Melodies," is the call of liberty which has sounded clarion-like in the lines of every true Irish poet. It was also at that time a persistent motif to be found among the rhythms of the romantic movement. We find it thus even amid the Eastern splendor of "The Veiled Prophet," in which Azim even though a captive in Greece, imbibed there the spirit of liberty:

> "Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd
> To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd
> On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd
> These words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
> At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
> Th' inspiring summons."

While Byron in "Childe Harold" and in "Don Juan" was con-

demning war and the horrors of war, and Shelley also in "Queen Mab," Moore was saying:

"Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill."

And so should a true soldier fight for liberty, of a nation or of the world.

However, we should not make the mistake of including Moore among the vague poetical theorizers on the general subject. True it is that he was young in the days of the French Revolution, of which Wordsworth said, "To be young was very heaven." He was too young, only ten years old. Furthermore, his name will always be immediately identified in a practical fashion with Irish freedom. Freedom was the motive of his passion; but Ireland was the object. We should not forget his activity in the Trinity College debating and historical societies where Robert Emmet early held forth. Nor that Emmet's dramatic refusal of an epitaph was made famous more by Moore's song "Oh! breathe not his name" than by the speech of the condemned man himself. Nor that in "Corruption and Intolerance" (1808) he attacked the anti-Irish administration, including Castlereagh. Nor that in 1811 a forceful discontinuance of his writings was rumored on account of his "purely Irish work." Nor that in 1814 Byron said: "Ireland ranks you among the finest of her patriots." Nor that in 1815, the year of the reactionary Congress of Vienna, he wrote in the Sixth Number of the "Irish Melodies," "'Tis gone, and for ever," a regret at the passing of the hopes of freedom for Ireland. Nor that in 1824 in the "Memoirs of Captain Rock" he epitomized in the life of a single rebel the struggle of Erin to escape from the long years of bondage. In fact, there is no exaggeration in the statement, often made, that Ireland held him as her first national poet. From the time when English was adopted as the language of political leadership by the Nationalists, as Stephen Gwynn says, Ireland deprived of a Parliament found a poet. And the Irish poets of the rest of the nineteenth century from Moore, through Davis, Mangan, Callanan, Walsh, to "Æ," Seumas O'Sullivan and Patrick Pearse—these all rank Moore as their pioneer, a pioneer in the cause of liberty whom the mid-century group were glad to follow in rhythms and in themes. Nor is it exaggeration to speak thus. Moore was not a mere sweet sentimental songster, nor did he merely long vaguely for old times like Yeats. "Oh, for the swords of a former time" rings as lively

and as dangerous as does Lionel Johnson's "The Ways of War." This was not merely a "reflection of the ideas of the French Revolution," as professorial pedants are so fond of telling us. Byron attacked Castlereagh because he was a Prime Minister; Moore attacked Castlereagh because he was a British Prime Minister who insisted on oppressing Ireland. It was a fact that Moore actually dabbled in rebellion in 1797: though we have never learned why, thereafter it was only in verse that he

> "Fought for the land his soul ador'd,
> For happy homes and altars free—
> His only talisman the sword,
> His only spell word Liberty!"*

To those who insist on Moore as a singer of pretty love songs there is due some measure of enlightenment, to wit: many of these same seemingly harmless love songs are really stirring patriotic pieces. For example, the one already quoted in part, "She is far from the land," was in reality written to immortalize the love of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran. Its last stanza runs thus:

> "He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
> They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
> Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
> Nor long will his love stay behind him."

I came upon an original edition of the "Irish Melodies" which had been marked up by some amorous swain in such a fashion as to show that he completely misunderstood the import of verses of this sort. Which is what I meant by saying that liberty was to him a passion, and Ireland was its object. That was no mere figure of speech. No lover ever swore his heart and soul more devotedly to a lovely lady than have the long line of Irish poets sworn theirs to Kathleen in Houlihan, old and distressed and poverty-stricken as she was. For her did the minstrel boy sing. For her was the bumper at parting. For her they refused to let the harp remain silent. For her did they thrill at the tear of trouble and the smile of hope. For her were the sweet dreams of other days. For her were the hopes of some bright isle of rest. For her did Tom Moore phrase thus the thoughts of Robert Emmet:

> "When he who adores thee has left but the name
> Of his fault and his sorrows behind,

* From "The Fire Worshippers" in "Lalla Rookh" on the subject of Moslem tryanny.

Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

"With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee."

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE.

TO ASCRIBE a definite theory of knowledge to a man is to imply and to assume that he is a philosopher. But after the evidence published in the "Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman" by Wilfrid Ward and more especially in the "Last Lectures" by the same author, no apology is required for the assumption. Assuming, then, that Newman is a philosopher, our only problem is to analyze the content of his philosophy. And it is here, perhaps, that an apology might be demanded of one who seems to be attempting to do what has been well done before, to analyze the theory of knowledge that underlies Newman's philosophy. It would seem that all that could have been said of Newman's philosophy has been said in the scores of magazine articles and books in which the question is dealt with. Still, I venture to say that not half has been discovered of what is the backbone of Newman's philosophy; his theory of knowledge and half of what is put forward as Newman's theory of knowledge has no existence beyond the brains of those who put it forward. Wilfrid Ward, certainly the greatest exponent of Newmanism, confirms my assertion that not all of Newman's contributions to philosophy have been discovered. In his "Last Lectures" (page 15) we read: "An immense amount of unraveling has to be done in order to isolate Newman's contributions to objective history or theology or philosophy from the special place they occupy in the closely woven network of his own Weltanschauung, which included in his later work a belief in the Roman Catholic Church." That half of what is offered as an analysis of Newman's theory of knowledge really is non-existent outside the minds of those who offer it can be proved by reading such books as Bremond's "Mystery of Newman" and the preface to it by George Tyrrell. These two Modernists arrive at the conclusion which they evidently wanted to infer, that Newman's theory of knowledge is the antithesis of the scholastic theory.

Wilfrid Ward has investigated for the most part Newman's theory of knowledge in its relation to modern philosophy. I have tried to investigate Newman's epistemology in its relation to scholasticism, and have come to a conclusion the opposite of Bremond's and Tyrrell's. The aim of this essay is to offer evidence that Newman's theory is in all essentials the same as that of the scholastics. The scholasticity, to use Professor De Wulf's term, of Newman's sources is apparent to the careful reader. Aristotle is the philosopher he always quotes with approval, while Bacon, Hobbes,

Bentham, Locke and Hume are cited for misdemeanors only. Bishop Butler, the reading of whose analogy was an era in the Cardinal's religious opinions, is also quoted approvingly. Now, it cannot fail to impress a scholastic that Butler's ideas on philosophy and apologetics are basically Thomistic. For Newman, as for Aquinas, the philosopher par excellence, the master of those who know is Aristotle. In the "Idea" he says: "Do not suppose, gentlemen, that in thus appealing to the ancients I am throwing back the world two thousand years and fettering philosophy with the reasonings of paganism. While the world lasts will Aristotle's doctrine on these matters last, for he is the oracle of nature and of truth."[1] To prove that not only the sources, but also the content of Newman's epistemology is scholastic, I will briefly sketch the scholastic ideas on truth, certitude, the sources of knowledge and evidence and parallel them with passages from Newman's writings.

The first question in scholastic ideology is, "What is ontological and logical truth"? Ontological truth means for the scholastic the conformity between existing things and the mind of the Creator. That Newman held the same view, without expressing it so accurately and technically, is clear from a sentence in the "Idea." "And when we inquire what is meant by truth I suppose it is right to answer that truth means facts and their relations."[2] For the scholastics a thing has ontological truth merely because it exists, merely because it is a thing or fact. Newman is therefore correct in saying that by truth he means facts. Logical truth is defined by the scholastics as "the conformity of the intellect with its object." I have not been able to find any definition of Newman's regarding this most basic notion in any system of criteriology. However, Newman's idea of logical truth and its coincidence with that of the scholastics can be inferred from passages like the following:

"The fact of the distinctness of the images which are required for real assent is no warrant for the existence (that is, the extramental existence) of the objects which those images represent."[3] For Newman, then, an image in the mind of an idea is meant to be a representation of reality. But it cannot be a representation of reality unless there is a conformity between the idea in the mind and the reality imaged. Another quotation brings out the notion still more strikingly: "The idea which represents an object or supposed object is commensurate with the sum total of its possible aspects, however they may vary in the consciousness of individuals;

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[1] "Idea," p. 109.
[2] "Idea," p. 45.
[3] "Gram.," p. 80.

and in proportion to the variety of aspects under which it presents itself to various minds is its force and depth and the argument for its reality. And as views of a material object may be taken from points so remote or so opposed, that they seem at first sight incompatible, and especially as their shadows will be disproportionate, or even monstrous, and yet all these anomalies will disappear and all these contrarieties be adjusted on ascertaining the point of vision or the surface of projection in each case, so also all the aspects of an idea are capable of coalition and of a resolution into the object to which it belongs."[4]

From these citations and the others which could easily be found in the "Idea" or the "Essay on Development" it is fair to infer that Newman held logical truth to be the subjective representation of objective truth, the conformity of the intellect with its object. For a definition of certitude, the second topic in the scholastic theory of knowledge, we are not reduced to mere inferences from Newman's writings. In agreement with the scholastics, he defines it quite categorically in the following words: "Let the proposition to which the assent is given be as absolutely true as the reflex act pronounces it to be, that is, objectively true as well as subjectively, then the conviction may be called a certitude."[5] In another place Newman shows that real certitude must be reflex, must involve the consciousness of being an assent to truth. "Certitude, as I have said, is the perception of a truth with the perception that it is a truth or the consciousness of knowing, as expressed in the phrase, 'I know that I know.' "[6] He also insists upon the fact that real certitude must exclude the possibility of the contradictory proposition. "No man is certain of a truth, who can endure the thought of the fact of its contradictory existing or occurring."[7] The scholastic definition of certitude is "The firm assent of the mind to the known truth, given from a motive that excludes the possibility of the contradictory and is clearly known to exclude it." That Newman's definitions of certitude comprise the elements of the scholastic definition is clear at a glance. If, then, Newman's views on truth and certitude are so orthodox, how could Huxley say with any show of plausibility: "If I were called upon to compile a primer of infidelity, I think I should save myself trouble by making a selection from Newman's 'Tract 85,' 'Essay on Miracles' and 'Essay on Development?' "[8]

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[4] "Devel.," p. 34.
[5] "Gram.," p. 195.
[6] "Gram.," p. 197.
[7] "Gram.," p. 197.
[8] *Nineteenth Century*, June, 1889.

As both this view of Huxley and the method by which he tries to support it are not original with himself, but common to anti-Newmanites in general, it is necessary to notice it at some length. The first thing that strikes the reader of this criticism is that its author either has not read thoroughly the very books from which he would make his primer of infidelity, or that if he has read them he has utterly missed their significance. The second noticeable feature of Huxley's method is that it bases a general verdict of infidelity on a single citation. He quotes Newman as follows: "Some infidel authors advise us to accept no miracles which would not have a verdict in their favor in a court of justice; that is, they employ against Scripture a weapon which Protestants would confine to attacks on the Church; as if moral and religious questions required legal proofs, and evidence were the test of truth."[9] Huxley makes the following comment on the passage: "As if evidence were the test of truth, although the truth in question is the occurrence or non-occurrence of certain phenomena at a certain time or place. This sudden revelation of the great gulf fixed between the ecclesiastical and the scientific mind is enough to take away the breath of one unfamiliar with the clerical organ."[10] We may admit that Huxley has a right to criticize Newman for an inaccurate expression, but we do not admit that he has any right to generalize from this one expression the characteristics of the ecclesiastical mind as such or Newman's mind in particular. The assertion of Newman is, as it stands, false; but with the qualifications of the context and with the preceding 200 pages of the "Essay on Miracles" to color its meaning, it is defensible. As a first step in Newman's vindication we must show that he recognized two kinds of evidence, coercive and merely sufficient. He talks of "evidence sufficient to subdue our reason."[11] This is coercive evidence. In another place he says: "An instinctive sense that the mediæval intellect could not write the classics and a faith in testimony are the sufficient argument on which to ground our certitude."[12] Again in the "Essay on Miracles," speaking of Douglas, he says: "Writers, however, like Douglas, are constantly reminding us that we need not receive the ecclesiastical miracles, though we receive those of the New Testament. But the question is not whether we need not, but whether we ought not to receive the former as well as the latter" (p. 178). Here it is clearly implied that there is one kind of evidence that compels assent, another kind which merely makes it the duty of a

[9] "Essay on Miracles," p. 231.
[10] *Nineteenth Century* for June, 1889.
[11] "Essay on Miracles," p. 230.
[12] "Gram.," p. 286.

prudent man to assent. Again, Newman censures those whose opinion it is that "there is no medium then; the testimony must either prevail or be scouted; it is certainly a fraud, if it is not an overpowering demonstration."[13] Evidently, according to Newman, there is evidence less than coercive or demonstrative and still sufficient to warrant assent. Had Huxley noticed Newman's clear distinction between the two kinds of evidence, he would have seen that, in the context, Newman's remark about evidence is equivalent to "as if evidence alone were the test of truth, as if a prudent and critical mind were not part of the testing machinery."

Besides the evidence available for the proof of a miracle, there are certain justifiable presumptions in a religious mind which cause it to accept a miracle on less evidence than would cause a skeptic to accept it. To instance one such presumption mentioned by Newman: "On the other hand, if we believe that Christians are under an extraordinary dispensation such as Judaism was, we shall in mere consistency be disposed to treat even the report of miraculous occurrences with seriousness, from our faith in a present Power adequate to their production."[14] Such a presumption as Newman makes would not be valid, unless the fact of our belief that Christians are under an extraordinary dispensation had been proved by previous miracles accepted without any such presumption. And when these justifiable presumptions are multiplied, they really become a part of the evidence. There is a passage in the "Essay on Development" which shows how unnecessary such indirect evidences are from the nature of the case. "But it is otherwise with history, the facts of which are not present. In such sciences we cannot rest upon mere facts if we would, because we have not got them. We must do our best with what is given us and look about for aid from any quarter, and in such circumstances the opinions of others, the traditions of ages, the prescriptions of authority, antecedent auguries, analogies, parallel cases, these and the like, not indeed taken at random, but, like the evidence of the senses, sifted and scrutinized, obviously become of great importance."[15] A great part of the "Essay in Miracles" is occupied with the discussion of the influence of the factors just enumerated, and Huxley was blind in failing to see how this discussion modified Newman's remarks on evidence. Newman's language should have been qualified and limited in the text attacked by Huxley. Then it would be seen that, far from making an absolute and unlimited assertion that in general evidence is not the test of truth, Newman's remark, if interpreted by its

[13] "Essay on Miracles," p. 180.
[14] "Essay on Miracles," p. 185.
[15] "Devel.," p. 111.

context and antecedents, would be something like this: "In moral and religious matters, where from the nature of the case prudent assent is persuaded by evidence that is not often coercive, and where justifiable antecedent presumptions must supply part of the evidence, evidence is not the sole test of truth."

But not only is this particular specimen of Huxley's criticism unscientific, rather his entire method is at variance with the critical attitude he professed to practice. Newman has written thirty-seven volumes and a mass of correspondence, in all of which are embedded valuable portions of his philosophy; several volumes, however, especially the "Grammar of Assent," "Idea of a University," "Oxford Sermons," "Apologia," "Essay on Development" and "Miracles," are more professedly philosophical. Huxley having read, as his quotations show, but a veritable fragment of this extensive body of doctrine, presumes to pronounce a verdict of infidelity and skepticism against the Cardinal. Obviously the scientist seems to care less about evidence than he accuses the Cardinal of. Take a parallel case. Let us suppose that Huxley wrote a study on the historical method of Tacitus or the ethics of Sophocles, and his quotations evinced a familiarity with merely the minor works of the former and with one drama of the latter; would the Olympians of the learned world refrain from that "asbestos gelos" which greeted the limping cup-bearer as he bustled through the palace of Zeus? Besides, even if it were possible to compile a primer of infidelity from Newman's works, it is not evident what inference must be drawn. There are at present more than one hundred so-called Christian sects in this country, most of which have compiled a primer of religion from one book, the Bible. Does it follow with inevitable logic that the Bible induces a skeptical bias? Such a conclusion as is little warranted as Huxley's conclusion about Newman. I have drawn out Huxley's procedure at some length because it is a type of a great deal of criticism of Newman's theory of knowledge. Finally, let us see what Newman himself has to say of the skepticism which is generally imputed to him by those least familiar with his writings. "Resolve," he says, "to believe nothing and you must prove your proofs and analyze your elements, sinking farther and farther, and finding in the lowest depth a lower deep, till you come to the broad bosom of skepticism. Life is for action. If we insist on proof for everything, we shall never come to action. To act you must assume."[16] Newman is here in perfect accord with the neo-scholastic theory of knowledge which asserts that at least three self-evident certitudes are the assumptions on which all

[16] "Gram.," p. 95.

knowledge rests, certitudes which are indemonstrable, because every attempt at proof necessarily moves in a circle. These three self-evident certitudes are one's own existence, the principle of contradiction and the capacity of the mind to acquire true knowledge of objective reality. These certitudes we are compelled to retain as spontaneous certitudes even while we are making a critical investigation of the problems of epistemology. Newman's reason for the necessity of some assumptions, "to act you must assume," is, it must be confessed, somewhat weaker than Aristotle's reason taken from the impossibility of a regressus ad infinitum. Aristotle says: "It is altogether impossible to have a demonstrative proof for everything: because one would go on to infinity, and not even then would he have a demonstrative proof."[17]

Now that we have freed Newman from the charge of skepticism, we have to ascertain his attitude towards the sources of knowledge which scholastic realism recognizes, consciousness, external or sense experience, ideas, especially universals, ratiocination and human testimony. Consciousness is defined by the scholastics as "an intellectual cognition of interior events, inasmuch as they are modifications of the subject." That Newman maintains the existence of this faculty is clear from the following: "We not only feel and think and reason, but we know that we feel and think and reason; not only know, but can inspect and ascertain our thoughts, feelings and reasonings."[18] That Newman considered consciousness a valid source of knowledge is plain from the fact that he bases an argument for the existence of God on data which are observable only by means of consciousness. The argument is thus enunciated: "As from a multitude of instinctive perceptions, acting in particular instances, of something beyond the senses, we generalize the notion of an external world, and then picture that world in and according to those particular phenomena from which we started, so far from the perceptive power which identifies the intimations of conscience with the reverberations or echoes of an external admonition, we proceed on to the notion of a Supreme Ruler and Judge, and then again we image Him and His attributes in those recurring intimations out of which, as mental phenomena, our recognition of His existence was originally gained."[19] These, then, are Newman's views on the first source of knowledge in the scholastic system. We are now ready for a consideration of his ideas on sense experience, the second source of knowledge. Sense experience is in Newman's theory of knowledge precisely the same as in the scholastic system.

[17] "Metaphysics," 11., 3, c. 4.
[18] "Oxford University Sermons," p. 256.
[19] "Gram.," p. 100.

He agrees with the scholastic in asserting that the origin of our knowledge is in the sensible world. "We have recourse to reason or authority to determine facts when the senses fail us, but with the senses we begin. We deduce, we form inductions, we abstract, we theorize from facts."[20]

With the neo-scholastic doctrine on the relativity of sense cognition Newman is in perfect accord. "When we speak of our having a picture of the things which are perceived through the senses, we mean a certain representation, true as far as it goes, but not adequate."[21] Neo-scholasticism affirms that the sensible qualities of bodies are not perceived as complete images of what they are in reality; it maintains them to be inadequate, relative. This view wherein Newman and the neo-scholastics agree must not be tortured into an affirmation of the relativity of all knowledge, since neither Newman nor the neo-scholastics ever tried to deduce the relativity of truth in general from the evident relativity of sense-cognition. Even Aquinas, who was not a neo-scholastic, might be made to stand sponsor for the relativity of sense cognition in his saying, "Naturas autem sensibilium qualitatum cognoscere non est sensus, sed intellectus."[22] Finally, the objective validity of sense cognition is asserted in Newman's theory as the following quotation proves: "Physical facts are present; they are submitted to the senses, and the senses may be satisfactorily tested, corrected and verified."[23] Newman's orthodoxy on the subjects of consciousness and sense perception is now sufficiently established to allow us to enter upon his view of universal ideas, the central problem of epistemology. Here again Newman and Aristotle are in perfect agreement. The following paragraph on universals is Aristotelian and scholastic to the core: "Experience tells us only of individual things, and these are innumerable. Our minds might have been so constructed as to be able to receive and retain an exact image of each of these various objects, one by one, as it came before us, but only in and for itself, without the power of comparing it with any of the others. But this is not our case: on the contrary, to compare and to contrast are among the most prominent and busy of our intellectual functions. Instinctively, even though unconsciously, we are ever instituting comparisons between the manifold phenomena of the external world, as we meet with them, criticizing, referring to a standard, collecting, analyzing them. Nay, as if by one and the same action, as soon as we perceive them, we also perceive that

[20] "Devel.," p. 111.
[21] "Gram.," p. 94.
[22] "Summa Theol.," 1, p. 78, a. 3.
[23] "Devel.," p. 111.

they are like each other or unlike, or rather, both like and unlike at once. We apprehend spontaneously, even before we set about apprehending, that man is like man, yet unlike; and unlike a horse, a tree, a mountain or a monument, yet in some, though not the same respects, like each of them, and in consequence we are ever grouping and discriminating, measuring and sounding, framing cross classes and cross divisions, and thereby rising from particulars to generals, that is from images to notions."[24] Notional or notion has the meaning of abstract or universal in Newman's terminology. Again Newman says: "What the human mind does is what brutes cannot do, to draw from our ever-recurring experiences of its testimony in particulars, a general proposition."[25] Universals, finally, are "conclusions or abstractions from particular experiences."[26] Universals, however, are, in at least one sentence in Newman, almost a synonym for what is baseless and non-existent. "All things," he says, "in the exterior world are unit and individual and nothing else; but the mind has the gift, by an act of creation, to bring before it abstractions and generalizations, which have no existence, no counterpart out of it."[27] Here Newman seems almost to resort to Kant's idea of universals as something fabricated entirely by the mind and devoid of objective validity. But it is clear from the following citation that Newman recognizes the objective basis of universals, and that by "non-existent" he means not existent formally as such in the exterior world. "It is the characteristic of our minds to be ever engaged in passing judgment on the things which come before us; no sooner do we apprehend, than we judge, we compare, contrast, abstract, generalize, connect, adjust, classify: and we view all our knowledge in the associations with which these processes have invested it."[28] Now to say that we generalize from things is to say unscientifically: "Universals are fundamentally in things." In other places Newman shows that, though he felt with Kant the unreality, if we may so speak, of universals, and felt a great leaning towards the phenomenal, the real, the concrete, yet he is always conscious that universals have objective reference. Perhaps there is no Catholic philosopher so subjective, so pragmatic, as Newman, who is at the same time so utterly un-Kantian.

It is now our task to seek Newman's views on ratiocination, the fourth source of true cognition. First of all his definition must be given. "We reason when we hold this by virtue of that."[29] In

[24] "Gram.," p. 25.
[25] "Gram.," p. 58.
[26] "Gram.," p. 60.
[27] "Gram.," p. 7.
[28] "Devel.," p. 33.
[29] "Gram.," p. 248.

the following citation we have a fuller definition of the method of ratiocination: "The first step in the inferential method is to throw the question to be decided into the form of a proposition; then to throw the proof itself into propositions, the force of the proof lying in the comparison of these propositions with each other. When the analysis is carried out fully and put into form, it becomes the Aristotelic syllogism."[30] That the preceding account of what reasoning really is coincides with the scholastic view is clear at a glance. But it is not at all clear how Newman can be justly accused of belittling formal logic, since he not only understood what ratiocination is, but that it has objective validity. For the formal logic of Aristotle is meaningless unless it is understood to be based on and to imply the metaphysics and epistemology of Aristotle. That Newman appreciated the logic of the schoolmen and granted its validity is evident from the following: "The uses of this logical inference are manifold; ratiocination is the great principle of order in thinking; it reduces a chaos into harmony; it catalogues the accumulations of knowledge; it maps out for us the relations of its separate departments; it puts us in the way to correct its own mistakes. It enables the independent intellects of many, acting and reacting on each other, to bring their collective force to bear upon one and the same subject matter or the same question. If language is an inestimable gift to man, the logical faculty prepares it for our use.[31] Still, in spite of its advantages, logic has the great drawback that it can only go a certain distance into the tangles of any concrete problem. "Logic, its chain of conclusions hangs loose at both ends; both the point from which the proof should start and the points at which it should arrive are beyond its reach; it comes short both of first principles and of concrete issues. As I said when I began, thought is too keen and manifold, its sources are too remote and hidden, its path too personal, delicate and circuitous, its subject matter too various and intricate to admit of the trammels of any language, of whatever subtlety and whatever compass."[32]

Finally, we have to consider Newman's estimate of human testimony, the fifth source of knowledge enumerated by the scholastics. And since a man's ability as an historian is shown in his handling the two factors in human testimony, the veracity and competency of his witnesses, we are naturally led to say something in this connection about Newman the historian. A brief defense is required here against Professor Saintsbury, who impugns Newman's historical ability. The professor says "Newman was distinctly deficient in

[30] "Gram.," p. 252.
[31] "Gram.," p. 273.
[32] "Gram.," pp. 272-273.

the historic sense;"[33] moreover, "Newman's mind, as is well known, was overfurnished with logic and extremely underfurnished with the historic sense."[34] As Saintsbury, like Huxley, considers his sweeping general statement sufficiently proved by a vague reference to an isolated passage, we consider the statement to be sufficiently refuted by what we said of Huxley, who used the same method. Besides, most people have humor enough to see that in such a subject matter as critical history a literary critic like Saintsbury is merely a curiosity. We should rather take the opinion of a great historian like Dollinger, who considered Newman the greatest expert in the history of the first centuries of the Church. A man who read the Greek and Latin sources of his histories chronologically and exhaustively, who took a critical survey of the entire history of the Church, who wrote such exquisite historical monographs as the "Church of the Fathers," the "Benedictine Schools," "The Turks," "The Northmen and Normans," could hardly have been "distinctly deficient" in the historic sense. Assuming, then, that Newman was a good historian, we are led directly to his views on testimony, the principal source of history. First of all, it is clear that he believes that there is such a source of knowledge and that it is, with certain restrictions, a true informant. "The tradition of 'testimonia,' such as are prefixed to the classics and the fathers, together with the absent of dissentient voices, is the adequate groundwork of our belief in the history of literature."[35] This testimony can be certain to have objective value. "As to this world, we are certain of the elements of knowledge, whether general, scientific, historical."[36] "An instinctive sense that the mediæval intellect could not write the classics and a faith in testimony are the sufficient, but the undeveloped argument on which to ground our certitude."[37] But what need is there of multiplying quotations to prove that Newman believed in the reality and objective validity of historical testimony? Such an expert historian as Newman surely believed that the sources and authorities he consulted were, at least in the principal facts they testified to, trustworthy foundations of knowledge. The final topic of the realistic theory of knowledge is the criterion of truth, objective evidence. It is defined by the scholastics as "the truth of a thing manifested by such motives and with such clarity as either to compel or at least to persuade a firm assent." That objective evidence is for Newman as well as for the scholastics the ultimate criterion of truth can be established by several texts.

[33] "History of Nineteenth Century Literature," p. 368.
[34] "Cambridge History of English Literature," p. 190.
[35] "Gram.," p. 286.
[36] "Gram.," p. 226.
[37] "Gram.," p. 286.

"The exhibition of credentials, that is, of evidence, is essential to Christianity as it comes to us."[38] "If so, the hypothesis which I am advocating is at once shattered; but, till I have positive and distinct evidence of the fact, I am slow to give credence."[39] "Again, we take the evidence for them as forming a combined proof."[40] From such citations we conclude that objective evidence is the ultimate reason why Newman assents to any proposition.

But as Newman's attitude towards objective evidence has been misrepresented, we must seek to explain his position more fully. This is what he says about the criterion of truth that has given room for criticism. "Instead of devising what cannot be, some sufficient science of reasoning which may compel certitude in concrete conclusions, we must confess that there is no ultimate test of truth besides the testimony borne to truth by the mind itself."[41] This criterion of truth has been attacked as an altogether subjective one, as a denial of objective evidence, as a restatement of Descartes' criterion of a clear idea. And while verbally it might pass for an enunciation of the purely subjective clear idea, yet, if taken in its original context, it demands a different interpretation. I can do no better than quote Father Leslie Walker, S. J., on this subject, who thus summarizes Newman's attitude relative to this seemingly subjective criterion. "Newman treats the subject of truth psychologically, whereas I have treated is epistemologically. He does not ask 'How comes it about that we can be certain?' He accepts certitude as a fact and then enquires what is its nature, what its conditions, what the processes that lead up to it as a pyschical act of the mind."[42] It is evident from the entire method in the "Grammar of Assent" that Newman considers the clear idea as a criterion only when the clear idea has had its genesis in objective evidence. The seeming disparity of his relegating the test of truth to the mind alone comes from the fact that in the "Grammar of Assent" Newman is treating truth from the personal, the psychological standpoint. He thus differs radically from the founder of modern subjectivism, who holds that a clear idea in itself, independently of external reality and objective evidence, as no realist will deny, is the last reason in the ontological order for the truth of a cognition. But the clear idea in subjective evidence generated by objective evidence is the last reason in the psychological sphere where the cognition takes place.

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[38] "Gram.," p. 382.
[39] "Devel.," p. 121.
[40] "Devel.," p. 101.
[41] "Gram.," p. 337.
[42] "Theories of Knowledge," p. 647.

NOTE AS TO AUTHORSHIP OF "PETER PARLEY'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY."

SINCE writing the article for the January QUARTERLY, "The Dark Ages in America," with regard to the "Peter Parley's Universal History," my attention has been called to the fact that the first edition of the book is classed by booksellers who are interested in Americana as a Hawthorne first edition. As these command a good price, the tradition has probably been thoroughly investigated and found well grounded. This tradition among book collectors and dealers in rare books that "Peter Parley's Universal History" was by the Hawthornes has existed for many years. Mr. John E. Scopes, of Albany, who first called my attention to it, wrote me with regard to it: "I cannot recall who is an authority for the statement that Hawthorne wrote the book, but it has been an acknowledged Hawthorne item among rare dealers and collectors for at least twenty years." The "Universal History" was originally compiled by Elizabeth Hawthorne, assisted by her brother Nathaniel, while Hawthorne himself was doing hack work for Goodrich. One hundred dollars is said to have been the total amount received for the writing of the two volumes, containing over 750 pages of over 200 words to the page. Altogether there were surely over 150,000 words, and the compensation was therefore at the rate of, let us say, a fifteenth of a cent a word. In these days, when there are a number of men who command a dollar a word and when scarcely anybody who writes wants to take less than five cents a word, it is rather interesting to see the Hawthornes accept such pitiable remuneration. Of course, money was worth five to ten times as much, at least, if not more in their New England surroundings, and I have known lots of young medical men perfectly willing to work for a fifth of a cent a word within a few years, so that it is all a matter of circumstances rather than of absolute conditions.

It is extremely interesting to realize that such clever people as the Hawthornes should have been so thoroughly persuaded of the magnificent advance of their time over the Middle Ages, though the Middle Ages possessed literature, architecture, sculpture, painting and social developments such as were almost undreamt of in America at that moment. The writing was done under the influence of the old tradition that before the Reformation so-called men were utterly ignorant, kept so by a designing Church, and that it was only in the modern time that the free spirit of man had soared

to heights of achievement. It is rather amusing in the light of this persuasion to measure the *heights of achievement* (!) in America, for instance about 1840, when all the æsthetic factors of life, architecture, sculpture, poetry, music, painting were negative and not positive. Indeed, American æsthetics were so negative in the mid-nineteenth century that even the most intelligent among us in this country scarcely realized our lack, and as a consequence were making fun of ages that we were afterwards to come to know as immortal leaders, exactly in those accomplishments in which we were only a scant generation later to find ourselves so deficient in, yet so anxious to excel. It is all the more interesting to note in this connection that while the Hawthornes, or, at least, Elizabeth, wrote so confidently of the disappearance of the religious orders, that is of monks and nuns from the modern world, that as a matter of fact the United States was to prove a wonderful fostering ground for "religious, both of the male and female sex," to use the expression from "Peter Parley's" history. There are actually approaching 100,000 members of religious orders in the United States and its dependencies at the present time. Perhaps it is even more striking to note that Nathaniel Hawthorne's favorite daughter, Rose, as he loved to call her, "The Rose of all the Hawthornes," was to be herself a founder of a religious order, the Servants of Relief for the Care of the Cancer Poor, which has in recent years deservedly attracted so much attention. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop founded it as the result of an inspiration which came to her when she found that patients suffering from incurable cancer were not kept in the hospitals and had no place to go, yet often needed the greatest care. She established her little institution for the care of them, and then soon realized that if it were to do its work properly it would have to take the form of a religious order and thus spread out and be self-perpetuating, and so her little community was aggregated to the Third Order of St. Dominic, and their white habits are eminently suitable for their work as nurses of these chronic sick patients.

I am quite sure that the Hawthornes would have been proud of this development of real charity which came to take place under their daughter and niece and would have appreciated from it better than in any other possible way what the real place of monks and nuns is in life. It requires some such experience as this, however, to make people appreciate properly the significance of an institution. The poor New Englanders of the mid-nineteenth century had no personal knowledge and only the old calumniating traditions created by men who wanted to justify their confiscation of the property of

the religious orders at the Reformation or their retention of it after it had been conferred on them by monarchs whose one idea was the strengthening of their personal following in their contest with the Church. The book becomes all the more interesting for this fact of the authorship of the Hawthornes, for it makes it clear that the traditions which it contains were those of the better educated classes in New England at the time it was written two generations ago.

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Book Reviews

A Defense of Daniel.

In a Biblical publication of recent date we find a review of a book entitled "Studies in the Book of Daniel." This review is concluded in the following words: "The historical critic will be grateful for such a well-planned and executed attempt to overthrow his position, for it makes it quite evident that he has nothing to fear from the best scholarship that can be trained upon him."

The reviewer intends to state that the position taken by the historical critic is that the book of Daniel is not authentic. But why should not the historical critic be satisfied with the conclusion that the book of Daniel has merely been altered? The reviewer affirms that the writer of Daniel did not possess the right historical information, as "the whole book shows." Because of this blind and wrong conclusion, the historical critic boasts with absolute assurance of having overthrown the claim to authenticity of the book in question. The chief historical error in the book of Daniel is its reference to Darius the Mede. To mistake the individuality of one Darius of history with that of another may merely be the effect of insufficient or wrong information. But to invent a Darius who never existed is not a casual mistake, and cannot be due to wrong information. There must have been some motive and some interest to cause an author to invent a Darius the Mede.

It is a fact of history that the Jews were divided into two parties, each holding a different opinion in regard to this matter. One party counted seventy years from the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar to the first year of Cyrus. This opinion appears to have been prevalent since it has been adopted in the Antiquities of the Jews by Josephus; however, it is historically wrong. The reason of this historical mistake is obvious. Jeremias (xxv., 11) had foretold that the Jews were for seventy years to serve the King of Babylon. In the First Book of Esdras, i., 1, we find these words: "In the first year of Cyrus, King of the Persians; that the word of the Lord, by the mouth of Jeremias, might be fulfilled, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, King of the Persians: and he made a proclamation," etc. Since Esdras has referred to this decree of Cyrus as being an accomplishment of the prophecy of Jeremias, it was understood that seventy years of the captivity were accomplished from the destruction of Jerusalem to the first year of Cyrus. No other reason can be imagined to explain this historical mistake.

In Daniel ix., 2, and Zacharias i., 12, these seventy years foretold by Jeremias are referred to as having been concluded in during the first and second year of the reign of Darius. Hence the conclusion was derived that in the book of Daniel, as well as in that of Zacharias, some colleague of Cyrus was referred to as Darius.

However, the more orthodox of the Jews could not be satisfied with so easily reached conclusion. A second opinion among the Jews held the actual historical truth, namely, that (nearly) fifty years elapsed from the destruction of Jerusalem to the first year of Cyrus. ("Josephus Against Apion," i., 21.) From the account in I. Esdras v., 1, it appears that Zacharias prophesied at the time of Darius of Histaspes, and seventy years in Zacharias i., 7, 12, can only be understood as referring to the second year of this king. Moreover, Zacharias refers to the rebuilding of the Temple, but not to the return from captivity of the Jewish people. Therefore, it must refer not to the accounts related in I. Esdras, chapter third, but to what is related in I. Esdras, chapter fifth. Orthodox Jews rightly maintained that Zacharias refers to Darius of Histaspes. They counted seventy years from the destruction of Jerusalem and of the Temple to the time of Darius, when the Temple was rebuilt. But in Jeremias xxix., 10, the words, "When seventy years shall begin to be accomplished in Babylon, I will visit you," etc., are addressed to the Jews of the first captivity, before the destruction of Jerusalem. The above referred passage from I. Esdras i., 1, evidently testified that the word of Jeremias was accomplished in the first year of Cyrus. The same thing is testified to in II. Paralipomenon xxxvi., 20, 21, 22. All these passages give an apparent evidence that according to the sacred writers seventy years elapsed from the first captivity of the Jews to the first year of Cyrus.

Orthodox Jews, desiring not to contradict the prophet Jeremias, the author of II. Paralipomenon, and Esdras, accepted the view of their opponents in regard to the Darius mentioned in the book of Daniel and admitted that he had been colleague of Cyrus. Moreover, in Daniel i., 1, we find the expression in the third year of Jehoiakim (the father). But some one must have made a change in the prophet's words, as truly the event took place in the third month of King Jehoiakin (the son: IV. Kings xxiv., 8 sqq.). This change had evidently been made in order to give from the first exile of the Jews to the destruction of Jerusalem the same length of time that elapsed from the first year of Cyrus to the second year of Darius of Histaspes. Thus the period of seventy years were equally true when counted from the third year of Jehoiakim to the first year of Darius the Mede; and again, from the destruction of

Jerusalem to the second year of Darius of Histaspes. Then the year of Nebuchadnezzar referred to in Daniel ii., 1, evidently was altered in order to call attention to the fact of Daniel having explained the dream in the second year of his captivity. It is a fact that in the present form of the book of Daniel is counted seventy years from the first year of Nebuchadnezzar and from the third year of Jehoiakim to the first year of a supposed King Darius, colleague of Cyrus. It is also apparent that the intention was to give from the third year of Jehoiakim to the destruction of Jerusalem the same length of time that intervened between the first year of Cyrus and the second year of Darius. It is finally clear that all this forms a sufficient harmony with the prophecy of Jeremias as confirmed by Esdras. The necessary conclusion is that the historical errors in the book of Daniel manifest a cleverly calculated design. These errors are due to religious prejudice, not to ignorance or wrong information.

Jeremias foretold that "all these nations shall serve the King of Babylon seventy years" (Jeremias xxv., 11). Each nation had a period of seventy years. "When the seventy years shall begin to be accomplished at Babylon, I will visit you" (Jeremias xxix., 10); that is, when the first of these several periods of seventy years shall be expired, the Jews of Babylon shall be freed from captivity. A first period of seventy years was accomplished from two years previous to the first year of Nebuchadnezzar to the first year of Cyrus, when the Jews were allowed to return to Palestine. However, this first period belonged to one of "all these nations" (Jeremias xxv., 11), not to the Jewish people. The Jews were freed from captivity when the punishment of God fell on Babylon. But the Jewish nation still remained so much subject that the rebuilding of the Temple was not allowed. Yet the Jews afterward understood that this first period of seventy years had begun with the first captivity of the Jewish people itself, and in good faith they concluded that the Darius of Daniel was contemporaneous with Cyrus, and accordingly they made changes and addition to the words of Daniel. Probably this happened after the book of Daniel was brought into Palestine, where it was supposed that the Jews of Babylon had left the book to be altered. They meant to give not forgery, but explanations and corrections. This was, of course, an unfortunate and mad undertaking. A latter writer of the book of Daniel would have gained his purpose by referring the end of seventy years to the first year of the reign of Cyrus. It was because Daniel referred to the first year of Darius that this King was supposed to be a contemporaneous colleague of Cyrus. So also in Daniel i., 1, a latter

writer would, in order to harmonize with the account of Jeremias xxv., 1, have referred to the fourth year of Jehoiakim. It was because Daniel used the expression, in the third month of Jehoiakim, that his words were altered so as to read the third year of Jehoiakim.

The first verse of chapter nine, containing the chief and leading historical error, does not agree with any one of the several other similar passages in the book of Daniel. This author notes a date always in a most simple manner, and in no other place does he give circumstances to determine which king he refers to, and he never repeats the expression "In the first year of . . . In the first year of his reign." Compare Daniel i., 1, ii., 1, vii., 1, x., 1. This fact creates the strongest presumption that the said verse first of chapter ninth is not by the author of the book; but it is interpolated. As to Belshazzar, in Daniel v., 11, this king is spoken of as being the son of Nebuchadnezzar. The same affirmation is made in Baruch i., 11. The whole chapter fifth in Daniel refers to Evilmerodach and to no one else. The expression "Thy Kingdom is divided, and is given to the Medes and the Persians" foretells the decree of God of what should happen twenty-two years afterwards. The interpolation, or perhaps alteration of verse thirty-first of the same chapter, was made to emphasize the supposed fact of Darius the Mede being the first King of Babylon at the time of Cyrus. Jerusalem was besieged by Nebuchadnezzar in the sixteenth year and was destroyed in the nineteenth year of his reign. The Jewish period of seventy years was accomplished from the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, to the first, second, third and fourth year of the reign of Darius of Histaspes.

FRANCIS VALITUTTI.

THE NEW CANON LAW: A Commentary and Summary of the New Canon Law. By *Rev. Stanislaus Woywod, O. F. M.* With a Preface by Right Rev. Monsignor Philip Bernardini, J. U. D., professor of canon law at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Complete in one volume, large 8vo., 436 pages; cloth, net, $3.50. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

It may be said without exaggeration that from the moment that Pope Pius X. announced a new and complete codification of Canon Law, until the work was completed thirteen years later, the whole ecclesiastical world awaited it with unabated interest. Canonists, professional and amateur, knew only too well the many difficulties in the way of the cleric whose duties required him to study and interpret and enforce Canon Law. These difficulties were caused

principally by the lack of codification and the necessity of studying the various codexes which had come into existence at various times in the history of the Church. To gather together the legislation of the Church on any particular question; to give proper value to each particular law; to decide which had ceased to have binding force and which had continued—was no easy matter.

Now all these difficulties have disappeared and we have before us in one compact volume the law of the Church from the beginning down to the present time, unified and codified, and, moreover, we have the assurance that the future legislation of the Church will not form a new collection of laws, but that all future enactments will be embodied in this code, in proper order, so that this will always be the one authoritative and complete law book of the Church.

As the author of this commentary truthfully says: "The new code is truly a monumental work, the magnitude of which will be apparent when thought is given to the truly gigantic task of revising and coördinating all the existing Church laws, including the laws of all ages since the times of the primitive Church, eliminating all those that have dropped out of use, or that have been revoked or suspended in the course of the centuries. Never before in the history of the Church was such a compilation on the same immense scope attempted."

The purpose of the new code is to supersede all existing collections of Papal laws, whether contained in the various official compilations published with the approval of former Popes, or in the volumes of decrees and declarations published by the various Roman congregations, or in the many existing private collections of Papal laws. Only in those instances in which the new code expressly declares that a former law on a specified subject is to be retained are former laws to continue in force.

The purpose of the present volume is, mainly, to give to the clergy engaged in parish work, in a handy volume, all that which is of practical importance for them in their daily life in the exercise of their sacred duties that must be guided by the laws of the Church. It does not go into long discussion of the subject matter, nor into lengthy comparisons with other laws. The author informs us that he has under consideration a complete and thorough commentary on the code.

Some of the matter has already appeared in the "Ecclesiastical Review," but in brief form. It is now been augmented and supplemented. Those who read the articles in the "Ecclesiastical Review" will remember the interest which they excited and will be glad to have them in this extended form. The book is very compact; expla-

nation and comment are given only when necessary, and in as brief a form as possible. Chapters which are less urgent are passed over with briefer notice, and the fourth and fifth books are treated most briefly. A complete index is a very important feature.

As the code is the most interesting subject among clerics at the present time, this summary and commentary must have also a widespread and deep interest.

THE MYSTERY OF THE HOLY TRINITY IN OLDEST JUDAISM. By *Frank McGloin, LL. D.* 12mo., pp. 232. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "It is with great pleasure that I recommend Dr. McGloin's masterly work, entitled 'The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism.'"

The late Archbishop Blenk writes a lengthy and instructive Preface to the book, in which he outlines the subject, at the same time recommending the author in the warmest terms. A good idea of the scope of the work may be gotten from these words of the Preface: "From the reading of Dr. McGloin's work we draw the following conclusions: First, the patriarchs, prophets and other great personages among the Jewish people had an explicit faith in the mystery of the Blessed Trinity; second, the doctors of the law, without arriving at so distinct a knowledge of the mystery as the patriarchs and prophets possessed, yet understood it with some clearness, as evidenced by rabbinical literature; third, that the Jewish people in general had not an explicit knowledge of the Blessed Trinity; for the great mass of them, in spite of their marked superiority over the pagan nations around them, had their share of the grossness of mind and customs prevailing everywhere in the ancient world, a grossness which Moses, their inspired law-giver, had to take so largely into account in framing his code of legislation and which caused them to lapse so often and so easily into idolatry. And for this reason apparently the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, both in the Sacred Scriptures and in rabbinical literature, was enveloped in the obscurity of symbolism." He then adds: "We unhesitatingly believe the present work to be a splendid contribution to theological studies, one that will hand the name of Dr. McGloin down to posterity and make him figure worthily among those thinkers whose personal labors have contributed to build up the great edifice of religious science."

While it is true that Dr. McGloin has made Dr. Drach's "De l' Harmonie entre l' Eglise et la Synagogue" the starting point of

his own work, he has not done so without carefully sifting his facts and conclusions and bringing them out into stronger relief by the addition of new data and giving them also a new support by cogent arguments of his own. Before taking up the subject matter proper, the author has an introductory chapter, entitled "Some Thoughts on the Holy Trinity," in which he deals principally with the reasonableness of belief in this mystery. He then treats of the question of tradition in the Old Law, and finally considers the texts of the Old Testament that in whole or in part indicate a knowledge of the Holy Trinity and a belief in it. There are evidences throughout the work of deep interest in the subject and love for it. The author states everything very clearly and succeeds in making a hard question comparatively easy. The book will appeal not only to scholars, whether Catholic, Jew or Protestant, but even to the student of average ability. It is well worth while.

EIGHT-MINUTE SERMONS. By *Rev. William Demony, D. D.* Two vols., 12mo., pp. 288 and 289. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The author was very fortunate in his sponsors. The book begins with a warm letter of congratulation, confidence and approval from His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, and this is followed by a Preface from the pen of Bishop Allen, who testifies to the author's "scholarly and deeply devotional sermons," and to "his remarkable zeal in preaching the Word of God" when he was engaged in the active work of the ministry. Unfortunately his health gave way under the strain of a large and busy parish, and he was forced to retire. These sermons were written and published in a Catholic paper during this retirement, and the favorable notice which they received induced the author to publish them in book form.

He tells us himself that they were "written or dictated spontaneously and hence are lacking in many of the technicalities and much of the elegance that generally adorns the written sermon." This is probably the reason why there are very few quotations from the Sacred Scriptures or other sacred writings.

There are two sermons for each Sunday, each beginning with a text from the Gospel or Epistle of the day. No attempt is made to analyze or explain the Gospel or Epistle as a whole, but some useful lesson is drawn from the text or the occasion. The sermons are not all of equal length, and therefore the term "eight-minute sermons" is not to be taken literally. They are plain, instructive, attractive and may be preached to any congregation with the assurance that they will be well and profitably received.

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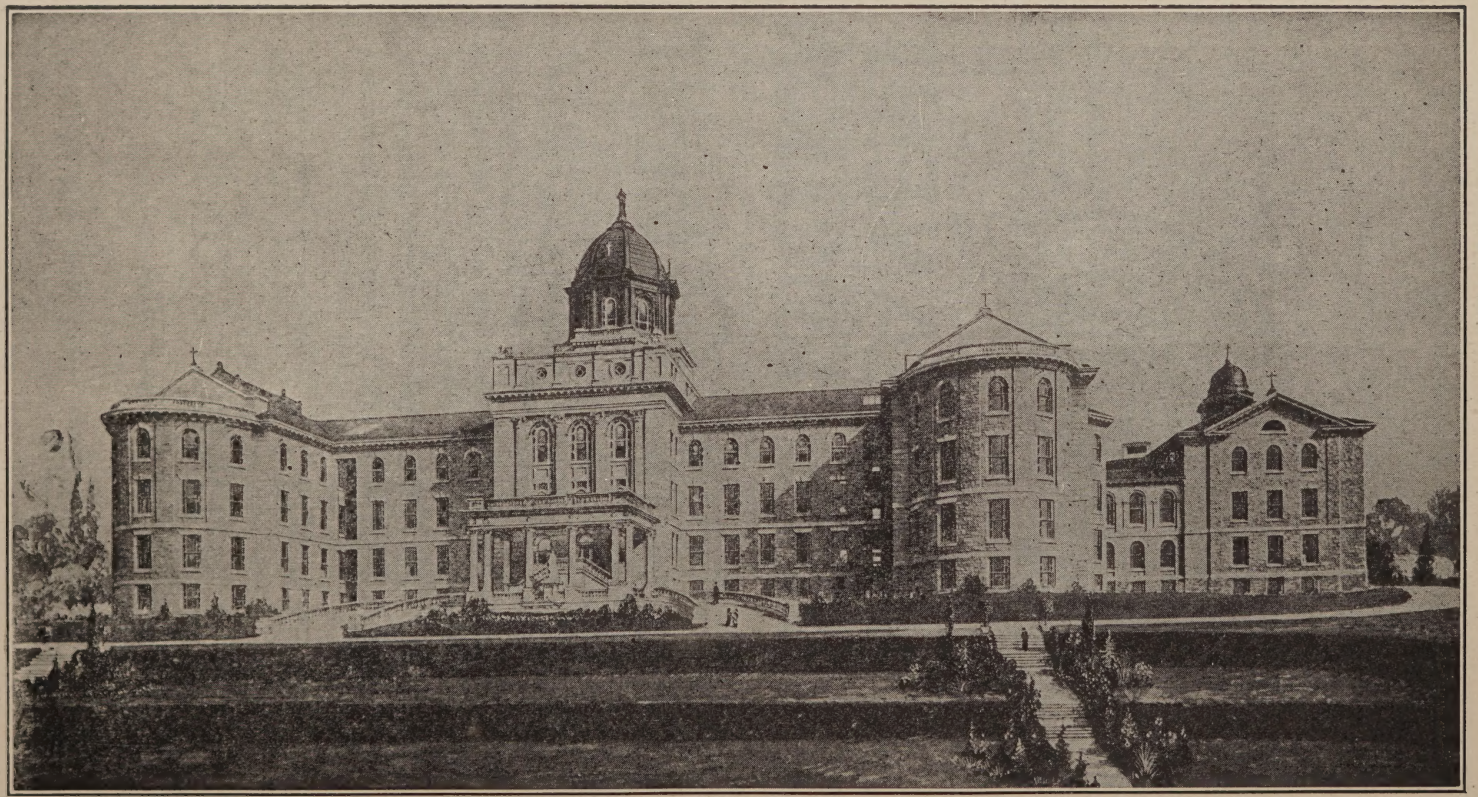

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